CONTENTS

Vol. XXVII, No. 4, July, 1958

Fortymile: American Outpost in the Canadian North	Pierre Berton	413
Pater and the Tribulations of Taste	Paul West	424
LETTERS IN CANADA: 1957	Editor: Douglas Grant	
Poetry	Northrop Frye	434
Fiction	Claude T. Bissell	450
The Humanities		459
Social Studies	Alexander Brady	506
	J. M. S. Careless	520
Periodical Writing	Millar MacLure	529
Livres en français		
La Poésie	Guy Sylvestre	542
Le Roman	Roger Duhamel	552
Les Etudes sociales	Jean-Charles Bonenfant	559
Publications in Other Languages	Watson Kirkconnell	567

COPYRIGHT ©, CANADA, 1958
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE IN WHOLE OR IN PART MUST BE OBTAINED IN WRITING FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS.

CONTRIBUTORS

PIERRE BERTON
Managing Editor, *Maclean's*; author of the forthcoming *The Klondike Fever*, a study of the last great gold rush, to be published by McClelland & Stewart

PAUL WEST
Assistant Professor of English, Memorial University of Newfoundland

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1957

POETRY: Northrop Frye, Professor of English, Victoria College, University of Toronto. FICTION: Claude T. Bissell, President, University of Toronto. HUMANITIES: Roberta Florence Brinkley, Dean of The Woman's College, Duke University; Alfred Harbage, Professor of English, Harvard University; N. J. Endicott, Professor of English, University College, University of Toronto; R. C. Bald, Professor of English, University of Chicago; F. W. Kaufmann, Professor of German (retired), Oberlin College; H. Boeschenstein, Professor of German, University College, University of Toronto; Maurice Lebel, Dean of the Faculty of Letters, Laval University; Dudley Shapere, Lecturer in Philosophy, Ohio State University; Robert McRae, Associate Professor of Philosophy, University College, University of Toronto; Margaret Rickert, Associate Professor of History of Art, University of Chicago; Charles Comfort, Associate Professor of Art and Archaeology, University of Toronto; A. S. P. Woodhouse, Professor of English, University College, University of Toronto; Robert L. McDougall, Associate Professor of English, Carleton University, Ottawa; F. W. Watt, Lecturer in English, University College, University of Toronto; Hugo McPherson, Lecturer in English, University College, University of Toronto; Robin S. Harris, Assistant Professor of English, University College, University of Toronto; W. S. McCullough, Professor of Oriental Languages, University College, University of Toronto; Peter F. Fisher, Professor of English, Royal Military College, Kingston; Richard M. Saunders, Professor of History, University of Toronto. SOCIAL STUDIES: Alexander Brady, Professor of Political Economy, University of Toronto; J. M. S. Careless, Associate Professor of History, University of Toronto. PERIODICAL WRITING: Millar MacLure, Associate Professor of English, Victoria College, University of Toronto. LIVRES EN FRANÇAIS: Guy Sylvestre, Librarian, Library of Parliament, Ottawa; Roger Duhamel, editor of *La Patrie*, Montreal; Jean-Charles Bonenfant, Chief Librarian, Library of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec. PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES: Watson Kirkconnell, President, Acadia University.

FORTYMILE: AMERICAN OUTPOST IN THE CANADIAN NORTH

Pierre Berton

In the year 1887 an extremely odd village sprang up on the banks of the Yukon river, not many miles from the present site of Dawson City. It was called Fortymile, and, had it been on another planet, it could scarcely have been more remote from civilization. It was almost five thousand miles by boat from the nearest city (Victoria, B.C.), and for nine months of the year was sealed off from the world, its citizens prisoners of their own choosing in a dark and unknown land.

This strange town remains unique in Canadian mining history. Although it was situated on Canadian soil, it was an entirely American community, getting its supplies from the United States without customs payments and sending out mail with United States stamps. Its social characteristics were those of the Rocky Mountain camps of the United States, not those of the British Columbia mining camps. Its population, which varied between five hundred and one thousand, was largely American. More than that, its character, its traditions, and its outlook were quite American. Fortymile simply did not act like a Canadian town.

A great deal has been written and argued about the differences between the American and the Canadian personalities. The American stereotype has often been depicted as somewhat reckless, over-emotional, ruggedly independent, and adventurous, while the Canadian has been portrayed as more cautious and phlegmatic, more hidebound and law-abiding. Undoubtedly these qualities are overdrawn, and yet they were evident to a considerable degree in the one place where both peoples mingled together under exacting circumstances: the Yukon valley in the late nineteenth century. Here, where international boundaries were nebulous, the two differing frontier traditions, one largely British and colonial, the other revolutionary and free-wheeling, met head on.

Fortymile has vanished and been forgotten. Few Canadians have ever heard of it, for it is not widely realized that the great stampede to the Klondike in 1897–8 was preceded by several smaller rushes in which both Canadians and Americans took part. But long before Dawson City came into being, earlier towns like Fortymile flourished along the Yukon, and gold dust valued in the millions was panned from a variety of streams tributary to the great river.

As early as 1880—sixteen years before the Klondike strike—a thin trickle of prospectors began to cross the formidable gap of the Chilkoot Pass and enter the forested land drained by the Yukon. They were a nomadic breed: some were British adventurers, seeking new lands to conquer in the hey-day of the Victorian era; a few were Canadians from the cities and farms of the eastern seaboard; but most were frontiersmen from the American West, men who could not sit still and who had been in every mining camp from Tombstone to the Black Hills. This trek to the Yukon marked the completion of a northward osmosis that had been going on for thirty years since the rush to California and that had seen restless men with picks and pans inching their way along the backbone of North America from the Sierras to the Stikines, up through Arizona, Colorado, Nevada, and Idaho, leaving behind such names as Leadville, Deadwood, Pike's Peak, Virginia City, Cripple Creek, and Creede; up through the wrinkled hide of British Columbia, through the sombre gorges of the Fraser and the grasslands of the Cariboo to the snowfields of the Cassiars on the threshold of the sub-Arctic. It was inevitable that, sooner or later, they should reach the interior of the Yukon and Alaska.

By the time the advance scouts of this invading army had breasted the Chilkoot and begun to explore the bars of the upper Yukon, the traditional pattern of the American mining camp had congealed and hardened. Its genesis had been Californian; a score of subsequent stampedes moulded and shaped it. Basically, the American miner asked only one thing: to be left alone. He wanted to make his own rules on the spot, to determine the size of the mining claims in each district for himself, to have a voice in the common decisions of the camp. With his long tradition of free and easy frontier life, he smarted under any restriction imposed from above. He resisted federal authority, federal courts, federal law officers; and to a very large degree, Washington let him have his way. He wanted as little law as possible, and the little he needed he insisted on making for himself. He held town meetings, in the New England style, to redress those wrongs that touched him; in an unbearable situation, he joined a Vigilantes group and dispensed summary justice.

There was no comparable tradition in British North America, which

never knew a Wild West in the United States sense. In the British Columbia gold rushes, the American tidal wave came up against the solid rock of Sir James Douglas's stubborn will; as a result the social characteristics of the British Columbia camps were British rather than American, although most of the miners came from the United States frontier. A constabulary and courts of justice (whose chief ornament was Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, the misnamed "hanging judge") enforced a single set of laws in the best British colonial tradition. The mining law did not vary from camp to camp, as in the United States; it was constant and unyielding. The Gold Commissioner made the rules from above, not the miners from below. Indeed, this official had such absolute power that the lawlessness so familiar to American mining history, and to television drama, was almost unknown in British Columbia.

But in the early days of the Yukon there was no James Douglas—no British official of any kind in charge. The matter was complicated further by the fact that the Canadian northwest was virtually an island in United States territory, surrounded on its two most accessible sides by the Alaskan peninsula and the Alaskan Panhandle. The Americans outnumbered the British by about ten to one in the Alaska-Yukon gold camps and this ratio remained unchanged after the Klondike strike. It is a marvel, indeed, that the Yukon Territory is not part of Alaska today.

In the 1880's, the Yukon was run by the American "miners' meeting." It had the power of life and death over the members of the community of Fortymile, as it had elsewhere on both sides of the Alaskan border, and as it had had, to varying degrees, along the United States mining frontier since the days of California. The miners' meeting could hang a man, give him a divorce, banish or lash him; it performed all these functions in the Yukon valley in the late eighties and early nineties. The Fortymilers, for instance, hanged at least two Indians for murder. And there is the memorable case, at Circle City, another Alaskan camp, in which a saloonkeeper was acquitted of murder by a miners' meeting, and the verdict was upheld by Washington.

Seldom has the democratic process operated at such a grassroots level. In the words of T. A. Rickard, a long-time student of mining history, "it was the nearest approach to a democracy that the world has seen." Any prospector could call a miners' meeting simply by posting a notice. An elected chairman performed the function of judge while the entire assembly acted as jury. Both sides could produce witnesses and state their cases, and anybody who wished could ask a question or make a speech. The verdict was decided by a show of hands.

This was the law in Fortymile, and the only law. There was no sheriff,

judge, police force, jail, court house, or lawyer. Nor was there a lock or key in the entire community, for theft was reviled as a crime more heinous than murder. Such was the town's isolation that a man might easily starve to death if his supplies were stolen. There are several cases in the annals of Alaska and the Yukon of men hanged or shot for theft. Several more suffered banishment, a punishment tantamount to death, since it was hardly possible to survive alone or to make one's way to civilization during the winter months.

Fortymile's remoteness from the world can scarcely be comprehended today. From October to July its residents were bottled up. The nearest outfitting port was San Francisco, almost five thousand water miles distant. To reach the settlement, the suppliers in California had to ship their goods three thousand miles by ocean around the entire Alaskan peninsula to the Bering Strait opposite Siberia. Here, at the former Russian port of St. Michael, the freight was transferred to a tiny cockleshell of a river-boat which struggled for sixteen hundred miles up the Yukon River into a northern heart of darkness.

There were only two of these little steamboats on the river in the early days and the voyage was so long and strenuous that they seldom had time to make more than one summer voyage to Fortymile. In 1889 one of the boats was damaged and unable to make the trip; the trading company was forced to send Indian runners sixteen hundred miles to the settlement to warn the miners that no further supplies would be forthcoming, and that they must escape or starve. As the October snows drifted from the sombre skies the miners pressed aboard the second little vessel which made a brave attempt to reach the sea before the river froze. She was caught in the ice one hundred and ninety miles from her goal and the starving men had to continue the trek on foot. A few remained behind in Fortymile, eking out the winter on slender rations; one, indeed, lived for nine months on a steady diet of flapjacks.

The alternative route to civilization was shorter but more harrowing. It led up the river for six hundred miles to the barrier of the Coast Mountains, and thence through the passes to the Alaskan Panhandle near the northern border of British Columbia. Four men, who attempted this journey in 1893, were so badly crippled by the elements that one died and another was maimed for life. They were forced to abandon fifteen thousand dollars' worth of gold dust on the mountain slopes. Perhaps it is there yet, a glittering treasure hidden forever beneath the snows.

Who were these men who had chosen to wall themselves off from the madding crowd in a village of logs deep in the sub-Arctic wilderness? On the face of it they were men chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of fortune—

chasing it with an intensity and singleness of purpose that had brought them to the ends of the earth. But the evidence suggests the opposite. They seemed more like men pursued than men pursuing, and if they sought anything it was the right to be left alone.

Father William Judge, a Jesuit missionary in Alaska, described them as "men running away from civilization as it advanced westward—until now they have no farther to go and so have to stop." One of them, he discovered, had been born in the United States but had never seen a railroad: he had kept moving ahead of the rails until he reached the banks of the Yukon.

They were Civil War veterans and Indian fighters, remittance men from England and prospectors from the far West. Many of them had met before in the Black Hills, or the Coeur d'Alene country of Idaho or in the camps of Colorado. They were nomads all, stirred by an uncontrollable wanderlust, men whose natures craved the widest possible freedom of action; yet each was disciplined by a code of comradeship whose unwritten rules were strict as any law. This was the paradox of Fortymile.

They were all individuals, as their nicknames (far commoner than formal names) indicated: Salt Water Jack, Big Dick, Squaw Cameron, Jimmy the Pirate, Buckskin Miller, Pete the Pig, Hootchinoo Albert. Eccentricities of character were the rule rather than the exception. There was one, known as the Old Maiden, who carried fifty pounds of ancient newspapers about with him wherever he went, for, he said, "they're handy to refer to when you get into an argument." There was another called Cannibal Ike, because of his habit of hacking off great slabs of moose meat with his knife and stuffing them raw into his mouth. One cabin in Fortymile had walls as thin as matchwood because the owner kept chopping away at the logs to feed his fire; he said he did it to let in the light. Another contained three partners and a moose who was treated as a house pet. Out in the river lay Liars' Island, where a group of exiles whiled away the winters with tales of great ingenuity and implausibility.

Fortymile, in short, was a community of hermits, whose one common bond was their mutual isolation.

"I feel so long dead and buried that I cannot think a short visit home, as if from the grave, would be of much use," wrote William Bompas, a Church of England bishop, who found himself in Fortymile. A Cambridge graduate, who could read his Bible in Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac, he was the fourth son of the London advocate on whom Dickens had modelled his "Serjeant Buzfuz" in *Pickwick Papers*. His predecessor had been driven to a mental breakdown by the practical jokes of the miners but Bompas was far too tough for that—a giant of a man with a high

dome, a hawk nose, a pair of piercing eyes, and the flowing beard of a Moses.

For almost half a century he lived in isolation and was resigned to it. When his wife joined him at Fortymile in 1892 they had not seen each other for five years. She was the daughter of a fashionable London doctor, and had been brought up in Italy. On those dark winter afternoons when she was not on the trail with her husband, she sat quietly in the mission hall, with its cotton drill walls, reading her Dante in the original or—if the keys were not frozen stiff—playing hymns on her little harmonium.

This ecclesiastical existence was no more primitive than that of the miners in Fortymile. Each man lived with his partner in a murky, airless cabin whose window-panes were made from untanned deer hide, white cotton canvas, or a row of empty pickle jars chinked with moss. Cutlery was fashioned from pieces of tin, furniture constructed from the stumps of trees. Four men often lived, year in and year out, in a space about eighteen feet square. Above the red-hot stove there hung a tin full of fermented dough, used in place of yeast to make bread, biscuits, and flapjacks rise. This was the origin of the term "sourdough" applied to old-timers in the Yukon to distinguish them from tenderfeet, or *cheechakos* as the Indians called them.

It was a community divorced from the customs of civilized society. A man might easily rise and eat breakfast at ten in the evening, since the summers were perpetually light and winters perpetually dark. Makeshift thermometers, consisting of bottles of quicksilver, whisky, kerosene, and Perry Davis Painkiller, measured the chilling cold. These froze in ascending order and when the Painkiller turned to slush in the bottles, Fortymile became a ghostly and silent settlement, the smoke rising in vertical pillars to form an encompassing shroud that seemed to deaden all sound save for the incessant howling of the sled dogs.

The entertainments that lightened this monotony were scanty and primitive. One of the main amusements, apart from the saloons, was a folk rite known as the "squaw dance." Josiah Edward Spurr, a United States government geologist who visited Fortymile in the nineties, has left a description of one of these affairs:

> We were attracted by a row of miners who were lined up in front of the saloon engaged in watching the door of a very large log cabin opposite. . . . They said there was going to be a dance, but when or how they did not seem to know. . . .
>
> The evening wore on until ten o'clock, when in the dusk a stolid Indian woman with a baby in the blanket on her back, came cautiously around the

corner, and with the peculiar long slouchy step of her kind, made for the cabin door, looking neither to the right nor to the left. . . . She was followed by a dozen others, one far behind the other, each silent and unconcerned, and each with a baby upon her back. They sidled into the log cabin and sat down on the benches, where they also deposited their babies in a row: the little red people lay there very still, with wide eyes shut or staring, but never crying. . . .

The mothers sat awhile looking at the ground on some one spot, then slowly lifted their heads to look at the miners who had slouched into the cabin after them. . . . A man with a fiddle struck up a swinging, sawing melody and in the intoxication of the moment some of the most reckless of the miners grabbed an Indian woman and began furiously swinging her around in a sort of waltz while the others crowded and looked on.

Little by little the dusk grew deeper, but candles were scarce and could not be afforded. The figures of the dancing couples grew more and more indistinct and their faces became lost to view, while the sawing of the fiddle grew more and more rapid, and the dancing more excited. There was no noise, however; scarcely a sound save the fiddle and the shuffling of the feet over the floor of rough hewn logs; for the Indian women were as stolid as ever and the miners could not speak the language of their partners. Even the lookers on said nothing, so that these silent dancing figures in the dusk made an almost weird effect.

One by one, however, the women dropped out, tired, picked up their babies and slouched off home, and the men slipped over to the saloon to have a drink before going to their cabins. Surely this squaw dance, as they call it, was one of the most peculiar balls ever seen. . . .

This aboriginal background appeared all the more bizarre under a thin varnish of civilization that began to spread over the community as the years passed. There were saloons that contained Chippendale chairs and stores that, when they sold anything, dispensed such delicacies as *pâté de foie gras* and tinned plum pudding. There was a dressmaker with the latest Paris fashions, and an Opera House with a troupe of San Franciscan belles, and even a cigar factory, all housed in log buildings strewn helter-skelter along the mud-bank above the gray Yukon and surrounded by an intervening marsh littered with a thick porridge of wood shavings and tin cans.

The social life of the camp revolved around ten saloons which at steamboat time served whisky at fifty cents a glass (heavily watered to make it last) and the rest of the year peddled *hootchinoo*, a vile concoction compounded of molasses, sugar, and dried fruit, fermented with sourdough, flavoured with anything handy, distilled in an empty oil can, and served hot. It was sometimes referred to as Forty-rod Whisky, because it was supposed to kill a man at that distance. By the peculiar etiquette of the American mining camp, a man who bought a drink in a

saloon bought for everyone in sight, while a teetotaller who refused a drink offered a deadly insult unless he accepted a fifty-cent cigar in its place. Hootch, like everything else, was paid for in gold dust, and the prospector who flung his poke upon the bar always performed the elaborate gesture of turning his back while the amount was weighed out, since to watch this ritual was to impugn the honesty of the bartender.

Fortymile thrived on such unwritten laws, its residents enjoying all the benefits of democracy, communism, and anarchy. Strangely, it was a cohesive community. No man went hungry, though many were destitute. Credit at the trading post was unlimited. If a man had no money, he could still get an outfit. There were few "bad men" in Fortymile; on the contrary it was a community that hewed surprisingly closely to the Christian ethic. Men shared their good fortune with their comrades, and it was part of the code that he who struck a new creek at once spread the news to one and all. Each man's cabin was open to any passer-by; such a traveller could enter, eat his fill, sleep in the absent owner's bed, and go on his way, as long as he cleaned up and left a supply of fresh kindling. This was more than mere courtesy in a land where a freezing man's life might depend on the speed with which he could light a fire.

It was in Fortymile that the variant frontier concepts, one British and one American—one stressing order and often caution, the other freedom and sometimes license—first came into collision. In its earliest days, the community had existed in a state of harmony so pure as to be almost idyllic. The Golden Rule, "do unto others as you would be done by" (later adopted as the official motto of the Yukon Order of Pioneers), formed the basis for the Fortymilers' way of life. But, as so often happens, corrosion set in. This was, in large part, due to the entrenchment of the saloons, which came to be used as headquarters for the miners' meetings. Soon the meetings began to degenerate. On several occasions when a man called a meeting to seek honest redress he found himself fined by his fellows for daring to waste their time, and the sum was spent on drinks to satisfy the whooping crowd.

In time Ottawa began to receive a series of protests about the odd goings-on among the Americans on the banks of the Yukon. They came mainly from men who were not steeped in the American tradition. Bishop Bompas of the Church of England, for instance, protested that the miners "were teaching the Indians to make whisky with demoralizing effect both to whites and Indians with much danger in the use of firearms." This last reference was to a shooting affair over a poker hand. Fortymile, in fact, was swiftly taking on the shape of a roaring Wild West town.

William Ogilvie, a Canadian government surveyor and a dedicated

public servant with a strong sense of law and order, also protested to Ottawa. He felt the miners' meeting had become a farce and probably foresaw the loss of the Canadian northwest to the United States if foreign customs and traditions became implanted too firmly on Canadian soil.

A third protest came from a crusty American trader named John J. Healy, who ran afoul of a miners' meeting. Healy suddenly remembered his days as a whisky trader on the Montana-Alberta border and recalled that, on the Canadian side, the North West Mounted Police had run a quite different kind of show from that put on by the town marshals and county sheriffs to the south.

The Healy case was an odd one. He had locked his hired girl out of the house because she stayed too late at a dance. The miners, to whom freedom of action was almost a religion, ruled that the trader pay his servant a year's wages and full fare home to the United States. In a rage, Healy wrote to his old crony, Superintendent Samuel B. Steele of the N.W.M.P., asking for the protection of the Canadian constabulary.

As a result of these submissions, the Mounted Police were assigned to a new rôle as guardians of the Canadian north. In 1894, Inspector Charles Constantine, gruff, thickset, and incorruptible, arrived at Fortymile and became the first policeman to invade the northland. From the point of view of his country's sovereignty he did not arrive a moment too soon. The Klondike strike was only two years away. Without the Mounted Police, the American tidal wave would certainly have engulfed the Yukon and wrested it from Canada.

The following year, a detachment of twenty police joined Constantine and Fortymile ceased to be an American town. There was a brief attempt by the American miners to continue in the old ways but it was half-hearted. The police had scarcely established a barracks before a miners' meeting was held to take away a claim from a man charged with defaulting on wages. Constantine reversed the verdict and abolished the miners' meetings forever. He soon won the respect of the community. He had been eight years in the force, was known for his ability in a rough-and-tumble fight, and never spared himself. He called himself "chief magistrate, commander-in-chief and home and foreign secretary" of the town, and he brought Her Majesty's law to Fortymile. He took his duties so seriously that he had three tables in his cabin, each with a different kind of work upon it; he moved constantly from one to another, and this brief change of scene was the only respite he permitted himself.

Fortymile had never seen anything like Constantine. He was no western sheriff with a tin star and a six gun, tolerant of human foibles. His iron hand was instantly felt in various small ways in the community

and one of his first acts was a peculiarly Canadian one: he prohibited the dance hall girls from appearing in bloomers. Then, when the miners brewed their hootchinoo in coal-oil cans, Constantine slapped excise duty on every gallon. This was too much for some of the freer spirits in the town. Civilization once more had caught up with them. They fled deep into the heart of American Alaska.

Most of them moved to Circle City, another gold camp on United States soil which existed in a state of happy anarchy in the years preceding the Klondike discovery. It was a larger and richer settlement than Fortymile and it called itself "the largest log town in the world." The temper of the community could be seen in the flagpole that dominated the trading post. It had a cross-bar for hangings.

Where else could a man attempt to cut his throat in plain view of his fellows without interference? In Circle City one man did just that; his name was Johnson and he made a bad job of it because he was drunk. The onlookers, seeing that he was obviously failing in his plan, patched him up and then told him courteously that he might try again if he wished. He rejected the idea and revelled ever after in the name of Cut-Throat Johnson.

Only when a man's freedom of action encroached upon that of his neighbour did a miners' meeting take place. When a Circle City saloonkeeper seduced a half-breed girl, the chivalrous miners decreed that he must either marry her or go to jail. The situation was complicated because Circle had no jail, but the miners were quite prepared to build one on the spot. They were spared this labour by a shot-gun wedding.

Now the pattern for the Klondike gold rush that followed was set. On one side of the border there was complete freedom of action for every man; rule was by committees and by Vigilantes; sometimes there was no rule at all. On the other side stood the Mounted Police. The extremes of conduct that this situation produced in the hectic days of the great stampede were dramatic ones. In the Alaskan gold-rush town of Skagway, for instance, in 1897 and 1898, there was scarcely any law. As a result, "Soapy" Smith, an extraordinary confidence man from Denver, was able to make himself dictator of the town. He had his own private army, his own private spy system, and, quite literally, held the power of life and death over the citizenry. Shots rattled through the streets at night, men were robbed, beaten, and murdered by Smith's cutthroats, and no man felt himself safe. Smith's end was in the best Western tradition: when he became completely unbearable a hastily convened committee of Vigilantes did away with him.

On the other side of the border it was said, truly, that a man could lay

a sack of nuggets on the trail and return a fortnight later to find it untouched. The Canadian city of Dawson, indeed, was suffering from too much law and order, if anything. Hollywood (with an assist from Robert W. Service) has pictured it as a rootin' tootin' hell hole but the truth is that it was the most sedate mining camp in history. There were no murders and very little theft in Dawson City in 1898. A woman named Freda Maloof, billed as "The Turkish Whirlwind Danseuse," once tried to do a belly dance in a Dawson theatre and was prevented by the Mounted Police. Blasphemous remarks, or jokes considered discourteous to the Royal Family, were banned from the stages of the pleasure palaces. A man who examined his fish nets on a Sunday was fined for working on the Lord's Day.

Sunday in Dawson City, indeed, was as lugubrious as a Sunday in Toronto. The town was shut tight at midnight Saturday and large sections of the populace sought escape by taking steamboat excursions down the river to the American side of the border where wine flowed freely seven days a week. (Curiously, the manufacture and sale of liquor were technically illegal in Alaska at that time but the law was never enforced.)

In the first winter of the great stampede there was only one United States government official in all the interior of Alaska, and he was powerless to accomplish anything. But in Dawson at the same time there were so many political appointees in the Gold Commissioner's office that the inevitable petty graft set in. This was followed by the inevitable Royal Commission to inquire into the graft and the inevitable Royal Commission report which, voluminous though it was, came to no real conclusion and censured nobody.

The Americans, who formed perhaps 90 per cent of the population and who held mammoth balls on George Washington's birthday and monster parades on July 4, protested to no avail. Some of them, at the turn of the century, tried to mount an armed revolution to form a "Republic of the Midnight Sun," overthrow Canadian rule, and return to the free old days. The revolt was doomed to failure for the Mounted Police had spies among the revolutionaries and squelched the uprising before it began.

And so the Yukon territory remained staunchly Canadian, and always a little Puritan. The Americans drifted back across the border in the years that followed the gold discoveries. Other mining camps sprang up on Alaskan soil and that vast territory lost its isolation from the world. Fortymile became a ghost town and its cabins rotted to dust. Its like cannot be created again but something of its spirit remains to this day in the cities of Alaska.

PATER AND THE TRIBULATIONS OF TASTE

Paul West

Pater has been less fairly though more decisively judged than several of his contemporaries. For instead of being properly studied, he has been paid out with the kind of reputation that immediately discourages intending readers; and this reputation, which is largely composed of rationalized prejudice, is still compelled upon him in even the present age. Not so much, I suggest, on account of the content or method of his critical writing, but rather because of the peculiar appeal and pervasiveness of the myth that has been very gradually compiled about his name.

It is my intention to affirm the desirability of revaluing as a whole the achievement of Pater. And this intention entails his being detached from a few catchwords and from all their pejorative implications. "Art for art's sake" and "hedonist" and "aesthete" are terms that have been associated with Pater ever since W. H. Mallock and the Broad Church Master of Balliol made public their disapproval of his particular attitude towards life. It was unfortunate, but inevitable, that a movement enunciating the singular importance of art should have been confused with another movement whose chief aim was to discredit most of the accepted standards of morality. Certainly it was, and still is, to be regretted that the worst elements of the first should have been appropriated unto the second, and that in time the two should have been regarded by the larger public as identical. But of all things, the most disquieting is that during this mix-up, Walter Pater was summarily transferred from one movement into the other.

He was landed in this predicament mainly by the reading public's uncritical acceptance of some attractive but patently uninformed generalizations. We do not have to investigate far to discover why the Pater myth has flourished into our own time. To generalize often proves intriguing, and, on occasion, convenient; but always to the proper critic, exacting: and it is a problem of some nicety to decide how far this particular

method of criticism should be regarded as legitimate. A few well chosen generalizations about a writer, compensating their possible inaccuracies by concinnity alone, can effect such large-scale changes in opinion as do not always produce a more just or more substantiated appreciation of his achievement. This, incidentally, is the usual method of Coleridge. Once they have been allowed, all such judgments tend to coalesce and solidify into reputations. And to persuade people that it is more profitable to arrive at their opinions by way of analysing and comparing the text than to swallow the first ready-made valuation is a task of some difficulty. Not infrequently the less arduous approach to literature has been the more favoured: and in consequence, Pater has sunk beneath a reputation of the most damaging kind.

It would, in fact, be inappropriate to speak of the dislodgment of Pater in the way that we speak of the dislodgment of Jonson or of Milton or of Ruskin. For he never achieved any considerable degree either of popularity or, as the case now is with Arnold, of respect. There was a notion too that he was not quite respectable. So he now serves—for his standing would appear to be a thing quite fixed—as a constant, against which the less manageable writers such as Coleridge and Blake can be tried. But there is hope for Pater, even now. That is, if he is to be judged on the whole of his performance and not, as hitherto, on fragments in isolation. For you cannot satisfactorily deal with him from an acquaintance which is, at best, selective. You cannot effectively dissociate even one aspect from another; or properly detach a specific passage from an essay; or separate precisely the purely theoretical parts from the purely analytical parts; or the ecstatic from the sober parts; or the biographical from the exclusively critical; or the dialectical from the assertive; or the self-regarding from the thoroughly objective attitudes. This is because his mind or his sensibility was of a peculiarly, to borrow the word of Coleridge, esemplastic type. I mean that the slightest incident—a rhythm, or a combination of colours—could bring together for him all kinds of associations, moods, and intuitions, which he contrived to fit in, almost instinctively, with his predominant intention. The essay on Winckelmann represents, for instance, a perfect interfusion of wisdom and style; a perfect resolution of different attitudes and impressions. Pater is, in fact, working simultaneously in several different states of consciousness; and the manner of their overlapping or their separation or their fusion is not to be detected from a dispassionate analysis of the visible structure of the essay. He is, in a sense, discovering himself, becoming something else. But he always conveys the impression, and rightly, that his ecstasy will,

at the correct point, be curbed, and that the sensuous thrill will eventually become transmuted into knowledge. To read another essay, that on Giorgione, is to be made aware of the singular ability of Pater to facilitate this process.

But the more precise we would be about Walter Pater, the more we ought to particularize. For his conception of style admits of many styles, and his methods of interpretation are various. Nor should he be denied a concession that has often been accorded to other authors, such as Jane Austen. It is this: criticism should endeavour to define his excellences and specify his limitations only within that field for which he is especially qualified. The kind of criticism that objects to an author for not having been what he either could not or did not elect to be is necessarily spurious. We do not censure Crabbe for not being a "philosophical" poet like Shelley or Traherne or Arnold. Similarly, it would be beside the point to reprehend Pater for accepting no more of Christianity than appealed to him. A man is, after all, represented by what he has been, and by what he has achieved: nothing more.

Pater enjoyed more perhaps than Newman and certainly to the same extent as Matthew Arnold a sense of his own age. That is to imply something more than that he was familiar with various superficial phenomena of the seventies and eighties. It is rather to suggest that he had a perception of the pattern underlying those events; that he was sensible of certain issues fundamental to his times, and of the significance which his age was assuming in the tradition of European culture. But this is by no means manifest in the larger part of his writings. It is a section of Pater's thought which we are obliged not so much to emancipate from his style as to deduce from the more theoretical passages in his criticism, and from *Marius the Epicurean*. "Deduce" is indeed the right word, for Pater never allowed this contemporary awareness of his to achieve direct exposition. And that is why there is apparent justice in the rebuke so frequently aimed at him, that being incapable of adjusting himself to the "objects and experiences of the indubitable world of sense," to ordinary life, he accepted defeat, and fabricated another entirely personal world in which he expended a disproportionate amount of mental and manual energy upon propagating the cause of art. That precisely was a form of "art for art's sake." The charge is not altogether inappropriate; but I think that this ecstatic inner life was occasioned by a genuine attempt of Pater's to carry into practice his particular philosophy, rather than by an inability to cope. And to substantiate this assertion will involve an inquiry principally into the composition and right significance of *Marius the Epicurean*.

If we attempt to judge *Marius* as a novel, we shall have no trouble in assembling a formidable list of its shortcomings. Among other faults, it is distended with countless contemplative digressions; its unravelling is both tedious and spasmodic; there is not enough conversation, or enough action. What we regularly expect from novels—and what George Eliot and Dickens and Dostoievsky and even Proust usually give us—is a balanced portrayal not only of a character's inner existence, of his ordinarily unobservable reactions, but also of his relations with other people, seen in objective fashion. But we do not get this from Pater. A novelist may, of course, incline to favour the more psychological approach at the expense of the other, and *vice versa*. But no matter how conscientiously he may try to discipline his preferences in this matter, only intermittently will he succeed. And in *Marius* it is not so much the fault in intention that proves impeachable as the fault in instinct. More explicitly, there is too close an identification of Pater's viewpoint with that of his central character, and consequently too patent a failure to set Marius in a focus where he could be vested with at least a convincing naturalness, and the narrative with tolerable proportions. This is not to deny that any act of artistic creation involves to some extent a projection of the personality of, say, a Dostoievsky and the personality of a Pater. There is, informing Raskolnikov, a whole and balanced personality; and this is controlled by the predominant design of writing the novel. With Pater we have either the genuine transmission of an incomplete personality, or a refusal to transmit the personality entire. In any event, it alters little the fact that when Pater presents Marius participating in social intercourse, he is conceding the reader no more than a token display. He is immeasurably more interested in the developing soul of Marius. And the occasions on which he participates in that development easily outnumber those on which he merely observes.

Yet I am not certain that such an examination of *Marius* is, in one sense, fair to Pater. For I do not believe that he was capable of adapting his mind to appreciate seriously the exigencies of the novel form; still less could he have undertaken to meet them in a manner at all adequate. *Marius the Epicurean* will not bear comparison as a novel with, for instance, *Les Martyrs* of Chateaubriand, with which it has some affinities. Pater's narrative is, in fact, more nearly related to the *Rêveries* of Rousseau or to the quasi-apologetic of Bunyan than to any permutation of the usual ingredients of novels. It would more accurately be described as a personal testament of the first order.

It is a little difficult to define with any accuracy the philosophy that is

inherent in this statement, for Pater is very apt to confuse religion with culture, art with morals, and aesthetics with ethics; and we cannot rightly deny that these subjects are in some way connected. But the trouble is that Pater does not always conceive of them as we do, and further, that the relationships which he appears to establish, frequently do not coincide with the relationships envisaged by even Arnold or Ruskin or, least of all, with our own. But this does not modify the fact that throughout Pater's writings we are constantly under the impression or the illusion that he maintains always a philosophy of life. And if we are to attempt a valuation of Pater as thinker, we shall have to indicate and assemble those views which he maintained with any consistency.

The centre of his philosophy is the conviction, implied particularly in the preface and conclusion to the first edition of the *Renaissance*, that art exists to intensify life by making it more pleasurable; and that since the purest form of pleasure furnishes an ethical impulse, art thus possesses, in one sense, a moral function:

> High passions give one this quickened sense of life. . . . Only, be sure it is passion, that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of this wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake has most; for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

Would not such an activity be more appropriately styled as art for the sake of life? For here is a larger aim than the cultivation of a narrow efficiency in art, than a disregard for life. But I incline to think that Pater's phrase is the more suitable, since he was quite capable of holding the view that art could perform this both desirable and manifold function, not by indulging in social polemic, but by maintaining a lively though not belligerent assertion of spiritual values in their own right. More concisely, this means that by the mere act of its existence, art can perform to the full its service in life. And a notion of this kind is not far removed from a form of religious conviction.

But I employ the term "religious" with some qualification. For Pater, like Baudelaire and Goethe, chose to approach religion, precisely Christianity, in his own way. And you cannot attach him to any of the conventional attitudes. He is neither a "practical" Christian practising personal benevolence nor an exponent of faith alone. There is a sentence in *Marius* that may afford us a clue as to his real attitude towards Christianity: "The mere sense that one belongs to a system—an imperial system or a great organisation—has, in itself, the expanding power of a

great experience." That, I would suggest, is exactly what we should expect from the man who claimed, "The Church of England is nothing to me apart from its ornate services." That Pater regarded religion as a corpus of morals tinged with emotion is not beyond possibility. That he regarded art as a substitute for religion is very likely. For he moralized—indeed, supplemented his criticism from an ethical standpoint—without apparent religious conviction, and in so doing anticipated a modern fashion. But we have to go beyond morals to see any meaning in existence: and Pater obviously went beyond morals, but in a new direction. It was his achievement to have worked out his position, like a modern sceptic, M. Sartre, only half-way, and then, under cover of some effective verbal conjuring, to have crossed over into aesthetics for a justification of his moralizing. And when he does try "to expand the better self," as often as not, what he talks about is life in art's clothing. But then, he cannot be taken too severely to task on this account, for his apprehension of some fundamental concepts was in its way no less confused than that of Arnold.

This is a not unimportant consideration, for it illustrates the general tendency of his age. It was, as Mr. Eliot has pointed out, a time of dissolution, of mental confusion. And to see what caused this, we have to look no further than the advance of scientific investigation. To my mind, what the later Victorians, including Pater and Arnold and Carlyle and Browning and Tennyson, boggled at was the delicate business of absorbing this new element into the existing culture. We have only to read Arthur Balfour's *Foundations of Belief* to appreciate the extent to which their accredited notions had been upset. The answer of Walter Pater to his dilemma took the form of a powerful interest in and mental retreat to Aurelian Rome. This was a very convenient course of action. The analogy between the two periods is undeniable: on the one hand, we have the classical world trying to accommodate into its culture a new element, Christianity; and on the other, we have nineteenth-century England, with a culture made up of classical and Christian elements, attempting to assimilate the implications of scientific materialism. Pater found the dilemma of Marius more manageable than his own: he knew at least that it had been eventually resolved. About the ability of his own times to effect a similar synthesis he was less sure. In any event, he saw nothing reprehensible in meeting the problem exactly as he wished to meet it; that, after all, was the prerogative of an exponent of art for art's sake.

Pater appropriated, *en passant*, more of religious show than religious belief. And when investigating him as art and literary critic, we discover

the same conscious limitation of his reflective or his receptive faculty. There is not in his critical writings anything like the anxious social interest of the author of *Fors Clavigera*, or of William Morris. But that is not to question in the least his critical integrity. It so happened that the method which he employed did not square with the method of Ruskin or Morris: and solely because a critic prefers to confine his investigations within a sphere of predominantly spiritual values rather than to deal with things less perdurable, we should not condemn him forthwith. More rightly should attention be directed to the question of determining whether the method of Pater tells us anything new about art. As far as Pater is concerned, it is no more than justice to point out that his energies were concentrated not so much upon elaborating a novel theory about the function of art as upon appreciating and elucidating what already existed. He is more exclusively the critic of art than Ruskin or Arnold or Morris, all of whom were more catholic in outlook without being, in any way, superficial. Yet it is important to remember that each in his own fashion has contributed to our appreciation of some form of art, whether of poetry or architecture or tapestries or painting; and that we can no better manage without the kind of criticism that is Pater's—sensitively reasoned statements of the grounds for delighting in certain authors and artists—than we can without the kind that is most often Ruskin's. For the virility of a tradition is dependent upon the activities of both polymath and specialist, upon the broad-mindedness of one and upon the other's enthusiasm. The whole point about Pater, as critic, consists in his electing, as a consequence of his philosophy, to fail rather in practicalness than in devotion to beauty. The morality of such a course is a matter for some deliberation; but it would imply a wholly characteristic reluctance on his part to acknowledge the practical responsibility of getting to the bottom of certain questions: precisely, the sort of question which Ruskin felt obliged to tackle, and which Pater either consciously or otherwise ignored, or, more conceivably, explored only half-way.

Yet, as I said, there is a place for Pater. He has explained with some preciseness the function of the primarily aesthetic critic. It is

> . . . to distinguish, analyse, and separate from its adjuncts the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book produces the special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of the impression is, and under what conditions it is experienced.

There we have it, a labour not to be undertaken lightly or by unqualified persons. But Pater was thoroughly capable of apprehending and communicating the essence of any artistic achievement; and the subtlety of

his inquiry is something superior to the intuition of Coleridge or the thoroughgoing shrewdness of Samuel Johnson. What characterizes his most memorable criticism—I have in mind his commentary on da Vinci's painting, *La Gioconda*—is that most rigorous exercise of the mind which is constantly striving to translate into words the peculiar sensual appeal of colour, of form, of composition, and the individual magic with which a particular artist will endow these. This mode of interpretation has several things in common with the creative process itself. When Pater speaks of "a composition shaping itself, little by little, out of a thousand dim perceptions, into singularly definite form," or when he alludes to an "uncompromising demand for a matter, in all art, derived immediately from lively personal intuition," he is speaking with a genuine assurance which, far from being presumptuous, represents the legacy either of creative experience or of an incredible sympathy with the nature and working of the poetic afflatus. In a manner of speaking, he recreates the thing he contemplates. But it is the business of the critic who has any pretensions towards service also to devote some of his energy to supervising the thorough exploitation of his theme, to thinking out the *ordonnance* of his arguments, to achieving, as best he can, clarity of statement. These inconspicuous but necessary virtues, so often lacking from the prose of Carlyle or John Addington Symonds, are usually to be found, graced with a decent urbanity, in the critical writings of Pater.

Certainly what should redeem from decay his literary output is its remarkable style. For the enunciation of his views on art, it is the perfect style, but one more to be admired than imitated. For it is above all a personal style: and, as the prose of Addington Symonds illustrates, to use that style without being Walter Pater at the same time is a course that deserves all the ridicule that has been cast upon it. The nearest resemblance would appear to be the style of Ruskin, or going farther afield, of the later Jules Lemaître. But it is a form of prose that the present age tends to regard as "precious"; and fine writing of this kind has, with whatever justice, become something of almost antiquarian interest.

How far Pater's style intensifies, or conceals, or transcends the thought is not easy to determine. Its melodic effect, its imaginative reference, its emotional claims, all help to subdue or divert the critical intelligence. Pater tends to detach a mood from a situation, and then to elaborate it for its own sake: that is, to discover what his sensibility and control of words can transform it into. Frequently he uses a picture or a verse as the starting point for expressing his feelings in a digression. This habit of erecting verbal façades, usually of an ecstatic kind, seems to point to

something like emotional starvation in Pater's actual life. If we are to conclude anything from what we do know of his life, this supposition may contain an element of truth.

One of the causes of his philosophy's having been distorted consists, I think, in his style. It was his most conspicuous achievement to have effected an intimate liaison between feeling and the statement of feeling: and where his theorizing lacks clarity, this lack is perhaps less due to an incapacity for cogent reasoning than to a momentary inability to apprehend philosophical ideas in any but a sensuous manner. Even so, I suggest that in a good many of those passages where emotion assumes apparent control, in reality all faculties are working below the surface, eventually to manifest themselves in a just word, in an arresting but never ostentatious phrase, in a judgment that is assured without being in the least pretentious. But the snippets which we find in the anthologies, and which the majority assume to be exactly representative, do Pater more than a disservice. For they present only the superficial, the excited, Pater, and so prompt no one to consider him as a serious thinker, or as a critic of discrimination, or as a capable reasoner. His fate has been to attract only those who find in such extracts a justification for their own excesses. To penetrate the mist of excitement, to recognize the sustained reasoning beneath, even to read more than the display pieces in the anthologies, would not be a fashionable activity. Nevertheless, that his faults are largely due to his having achieved more adequately than Ruskin an intercourse between feeling and thought, between thought and its exposition, is a conclusion that may be forced upon the public if it bothers to read even the judicious selection of Mr. Aldington. The greater number who, we must admit, will never read the whole of his writings might do well to remember that by risking the imputation of laxity, in performing what seemed to him a long-needed critical service, Pater proved that he was a man of principle even more than he was a man of taste.

Letters in Canada | *1957*

EDITED BY DOUGLAS GRANT

The editing of "Letters in Canada" does not become easier. Practice may make perfect, everything else being equal, but as the number, and variety, of books published in Canada mount yearly, practice inevitably trails the field. And the situation for the principal reviewers is even more serious. They have found it increasingly difficult to meet the early deadline demanded by publication in April, especially when the majority of books appear towards the end of the year, in time to catch the Christmas market. The only answer is to move publication from April to July, and this year's innovation will become future procedure.

The number of books published in French is rising too, and the task of considering them has grown beyond the strength of one reviewer—even of a reviewer as able and enthusiastic as Professor W. E. Collin. The best solution to this aspect of the general problem seemed to be to divide French-Canadian letters into three sections, roughly along the lines already followed with respect to English-Canadian letters. MM. Guy Sylvestre, Roger Duhamel, and Jean-Charles Bonenfant courteously agreed to launch the experiment. Students of French-Canadian letters owe a great debt to Mr. Collin for his able guidance in the past, but they may find that the new arrangement will extend as well as consolidate the tradition he did so much to establish.

I have mentioned some of the difficulties which this survey has to face but I must also acknowledge that the ability and kindness of the editorial staff of the University of Toronto Press make them less intimidating in actuality than in prospect. I should like to thank all the staff concerned but particularly Miss Ruth Charlesworth and Miss Constance Pattullo, Editorial Assistants of the Press: Miss Charlesworth has had the responsibility of preparing the many manuscripts submitted and Miss Pattullo the heavy charge of assembling and distributing the books.

POETRY

Northrop Frye

This is an unusually thin year: one good book, two promising ones, and a miscellaneous assortment of what the Elizabethans might politely have called a paradise of dainty devices, though it would be more accurate to speak of an amusement park of rhythmical gadgets. Some of these latter are pleasant and readable enough: with others, one is strongly tempted to take the plangent tone of a couplet which appears on the opening page of one of the year's few published volumes:

> Last of the mighty oaks nurtured in freedom!
> Brambles and briars now supersede treedom.

However, here goes. The good book, of course, as the Governor-General's committee has this time recognized, is Jay Macpherson's *The Boatman* (Oxford, x, 70 pp., $2.50). The book itself is one of the few physically attractive objects on my Canadian poetry shelves, and the fact is an appropriate tribute to its contents, for *The Boatman* is the most carefully planned and unified book of poems that has yet appeared in these surveys. It is divided into six parts. The first, "Poor Child," contains poems that appeared in a small pamphlet reviewed here some years ago: they form a series of tentative explorations of poetic experience, ranging in tone from the macabre "The Ill Wind" to the plaintive "The Third Eye." The next two sections are called "O Earth Return" and "The Plowman in Darkness." The titles come from two poems of Blake that deal with "Earth" as the whole of fallen nature in female form, and the subjects are chiefly the more common mythical figures connected with this "Earth," including Eve, Eurynome, the Cumaean Sibyl, Mary Magdalene, and the bride of the Song of Songs, identified with the Queen of Sheba. Hence the subtitle, "A Speculum for Fallen Women." The two parts are, like Blake's lyrics, matched by contrast against each other, the relation often being marked by identical titles. The contrast is not so much Blake's innocence and experience, though related to it, as a contrast between a theme idealized by a kind of aesthetic distance and the same theme made colloquial and familiar. "Sibylla," whose fate is described in the motto to Eliot's *The Waste Land*, appears in "O Earth Return" thus:

> Silence: the bat-clogged cave
> Lacks breath to sigh.
> Sibylla, hung between earth and sky,
> Sways with the wind in her pendant grave.

and in "The Plowman in Darkness" thus:

> I'm mercifully rid of youth,
> No callers plague me ever;
> I'm virtuous, I tell the truth—
> And you can see I'm clever!

In the last two sections the corresponding male figures appear. "The Sleepers," intensely pastoral in tone, is focussed on Endymion and his moon-loved daze, with overtones of Adonis and Adam. Then the figures of Noah and his ark emerge, expanding until they become identified with God and his creation respectively. The creation is inside its creator, and the ark similarly attempts to explain to Noah, in a series of epigrams in double quatrains, that it is really inside him, as Eve was once inside Adam:

> When the four quarters shall
> Turn in and make one whole,
> Then I who wall your body,
> Which is to me a soul,
>
> Shall swim circled by you
> And cradled on your tide,
> Who was not even, not ever,
> Taken from your side.

As the ark expands into the flooded world, the body of the Biblical leviathan, and the order of nature, the design of the whole book begins to take shape. *The Boatman* begins with a poem called "Ordinary People in the Last Days," a wistful poem about an apocalypse that happens to everyone except the poet, and ends with a vision of a "Fisherman" who, more enterprising than Eliot's gloomy and luckless shore-sitter, catches a "myriad forms," eats them, drinks the lake they are in, and is caught in his turn by God.

Such myths as the flood and the apocalypse appear less for religious than for poetic reasons: the book moves from a "poor child" at the centre of a hostile and mysterious world to an adult child who has regained the paradisal innocent vision and is at the circumference of a world of identical forms. In the title poem the reader is urged to follow this process as best he may:

> Then you take the tender creature
> —You remember, that's the reader—
> And you pull him through his navel inside out.

The wonderland of this Noah's ark inside Noah, where the phoenix and the abominable snowman have equal rights with books and eggs and the sun and moon, is explored in the final section: "The Fisherman: A Book of Riddles." The riddles are not difficult, the solutions being thoughtfully provided in the title, and, like so many of the Anglo-Saxon riddles, they are circumferential rather than simply elliptical descriptions, hence the riddle on "Egg" symbolizes the poet's relation to her reader as well:

> Reader, in your hand you hold
> A silver case, a box of gold.
> I have no door, however small,
> Unless you pierce my tender wall,
> And there's no skill in healing then
> Shall ever make me whole again.
> Show pity, Reader, for my plight:
> Let be, or else consume me quite.

Miss Macpherson chooses strict metres and small frames: she is, as the blurb says, melodious, but her melody is of that shaped and epigrammatic quality which in music is called tune. Within her self-imposed limits there is an extraordinary tonal variety, from the delicate *ritardando* of "The Caverned Woman" to the punning *knittelvers* of "The Boatman," and from the whispered *pianissimo* of "Aiaia" (the island of Circe) to the alliterative thundering of "Storm." She can—a noticeable feat in Canada—write a sexual poem without breaking into adolescent pimples and cackles; she can deal with religious themes without making any reed-organ wheezes about the dilemma of modern man; she has a wit and an erudition that are free of wisecracks and pedantry; she can modulate in eight lines from "Philomel's unmeasured grief" to the human jay who

> Chatters, gabbles, all the day,
> Raises both Cain and Babel.

The elegiac poems are the most resonant, and they make the strongest initial impression, though the lighter ones have equal staying power. There are few dying falls: usually a poem ends with a quiet authority that has a ring of finality about it, leaving the reader nothing to do but accept the poem—"Reader, take," as the riddle on "Book" says.

There is little use looking for bad lines or lapses in taste: *The Boatman* is completely successful within the conventions it adopts, and anyone dissatisfied with the book must quarrel with the conventions. Among these are the use of a great variety of echoes, some of them direct quotations from other poems, and an interest in myth, both Biblical and Clas-

sical, that may make some readers wonder uneasily if they should not be reading it with a mythological handbook.

One should notice in the first place that the echoes are almost invariably from the simplest and most popular types of poetry. They include Elizabethan lyrics ("While Philomel's unmeasured grief" sounds like the opening of a madrigal); the lyrics of Blake; hymns ("Take not that Spirit from me"); Anglo-Saxon riddles; Christmas carols ("The Natural Mother"); nursery rhymes ("Sheba"); ballads and newspaper verse ("Mary of Egypt" and the second "Sibylla"). The use made of these echoes is to create a kind of timeless style, in which everything from the tags of mediaeval ballad to modern slang can fit. One has a sense of rereading as well as reading, of meeting new poems with a recognition that is integrally and specifically linked with the rest of one's poetic experience. The echoes also enable the poet to achieve the most transparent simplicity of diction. There is little of the "density" of more intellectualized poetry, and ambiguities and ironies are carried very lightly:

> In a far-off former time
> And a green and gentle clime,
> Mamma was a lively lass,
> Liked to watch the tall ships pass,
> Loved to hear the sailors sing
> Of sun and wind and voyaging,
> Felt a wild desire to be
> On the bleak and unplowed sea.

The flat conventional phrases here, including the Homeric tag in the last line, would seem commonplace or affected if their context had not been so skilfully worked out for them. It is true that for many readers there is nothing so baffling as simplicity, but Miss Macpherson's simplicity is uncompromising.

As for mythology, that is one of poetry's indispensable languages: most of the major English poets, including the best poets of today, demand and expect a considerable knowledge of myth, and although Douglas LePan calls Canada a country without a mythology, the same thing is increasingly true even of Canadian poets. Miss Macpherson's myths, like her allusions, flow into the poems: the poems do not point to them. Knowing who Adam and Eve and Noah are will get one through most of the book, and although a glance at the opening page of Robert Graves's Penguin book on Greek myth might help with Eurynome, I find no poem that has the key to its meaning outside itself.

> Oh wake him not until he please,
> Lest he should rise to weep:
> For flocks and birds and streams and trees
> Are golden in his silver sleep.

For thousands of years poetry has been ringing the changes on a sleeper whom it is dangerous to waken, and the myths of Endymion, of the bridegroom in the Song of Songs, of Adam, of Blake's Albion, of Joyce's Finnegan, are a few of the by-products. Such myths in the background enrich the suggestiveness of the above four lines, but the lines are not dependent on the echoes, either for their meaning or for their poetic value. Or again:

> The woman meanwhile sits apart and weaves
> Red rosy garlands to dress her joy and fear.
> But all to no purpose; for petals and leaves
> Fall everlastingly, and the small swords stand clear.

The reader who remembers his Milton, however vaguely, will see how the fall of sex from love to lust belongs in a complex which includes the first efforts at clothing, the appearance of thorns on the rose, the coming of winter after fall, the angelic swords over Paradise, and the aggressive use of sex which the phallic image of "small swords" suggests. But none of this would have any point if the quatrain itself did not carry its own meaning.

I have glanced at the critical issues raised by *The Boatman* because it seems to me a conspicuous example of a tendency that I have seen growing since I began this survey eight years ago. With the proviso that "professional" in this context has nothing to do with earning a living, the younger Canadian poets have become steadily more professional in the last few years, more concerned with poetry as a craft with its own traditions and discipline. The babble of unshaped free verse and the obscurities of private association are inseparable from amateurish poetry, but they are emphatically not "modern" qualities: serious modern poets in Canada struggle hard for clarity of expression and tightness of structure. The second volumes of Douglas LePan, P. K. Page, and James Reaney (of whom more next year) show this markedly, as do the first volumes of Wilfred Watson and Anne Wilkinson, and all the volumes of Irving Layton since *In the Midst of My Fever*. It is consistent with this that the more amateurish approach which tries to write up emotional experiences as they arise in life or memory has given way to an emphasis on the formal elements of poetry, on myth, metaphor, symbol, image, even metrics. The development is precisely parallel to the development

in Canadian painting from deliberately naïve landscape to abstraction and concentration on pictorial form. As in 1890 with the Scott-Lampman-Roberts group, and again in the *New Provinces* generation, there seems to be once more in Canadian poetry, on a much bigger scale, a "school" in its proper sense of a number of poets united only by a common respect for poetry.

The title of Daryl Hine's *The Carnal and the Crane* (McGill Poetry Series, 52 pp., $1.50) comes from a ballad in which two birds (carnal in this context means *corneille*, crow) discuss the Incarnation. The *double entendre* in the word "carnal" suggests the theme of the dialogue of soul and body as well, and in connection with "crane" one very astute critic, Mr. Milton Wilson, has murmured the name of Hart Crane. Abandoning speculation, we find *The Carnal and the Crane* also a carefully planned book, leading up to and moving away from a central poem called "The Return from Unlikeness," a group of three dialogues on the Nativity. I take it that "unlikeness" is here used in its Augustinian sense of remoteness from God, by way of the conclusion of Auden's *For the Time Being*, so that a return from it, which the Incarnation makes possible, would be the achieving of a total identity, a universal homecoming in which everyone, including Judas Iscariot, goes to his own place.

We begin with the three kings, representing the three aspects of wisdom: wonder, trust in love, and distrust of unaided reason, confronting Herod. Herod agrees on the importance of finding

> . . . the silent centre of private wars
> of blind men who can't imagine all the stars.

But for himself he himself occupies that centre and cannot move out: in other words he is spiritual pride, the demonic centre in Everyman whose vision is despair. The second part deals with the shepherds, who by a most ingenious modulation are identified with the Corydon and Alexis of Virgil's second eclogue. Virgil is traditionally a prophet of the Incarnation, but it is a very different eclogue that has made him so. Corydon and Alexis are also associated with Cain and Abel, destructive passion and its shepherd victim, and with the warning "armed head" of the witches' vision in *Macbeth*, which we remember was followed by a bloody child and a crowned one. The third dialogue deals with the Annunciation and the jealousy of Joseph. Against the invisible appearance of the Child is set the collapse of earthly power, symbolized by the recent assassination of Caesar, a theme developed later in a fine series of sonnets called "At Pompey's Statua."

The climax of the book is a series of three poems, of which the first two concern a "fat boy," a poet, seen first from the outside by his friends who bury him, and then from the inside as an unconscious denizen of Eden. The poet dies

> declaring that the universe was tandem,
> not single, quod erat demonstrandum.

Tandem means among other things fallen, and we hear a great deal about the "January apple," the twisting of love into lust, the fatality of the "father," and similar *topoi*. Mr. Hine's fallen world is an underworld of death and rebirth, many of its features derived from the sixth book of the *Aeneid*. It is associated with autumn and winter, the hunting season and "The air grown perilous with falconry," when Orion, the hunter and the winter constellation, lover of Aurora and type of cyclical rebirth opposed to the dialectic of resurrection, presides over both love and death. It is the world of "Avernus," where Aeneas, in one of the most eloquent poems in the book, wanders talking to the shadow of the silent Dido, and where sex is represented by the wound of Adonis. It is a world full of ferocious birds and beasts of prey, a "flood of animals" like those Dante fled from, including the wolf who "is time," and which in the aggregate are Cerberus, the watchdog of death, whom the friends of the fat boy assume to have swallowed him. We reach this world by being ferried over the Styx by Charon, who also haunted Mr. Hine's earlier *Five Poems*. But a more concentrated look shows that Avernus is really a water-world *under* the Styx, the world that has never recovered from the deluge. In "The Boat" and "The Lake" (a frozen lake, modulating the water symbol to ice) this water-world expands into what Mr. D. G. Jones, of whom more in a moment, calls the more frequented and practical pool of Narcissus.

This world, then, *is* the pool of Narcissus: what goes on in it is the dreamy reflection of reality into which Adam fell, the hypnotized imitation of life by the ego. Marriage, for instance (see "Epithalamium," one of the most equivocal poems in that *genre* I have ever read), introduces lovers to an Elysium which is the reflection of Eden, but full of serpents and bitter fruits. What the flood did the fire shall overthrow, and the redemption of this world by Christ is usually symbolized by fire, the fiery furnace and the burning bush that burn without destroying, and in which reflections find their own true forms: "Lent's end in Easter, water's in ice that shone."

There are great inequalities in the success with which Mr. Hine ex-

presses all this. "The Return from Unlikeness" seems to me a poetic exercise, not a realized poem, and I have no hesitation in calling "The Entombment" a positively bad poem, because no mediocre poet can be positively bad. I doubt if any Canadian poet has potentially greater talents than Mr. Hine, and few in recent years have struck out more vivid and haunting lines, lines that can become part of one's permanent reading. As we eavesdrop on the murmuring dialogues going on in the poet's mind, every so often a voice speaks, like Friar Bacon's head, with oracular simplicity and power. But these lines are often embedded, like Jack Horner's plums, in a context of rather soggy verbiage. Thus:

> . . . hero turns
> to Christmas Eve where Southwell's infant burns—
> heat as continence! fire as innocence!
> and the offended eye goes dark in marvels,
> while the heart asks of its thorns
> the sort of alchemy that transfigures peril.

The reference to Southwell's *Burning Babe* is creaky but passable; the next line is a fine comment on it; the third line is superb; the fourth and fifth are blither. One still, in speaking of *The Carnal and the Crane*, has to speak of expendable poems, of great advance, of promise and future achievement. These are not, to be sure, small things to speak of.

It is disturbing to find that, after the "fat boy" poems have reached some kind of synthesis, the final poem, "The Farewell," is still muscle-bound and squirming, and one feels the truth of the poet's remark:

> Only gargoyles leaning out of dogma,
> elements of doubt in faith's alloy,
> deny the gravitation of belief,
> defy the forts and pass the last frontiers.

But it is not the gravitation of belief that is the difficulty of using religion as metaphors for poetry: it is rather (apart, of course, from the superficial temptation to easy resonance) the rigidity of the construct from which the gargoyles lean. Christianity is held together by doctrine, compelling the poet to the struggle of digesting abstractions. One feels that the decentralized mythology in Miss Macpherson (to whom *The Carnal and the Crane* is dedicated) at any rate permits of a more relaxed and spontaneous poetic process. However, that is a technical obstacle only, and one that Mr. Hine is well equipped to surmount. More important, the modern religious poet is apt to confuse inspiration with a state of grace, and feel that it is safer to renounce the full authority of poetry and keep ironically swimming around with all us other poor fish. See

Eliot and Auden, more or less *passim*. *Facilis descensus Averno*, and Mr. Hine clearly has no interest in being facile. He has a grotesque wit, of a kind that takes the stock example of vulgarity, the replica of the Venus of Milo with a clock in her stomach, and expands it into "Venus big with time," and we may look forward to a poetry of released powers and flying gargoyles.

D. G. Jones's *Frost on the Sun* (Contact Press, 46 pp., $1.50) shows a talent of considerable force emerging from some undistinguished competence. There are a few rather laboured conceits, like "Public Figure," "Death of a Hornet," and "Clothesline"; the rare allusions to myth, in striking contrast to the two previous poets, are not made with much conviction, and an occasional flash of wit, like the description of a "Faculty Party" as "a matter of oral adventure" does not always prevent a poem from sagging into commonplace. These peripheral points noted, what remains is for the most part an intensely pictorial poetry, with reference to Marin, Klee, Hokusai, and the Chinese, the favourite subject being birds, which Canadian poetry seems to be strongly for this year. "Do poems too have backbones?" the poet asks in a poem called "John Marin," and he clearly knows the answer. In "A Problem of Space" he speaks of the power that a poem, like a picture, can gain by sketching in the essentials only, "Leaving all the rest to space." Poetry of course has the problem of rhythm in addition to that of pattern, and I think Mr. Jones succeeds most completely in his economical and disinterested ambitions when he is less preoccupied with visual design and lets his rhythm work itself out. In "Request" and "Soliloquy" a lilting variable rhythm sustains itself to the end—a notable achievement in free verse, which is so apt to cripple itself by cutting off its feet, like the dancer in Andersen's fairy tale. In "The Phoebe" the rhythm follows the fluttering movements of the bird, and in "The Time of the Fictitious 'I' " it follows the subject:

> Sometimes we are shattered, The
> coherence gone, the planets of our brain
> sail loosely in their microcosmic air.
> Sometimes we can
> pick up nothing, start nothing;
> poise lost, stance lost,
> neither in the wind nor out of it
> we must wait, on choppy seas,
> till the wind turn,
> till the moon come round,
> and wind and tide, again, draw on.

To write like this a poet has to be indifferent to his own cleverness, and achieve the kind of higher detachment in which genuine sympathy and insight become possible. There are deeper tones in the book, in "Desire is Not Lust," in "Strange Characters for Christmas," in "At Twilight in the Park," which make one hope that eventually such words as serenity and wisdom may be appropriate for this poet. "Strange Characters for Christmas" has a fine haunting phrase about "the silent bleeding of small human lives," and is written in quatrains in which the first and third lines rhyme and the second and fourth do not, giving the effect of a precise twist:

> And remember now the falling night
> And the years of the darkening Lord of Love
> And the illusive April of Platonic Light
> And the fiery winter of mechanic power.

"At Twilight in the Park" shows that it is possible to be delicate without being sentimental, and "November, Gananoque," despite a bad line or two, that it is possible to make something out of ugliness and boredom—no poet in this century can avoid that technical problem—without being cute.

Alfred W. Purdy's *Emu, Remember!* (Fredericton, Fiddlehead Poetry Books, 1956, 16 pp.) is conversational lyrical verse, less formally precise than his earlier work. It is quite skilful in the use of slant rhymes in "Poem" and "Elegy for a Grandfather," if more hampered by stock phrases of the "forest of always Sunday" type. The tone is strongly personal, as the poet tends to see nature as a wilderness of self-reflecting mirrors, whether it presents "halls of trembling glass" on shipboard or "vectors of light" at sunrise. In this situation one is in danger of going backward into the pure narcissism of nostalgia. The poet's distrust of this is marked in the phrase:

> . . . time is a wound
> Delivered when new things can't strike flame

and in the self-discoveries of "Cantos" and "Contraband." The forward direction is the subject of two of the best poems, "Post Script" and "The Cave Painters." The cave painters, we are told:

> Having discovered an ache in the loins,
> A clarity of colour, shores beyond their shores,
> Become inhabitants of loneliness and applicants
> To leave the mind-prison, be dissolved
> In the myth's creation and absorbed.

We may assume that this indicates the direction that Mr. Purdy's future writing will take, perhaps in fiction, as the biographical note suggests, where he will have a chance to recapture the more objective and dramatic qualities of his earlier work that are largely missing from this collection.

Three Dozen Poems, by R. G. Everson (Montreal, Cambridge Press, 51 pp., illus., $3.00), illustrated by Colin Haworth, with drawings "done with lamp black and a dry hog's hair brush," is amateur verse at its best—limited in its objectives, amused and amusing, unfailingly urbane, and with the primary aim of being pleasant to a reader. All the poems are brief epigrams in a cultivated speech in which life and literature meet on equal terms. Thus a vision of "Lovers under Parliament Hill," ending with the reflection that "lovers possess the world while overthrown," suggests Themistocles and Landor by contrast. Sometimes the wit increases to brilliance:

> In a dark house that they passed
> A telephone hunted with magical empty sounds,

the context of this being a crowd leaving a theatre after a performance of *The Tempest*. More deeply disturbing tones than this do occur, as in "Comical Sun," but they are rare. There is a conventional but nicely turned irony in "Coming Home in Winter" and "The Fishermen," and vigorously sketched imagery in "Late-August Breeze":

> A belly-low wolf breeze
> pursued a thistledown whose untied hair
> and white face curved above the cattle-bellowing
> lawn chairs. The leaves like fishes
> turned death-white undersides. We later found
> nothing was hurt except the feel of Summer.

There are eight Ryerson chapbooks this year, which is perhaps a few too many. I find little to say about *Myth and Monument*, by Theresa E. and Don W. Thomson (16 pp., $1.00): the title poem seems to be founded on a West Coast Indian legend, but not much of a story gets told. *Of Diverse Things*, by Mary Elizabeth Bayer (12 pp., $1.00), has two poems in a dialect I don't recognize, though it seems consistent and well sustained; there is an appealing simplicity in "Remember," and touches of a greater breadth of vision in "Song of the Stranger." Joan Finnigan's *Through the Glass, Darkly* (12 pp., $1.00) deals mainly with ironies inherent in the sexual relationship. Her observation comes out in bits and pieces, and one wishes that English had more of the capacity of Oriental languages for isolating the core of a poetic experi-

ence. "The Substitute," for example, has over thirty lines which merely paraphrase the first two:

> I did not love him,
> But the grass was there.

The Arrow-Maker's Daughter and Other Haida Chants, by Hermia Harris Fraser (16 pp., $1.00), contains a number of poems that have been around for quite a while, but are still very arresting. The title poem is an extraordinary *mélange* of the tragic, the ghostly, and the ironic. We can hardly get too much of this kind of thing: in spite of the complete cultural break between Indian and white culture, there are affinities among poets in the same environment that cannot be argued about, and I think Indian poetry can still do much to shape the imagination of Canadian poets. Fred Cogswell's *Testament of Cresseid* (24 pp., $1.00) is a modernization of Henryson's fifteenth-century poem, which tells how Cressida was punished for her infidelity by the God of Love with leprosy, became a beggar and received alms from Troilus, who did not recognize her at the time. The poem is melodrama, not high tragedy, and it is a parish church to Chaucer's cathedral, providing a simple moral issue for readers baffled by the sombre complexities of Chaucer's gigantic poem. Mr. Cogswell does a good job of preserving the archaic feeling while removing the difficulties of Middle Scots.

Dazzle, by Dorothy Roberts (12 pp., $1.00), is, I think, the best of the eight chapbooks. "Cold" brings Canadian pioneer life into a brilliant focus: the physical energy and toughness, the strenuous distrust of comfort, the sense of the healthiness of a low temperature that permits no relaxation, and the Puritanism which expresses all this in religion, are there, but something more is there too: the imaginative power of containing opposites which is one of the things we read poetry for:

> They lived in cold
> And were seasoned by it and preached it
> And knew that it blazed
> In the burning bush of antiquity
> With starry flowers.

She is not always as successful as this, but it is still a remarkable mind that has not quite fused the imagery in:

> We on the turnpike going fast see signs
> Two miles before the act—obey, obey
> As in the land of the Bible.

"The Farm" is full of wit, ending with a vision of "The broken horses with their bits of gold"; "Veranda Spinsters" well evokes the sense of the inscrutability of the commonplace; "Old Japanese Prints" has the accuracy of observation that the subject suggests, and ends with a most perceptive comment:

> The figures follow the centuries in a simple order,
> There are changes enough from within when the trees flower.

Elizabeth Brewster's *Roads and Other Poems* (12 pp., $1.00) is partly meditative like the earlier *East Coast*, and partly in the narrative and fictional idiom of *Lillooet*. The present collection lacks the freshness of the earlier books: the poems are written with intelligence and discipline, but remain derivative—that is, self-derivative. Of the narratives, "Canon Bradley" has the most distinctive outline, and there are some well turned epigrams in double quatrains:

> The medalled heroes die,
> The shouting millions pass,
> And on their sunken graves there grows
> The mute, tenacious grass.

There is nothing wrong with this, but there is not the sense of immediate emotional awareness that marked the best passages of *East Coast*.

Goodridge MacDonald's *Recent Poems* (12 pp., $1.00) show a sophisticated intelligence and a good deal of wit, occasionally strained. His settings are mainly urban, and his technique is well adapted to the sense of myriad glitterings from hard shiny surfaces that is the chief visual effect of a modern city:

> Ribbons of river, fragment of estuary, miniature
> channel; splintered steel, and mirror shard.

The sense of the identity of the organic and the mechanical is another aspect of the urban nightmare that comes out in "Tree Sculpture," "Sacrament," and in the very precise conclusion of "Proclamation of a Plant":

> foiled lips wither and waste;
> green tongues tumble, innocent of word.

Two other Ryerson books are in harder covers; I don't know why. Harry Amoss's *Churchill and Other Poems* (vi, 34 pp., $2.50) is mainly doggerel about teaching, with a sympathetic eye for children which makes "Two Prison Camps" almost a poem. Gordon LeClaire's *Carpenter's Apprentice and Other Poems* (viii, 24 pp., $2.50) has a lot of

doggerel too, of a more sophisticated kind. There are some sonnets with obtrusive rhymes and jammed-up metres, and a poem about a Hawaiian lover contracting leprosy, which could have been poignant but gets smothered in pretentious writing. The best poems are brief epigrams with some sharp simplicity of phrasing, such as "Paradox," part of "Song after Sleet," and, the best in the book, "Nostalgia," which turns on an ingenious conceit:

> Her grief had run full circle
> while she yearned
> back toward the past; a bead
> of saltfire burned
> along her cheek. Prisoned within
> its opal light,
> the ghost of Sodom's pillar
> glimmered white.

Two new magazines of verse have appeared, both quarterlies issued in Montreal. *Yes* is edited by Glen Siebrasse and others; *Delta* by Louis Dudek. The addresses are respectively 5616 McAlear Ave., Côte-St-Luc, Montreal 29, and 1143 Sixth Avenue, Montreal 19; yearly subscriptions of both, $1.00 a year. It must be the influence of the soap companies that prescribes the convention of a single word for the title of a poetry magazine: I wonder what would happen to one called Poems on Several Occasions. Both carry names familiar to readers of these pages, along with younger and less known ones. Canadian poetry magazines have the dilemma of either imposing what seems a small-minded protective tariff on Canadian writing, or running the risk of becoming a dumping ground for otherwise unpublishable American stuff. This dilemma is most strongly marked in *Fiddlehead*, which has been going longer than the others. My own editorial experience, for what it is worth, has convinced me that there is something to be said for the protective tariff, however indefensible in theory.

The other publications of the year are retrospective. *The Blasted Pine: An Anthology of Satire, Invective and Disrespectful Verse* (Macmillan, xx, 138 pp., $3.50), is edited by F. R. Scott and A. J. M. Smith. It is no surprise to readers of Canadian poetry that so unusually large a proportion of it should be satire and light verse. Canada's place on the revolutionary sidelines of the United States, and its status as a small nation between huge empires, determined that bent in our genius long ago. But still it took very expert scholarship and critical judgment to produce a book like this, which not only features such regular satirists as

McLachlan, Glendinning, O'Grady, Leacock, and Hiebert, and such largely satiric poets of our day as Birney, Louis MacKay, Souster, Layton, Dudek, and Klein, but also isolates a most lively element from Pratt, Lampman, Wilson Macdonald, and many others, including of course the two editors. A few non-Canadian poems are included, notably Samuel Butler's "A Psalm of Montreal." Some questions suggest themselves. Are there no satiric folk songs? No poetic wits born of political controversy in the newspapers, especially in the previous century? Why is the religious satire exclusively Protestant: don't Canadian Catholics ever laugh at themselves? Is it editorial predilection or Canadian poetry that admits so little right-wing satire? Where is Pamela Vining Yule, that engaging discovery of the first edition of Mr. Smith's anthology? Meanwhile the book we have is delightful.

The Eye of the Needle (Contact Press, 71 pp. $2.50) is a collection of F. R. Scott's "satires, sorties and sundries," i.e., the light verse of one of our best light verse writers. There are a few new poems, but the majority are well known to readers of Canadian poetry. It is good to have them together. Many of them were inspired by the depression and allied events, and, appearing now in the full tide of the capitalist counter-reformation, with the political principles they support obviously heading for the limbo that swallows all political principle on this continent, they have an oddly desperate air. But they are not, as the poet himself notes, out of date: rather they remind us of all the things that we are zealously trying to forget: unemployment, exploitation, social and cultural snobbery, the unscrupulousness of the press, the middle-class hypocrisy that asserts that only striking workers are being selfish, the helplessness of the intellectual, and the fact that most of the guardians of our destinies are exactly as stupid and ill-informed as they appear to be.

Dorothy Livesay is a poet who has remained within a single convention, though with modulations. *Selected Poems 1926–1956* (Ryerson, xxii, 82 pp., $3.50) is a retrospective exhibition of Miss Livesay's five volumes of verse, with an introduction by Professor Pacey. The book is really her collected poems, with some omissions: I do not know, for example, why the epilogue to "The Outriders" is simply called "Epilogue." Miss Livesay is an imagist who started off, in *Green Pitcher* (1929), in the Amy Lowell idiom:

> I remember long veils of green rain
> Feathered like the shawl of my grandmother—
> Green from the half-green of the spring trees
> Waving in the valley.

The virtues of this idiom are not those of sharp observation and precise rhythm that the imagists thought they were producing: its virtues are those of gentle reverie and a relaxed circling movement. With *Day and Night* (1944) a social passion begins to fuse the diction, tighten the rhythm, and concentrate the imagery:

> Day and night rising and falling
> Night and day shift gears and slip rattling
> Down the runway, shot into storerooms
> Where only eyes and a notebook remember
> The record of evil, the sum of commitments.

From "Prelude for Spring" on, the original imagist texture gradually returns, and is fully re-established by the end of the book:

> I dream of California, never seen:
> Gold globes of oranges, lantern lemons,
> Grapefruit moving in slow moons,
> Saucers of roundness
> Catapulting colour.

Imagism tends to descriptive or landscape poetry, on which the moods of the poet are projected, either directly or by contrast. The basis of Miss Livesay's imagery is the association between winter and the human death-impulse and between spring and the human capacity for life. Cutting across this is the irony of the fact that spring tends to obliterate the memory of winter, whereas human beings enjoying love and peace retain an uneasy sense of the horrors of hatred and war. That man cannot and should not forget his dark past as easily as nature I take to be the theme of "London Revisited," and it is expressed more explicitly in "Of Mourners":

> Not on the lovely body of the world
> But on man's building heart, his shaping soul.
> Mourn, with me, the intolerant, hater of sun:
> Child's mind maimed before he learns to run.

The dangers of imagism are facility and slackness, and one reads through this book with mixed feelings. But it is one of the few rewards of writing poetry that the poet takes his ranking from his best work. Miss Livesay's most distinctive quality, I think, is her power of observing how other people observe, especially children. Too often her own observation goes out of focus, making the love poems elusive and the descriptive ones prolix, but in the gentle humour of "The Traveller," in "The Child Looks Out," in "On Seeing," in the nursery-rhyme rhythm of

"Abracadabra," and in many other places, we can see what Professor Pacey means by "a voice we delight to hear."

The Selected Poems of Marjorie Pickthall (McClelland & Stewart, 104 pp., $3.00) has an introduction by Dr. Lorne Pierce. The introduction is written with much sympathy, but tends to confirm the usual view of this poet as a diaphanous late romantic whose tradition died with her. "With Marjorie Pickthall the old poetic tradition in Canada may be said to have come to its foreordained end. It came to its end at Victoria College. With a young student, E. J. Pratt, who borrowed books from the Library where Marjorie Pickthall was assistant, the new tradition began." Dr. Pierce knows far more about Marjorie Pickthall than I do, but still I have some reservations about this. She died at thirty-nine: if Yeats had died at the same age, in 1904, we should have had an overwhelming impression of the end of a road to Miltown that we now realize would have been pretty inadequate. Marjorie Pickthall was, of course, no Yeats, but her Biblical-Oriental pastiches were not so unlike the kind of thing that Ezra Pound was producing at about the same time, and there are many signs of undeveloped possibilities in this book. For some reason I had not read her little play, *The Wood Carver's Wife*, before, and I expected to find it Celtic twilight with a lot of early Yeats in it. It turned out to be a violent, almost brutal melodrama with a lot of Browning in it. Also, it is an example of a very common type of critical fallacy which ascribes to vagueness in her theoretical grasp of religion what is really, at worst, second-hand Swinburne, and, at best, the requirements of her *genre*. When she writes of Père Lalemant she is subtle and elusive, not because her religion was fuzzy, but because she was writing lyric; when Pratt writes of Brébeuf he is dry and hard, not because his religion is dogmatic, but because he is writing narrative. Anyway, I think she handed rather more over to Pratt, besides library books, than simply her own resignation.

FICTION

Claude T. Bissell

During the nineteenth century, there was in our fiction a flight from the Canadian theme and setting. John Richardson, Sara Jeannette Duncan Cotes, and Gilbert Parker all wrote early novels with Canadian settings, and then later on surrendered to the attractions of Europe or of distant parts of the Empire. Their change in subject matter followed their actual departures from Canada and the taking up of residence elsewhere. No such desertion of the Canadian setting has marked the

fiction of the post World War II era. We have been increasingly successful at keeping our novelists at home, and they have been generally content to find their subjects close at hand. At the same time, however, we have been attracting writers from other countries who have taken up residence in Canada, but who have continued to look to the lands of their birth and upbringing as their spiritual homes. Perhaps the best known of these novels by resident Canadians is Igor Gouzenko's *The Fall of a Titan*. These novels add a cosmopolitan dash to the literary scene, and they usually attract far more attention outside the country than do the authentic Canadian products. Sometimes the enthusiasm is justified. Certainly that was true of Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, a novel of strange, haunting beauty that seemed to prefigure the author's final tragic years in British Columbia. And the enthusiasm for Brian Moore, strong in the United States, moderate in the United Kingdom, is also justified. He is the most distinguished of our resident novelists.

Two years ago, Mr. Moore's first novel, *Judith Hearne*, was clearly the best Canadian novel of the year. Now given a new and gaudy title, *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, it has become something of a best seller in the United States. Mr. Moore's second novel, *The Feast of Lupercal* (one wonders what crude literal translation will be found for that title), although less impressive than *Judith Hearne*, is the best novel written in Canada during the year under review (Little, Brown, x, 246 pp., $4.00). Mr. Moore has returned to his native Belfast. For him, setting is particularly important, for few contemporary novelists have a finer sensitivity to physical and social environment. Mr. Moore does not work in a meticulously realistic fashion: he does not give us an impressive array of facts about Belfast and Belfast society; he does not set himself up as an amateur sociologist; he does not make moral judgments about the Belfast way of life. But the world of Belfast, particularly of Belfast Catholicism, emerges with an overpowering sense of reality. It is a gray, joyless world, yet capable of a passionate vindictiveness in its pursuit of an austere virtue.

The personal drama is not, however, engulfed by the setting. Indeed, each is complementary to the other, and in this consists the strength of the novel. This is another study in human loneliness and introversion, more particularly in the nature of the sexual passion as it operates in the lives of the timid and the unlovely; and from the study emerges a grotesque comedy that trembles on the edge of pathos and even of tragedy. Mr. Moore in this novel has exchanged his middle-aged spinster for a middle-aged bachelor. Diarmuid Devine is a master at a Catholic boys'

school, a dry martinet in the classroom, a cautious voluptuary in his day-dreams, a timid and ineffectual lover in reality. The novel chronicles Devine's love affair with a Protestant girl who is the niece of a fellow master; many years his junior, she is a combination of innocence and sophistication. The affair is doomed from the beginning; for Devine, it brings humiliation and threatens to destroy even the modicum of security that he has won for himself in the midst of a generally alien society.

In *The Feast of Lupercal*, Mr. Moore attempts to secure a more complex effect than he did in *Judith Hearne*. The very title carries some of the burdens of the complexities. Towards the end of the novel, Devine subjects himself to a humiliating caning from a fellow master who believes that Devine has corrupted his niece. Devine submits because to him this is his expiation for his own barrenness—a modern version of the Feast of Lupercal that, ironically enough, he has just been explaining in an English class on *Julius Caesar*. The final scenes in the novel have positive implications that were lacking in Judith Hearne. When Devine accepts the facts of his own impotence and admits to the humiliating truth, he is rewarded by understanding and forgiveness from the old president of the boys' school who, alone among the clerics, is able to rise above a savage morality of revenge and vindictiveness.

The positive effect of the novel is, nevertheless, slight, and almost anticlimactic. Mr. Moore's strength is his ability to see and to understand what goes on in the innermost mind of lonely misfits, and to relate this inner life to society. His two novels are almost grimly clinical in method, but they are not depressing, for they are constantly illuminated by a clear social vision. Yet one wonders just how much longer Moore can continue this calculated exploration of limited subjects. It will be interesting to see what he can do with more robust and expansive material.

Another resident Canadian novelist, even better known than Brian Moore, is David Walker. The whole of his writing career has been spent in Canada, and he has followed the literary profession with single-minded devotion and with unusual success. His most recent book, *Sandy was a Soldier's Boy* (Collins, 160 pp., $2.50), is his sixth novel. In this novel, he is back in the Scottish highlands, where his heart lies and where he has found the material for his most successful books. This is a light and unpretentious book, perhaps just a relaxation between Mr. Walker's impressive novel of two years ago, *Harry Black*, and a major work in progress. The new novel has a good deal of the freshness and charm of *Geordie*; it has Mr. Walker's unfailing facility in telling a story with

directness and clarity, and his skill in exposing the peculiarities of the Highland temperament. But Mr. Walker invites failure by shifting from light domestic comedy to what can only be taken as serious political comment. Sandy is the young son of the Black Watch pipemajor, a lovable lad who is, however, incorrigibly mischievous. He redeems himself in the final scene by bringing news of the arrival of a mysterious wave of foreign saboteurs who have been dropped by parachute, presumably to capture and demolish an atomic plant. The invaders are destroyed, and the novel ends in a burst of sentiment and heroics, true, no doubt, to the great tradition of the senior Highland battalion, but, in the light of the present climate of political thought, a naïve and antique comment on the perils that beset us.

The use of a non-Canadian setting is not, of course, confined to novelists whose roots are outside Canada. The imagination knows no barriers. Indeed, as citizens of a relatively small nation at the cross-roads of the English-speaking world, Canadian writers are in a good position to look out sympathetically beyond national boundaries. Graham McInnes is such a novelist. A few years ago, he took us to a lost island in the South Pacific, and now in *Sushila* (Jonathan Cape, 336 pp., $3.75) he sets us down firmly in contemporary pre-independent India. Mr. McInnes has set himself a big and formidable task. He is trying to give a lifelike picture of a genius who is also a national symbol; and the task is no easier by reason of the fact that the genius and the symbol is also a young woman with a strong sensual nature. The book is more a handsome tapestry than a living pageant. Everything has been carefully planned. Sushila, the heroine, is the child of a mixed marriage; her mother is an American from New England, and her father, an Indian from a well-to-do land-owning family. Sushila's passionate devotion to India, and her attempt to express its soul in her paintings, spring from her clear awareness of her double heritage. Sushila remains more symbol than woman; her love affairs are more exercises in the development of her art than expression of passion. But if his heroine remains at a distance from the reader, the land of India comes remarkably close. Mr. McInnes, who served with the Canadian mission in India for a short period, observes and records with care and with deep affection. He writes in the tradition of E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*: India is a great and noble subject, and her people yield their secret only to sympathy and intelligence. Fortunately, Mr. McInnes's style—eloquent, yet disciplined—is often equal to his theme.

Mr. McInnes is, in a sense, a resident Canadian novelist, since all of

generate intense loyalties; yet as a people we have been suspicious of urban display, and we have been reluctant to symbolize our aspirations in conspicuous monuments. Moreover, most of our cities have emerged from the formative stages at a time when a certain gray sameness seems to be descending on all urban civilization. Yet these conditions offer no major impediment to the imaginative writer. They are simply a challenge to him; they force him to explore more deeply for the illuminating detail. Increasingly, it seems to me, the most interesting Canadian novels will have an urban setting. At this stage, however, our novelists show a high degree of self-consciousness, an element of uncertainty about their relation to urban society. It is the writers with a strong sense of identification with a minority group who are often most at home in urban setting. I am thinking, for instance, of Adele Wiseman's novel about Winnipeg, *The Sacrifice*, which was the best novel of last year. A novel with somewhat similar approach is John Marlyn's *Under the Ribs of Death* (McClelland & Stewart, 288 pp., $3.50), a first novel which is not unworthy of comparison with *The Sacrifice*. Mr. Marlyn's novel is about a Hungarian community in the north end of Winnipeg. His hero resolves to throw off the squalor of his boyhood home; he achieves respectability and prosperity, only to have both snatched away during the depression of the thirties. The story, interesting in itself, is a dramatic expression of an idea—the problem of self-identity in an alien society. Mr. Marlyn's hero is torn between the old and the new world. The old world offers a kind of security that can be achieved in one of two ways: the young boy can become a member of the "gang" united by a contempt for law and order and by a hatred of the English, drifting from petty misdemeanour to criminal violence; or, at the opposite extreme, he can take refuge in idealistic withdrawal—like his saintly father, who scorns the world of petty strife and hard selfishness. The young hero revolts against both of these solutions, and turns with increasing excitement and desire towards the new world that seems to hold out prospects of beauty, light, and comfort. He embraces the philosophy of acquisitiveness by which, so he thinks, the new world lives. But he finds under a glistening and attractive surface a core of ruthless brutality. *Under the Ribs of Death* is a story of the hero's tragic involvement in these two worlds. Only, Mr. Marlyn seems to be saying, from beneath the ribs of death can emerge the new life, the new sense of identity—if you will, the new Canadian. This is a novel that attempts a great deal, that constantly moves on a number of planes, and that arrests the reader not merely by its fidelity of observation but by its suggestiveness and boldness of

thought. It is not, however, a work of first-class achievement. It is doubtful whether the personal saga and the idea fuse successfully, and the writing, which is in the best Canadian tradition of cautious realism, is never exciting. None the less, John Marlyn is a writer for whom we should be grateful and from whom we can expect much.

Mr. Mordecai Richler is also a Canadian novelist who likes to look at Canadian urban society from an outside vantage point. In his first novel, *The Acrobats*, his hero was a young Canadian in Spain; in his second novel, *Son of a Smaller Hero*, he wrote about his native Montreal, but placed the centre of emphasis in a self-contained Jewish community. Now, in *A Choice of Enemies* (André Deutsch, 256 pp., $3.00), the setting is contemporary London. Canada, however, is always in the background, and moves occasionally into the foreground. The main character is a young Canadian, formerly a professor at an American university, who has come to London following his refusal to testify before a McCarthy committee. The heroine, too, is a young Canadian girl recently arrived from Montreal, and in search of education in the broadest sense. Norman Price, the ex-professor, finds himself a member of an *emigré* colony, most of them Americans, writers, and movie producers, bound together by their doctrinaire left-wing politics, and by their all having suffered during the McCarthy terror. A third principal character is a German youth fleeing the tyrannies of left and right that have taken over his country. Both Ernest, the German youth, and Norman are outsiders who have lost their political faith, and who can no longer subscribe to the solemn political *clichés* cherished by the *emigrés*. Norman seems to look back to the Spanish civil war as the last genuine expression of political idealism, and in this, and in other respects, too, he is a blood relation of the hero of John Osborne's play *Look Back in Anger*. In this dying society, the Canadian girl stands for youth, vitality, and freshness. She seems to hold out a promise of new life, first to Norman, and then to Ernest, but the hope is illusory. The novel ends on a despondent note. In turn, each of the two young men loses the young girl, and cynically accepts the dull safety of a respectable, but loveless marriage.

After *Son of a Smaller Hero*, this is a disappointing novel. Mr. Richler is rapidly turning into an "angry young man" with much of the arrogance, petulance, and windy rhetoric of the breed. He still has considerable facility in grasping the nature of a particular place and of catching the revealing accent of speech, but his brashness, and, in particular, his vein of vulgar sexual romanticism, constantly undermine his serious purposes.

Joan Walker's novel *Repent at Leisure* (Ryerson, 284 pp., $3.75) also approaches Canadian urban society from outside. Her heroine is a young English girl of genteel family and upbringing who, caught up in the emotionalism of war-time London, rashly marries a handsome young French-Canadian army officer. In civilian life, he is a ne'er-do-well, a child of the slum whose brief rise to success in the army has given him grandiose ideas of his own ability. The novel is concerned with the heroine's attempts to adjust herself to these grim facts which she discovers only when she joins her husband in Montreal. She soon finds a more appropriate mate in the handsome son of a prosperous Westmount merchant, and the latter part of the novel tells about the happy, although long delayed, solution of the triangle. Mrs. Walker has a promising subject, one that should go to the heart of much recent Canadian experience. Unfortunately, her treatment of the subject has something of the glossy and superficial quality of advertising copy. The style is constantly reminiscent of such writing—unrelievedly bright, and tediously clever. Mrs. Walker makes a good deal of the clash of cultures, particularly between the genteel world of Kensington, London, and the urban societies of Montreal and Toronto. But there is no real discernment here, simply the recording of superficial distinctions that do not go deeply below the surface. English houses, for instance, smell of beeswax and roses; Canadian houses smell of stuffiness. The English worship the dog, and Canadians treat him as an expendable chattel. London is a city full of culture and gentility; Canadian cities are bright and gay, but are still devoid of any of the real marks of civilization. Mrs. Walker has, moreover, melodramatized her situation. Veronica, her heroine, is the ultimate in English gentility and Louis, her French-Canadian husband, is a sort of stereotype of the handsome but undependable Latin.

Joyce Marshall's novel *Lovers and Strangers* (J. B. Lippincott [Longmans, Green], 246 pp., $3.95) is also a study in the collapse of a marriage, but it is done with far greater power and subtlety than one finds in *Repent at Leisure*. The novel is set in post World War II Toronto and tells about the marriage of a young architect and a girl, much his junior, whom he has met accidentally during a train journey. This is a study in spiritual loneliness and in the nature of human isolation. Katherine, the heroine, is timid and abnormally conscious of the limp that is the result of an attack of polio during her childhood. Roger, the hero, is the only son of an unhappy marriage. He carries with him antipathies and prejudices from a household that has been wracked with hatred and suspicion. The marriage manages to avoid some early shoals, but then goes aground when Roger's old sweetheart emerges from the

past and exerts her irresistible fascinations. Here, certainly, is almost the stereotype of women's magazine fiction. Yet, the novel is always sustained by a probing and sensitive style, and by the author's awareness of the complexity of any human situation. All this is not enough, however, for the book leaves one with a final sense of empty depression. The main reason for this, I think, is that Miss Marshall has failed to relate the inner world of her characters to the outer world in which they move. The two worlds seem, in fact, to be quite distinct from each other. This is a pity, for each world is skilfully presented. Toronto, for instance, is recorded with meticulous, if unloving, accuracy, and there are passages of unusually keen discernment into the nature of middle-class Toronto society.

Miss Marshall's failure to bring together her inner and outer worlds has, I think, a general significance for Canadian fiction. All too often the outer world becomes an end in itself, as it does, for instance, in *Tamarac*, or, on the other hand, the characters live in a stuffy cave, cut off from the outside light, as they do in *Lovers and Strangers*. Frank Freedman's first novel, *This Side of Holman's Hill* (Secker & Warburg [British Book Service], 197 pp., $2.75), is another illustration of absorption in an inner world. It is a study in the pathology of the hospital patient, done with a relentless intensity and a scrupulous care for authentic detail that leaves the reader exhausted and depressed. Compare either *Lovers and Strangers* or *This Side of Holman's Hill* with *The Feast of Lupercal*, and you get a vivid idea of the releasing effect of an author's social vision. Mr. Moore is also concerned with highly introverted characters; but his novel leaves one with a sense of exhilaration as if one had been permitted to gain an insight into the multiple interrelation between society and the individual.

Despite the solid achievement of writers like Ethel Wilson and Morley Callaghan, and others too, one feels at times that the novelist has not yet learned to be completely at home in Canada, and that he has difficulty in seeing this country as a human society. That is the reason why so much of our fiction splinters into dramatized sociology, or earnest parable, or private narrative. But that is the reason, too, why the writing of fiction in this country should be a quest and may ultimately be a discovery.

THE HUMANITIES

Professor Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism* (Princeton University Press, x, 383 pp., $6.90) is a work which cannot readily be fitted into the pattern of the reviewing demanded by a survey such as "Letters

in Canada." Consequently an extended review of it by Professor M. H. Abrams of Cornell University will appear in a forthcoming issue. Comments on other books in the Humanities follow. [EDITOR]

To feel the living personality of a man at the distance of more than a century and a half is an exciting experience, and it is such an experience that reading Coleridge's notebooks provides. The publication of a double volume consisting of the text covering the decade 1794–1804, and the accompanying notes, edited by Kathleen Coburn (*The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, I, *1794–1804: Text and Notes*. Bollingen Series L. New York: Pantheon Books [Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited], 1957. Pp. xlii, 546 (text); xlvi, 615 (notes). $14.00) is the beginning of the projected complete edition of the notebooks in five or six double volumes. Perhaps the double volumes provide the only feasible solution for presenting such a mass of material; yet it is awkward to handle text and notes in separate books.

Until their fairly recent acquisition by the British Museum, the fifty-five notebooks which were in the library of the late Lord Coleridge were inaccessible except to Professor Coburn, who had been privileged to work on them there. With Lord Coleridge's permission Professor Coburn generously made available to some other scholars certain materials pertinent to works in progress; but except for the fragments in *Anima Poetae* published by E. H. Coleridge in 1895, these notebooks and others which have been located have remained unedited until now. Professor Coburn, distinguished Coleridge scholar of Victoria College, University of Toronto, has previously published several books of Coleridge material and is remarkably adept at deciphering a very difficult handwriting.

The notebooks are of biographical and literary significance. In their revelation of Coleridge's most intimate personal life and thought they add a great deal to what is known through the letters now being edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. The reader comes to see Coleridge as he was, the good and the bad, for the notebooks, he said, are "the Confidantes who have *not* betrayed me." The result of deeper understanding is compassion, as well as admiration and affection. Coleridge's estimate of himself written on October 19, 1803, is recognized as a true one: "My own mind so populous, so active, so full of noble schemes, so capable of realizing them / this heart so loving, so filled with noble affections."

The range and heterogeneous nature of Coleridge's notes can be only suggested. This first published volume of the notebooks includes the delightful accounts of his trip to Germany, his tour of the Lake Country with Wordsworth, and his explorations of the mountains—all illustrated

with his own little diagrams and made vivid by his close observation and poetic description. There is also a wealth of miscellaneous material, entered without order as his teeming mind unburdened itself. He discusses the books he is reading and quotes from them. He sets down his philosophical and social ideas and his plans for future works. He intersperses bits of poetry and effective phrases, possibly to be used later, does exercises in the German language, and makes a study of metrical feet. Strange companions appear on the pages: the scriptural and the coarse; the church founded by Joseph of Arimathea and an expense account; the curious fact that "By an accurate compilation 90 millions of Mites' Eggs make one Pigeon's Egg!!" and the memorandum, "To reduce to a regular form the Swedenborgian's Reveries."

The literary significance of the notebooks is overwhelming, not only for the insight they give into Coleridge's learning but also for the knowledge of the raw materials which passed through "the shaping well of the imagination" and came out as something new. The eclectic mind of the poet is revealed even more extensively than in the brilliant study made by John Livingston Lowes in *The Road to Xanadu*.

Professor Coburn's purpose is to provide an accurate edition of the notebooks and to add such scholarly notes and assistances as will enable others to make intelligent use of the information. Her volume of notes is invaluable and is in itself a *magnum opus*. Her sensitive, retentive mind enables her to identify references, allusions, and influences and to show how Coleridge read, quoting in part, paraphrasing, adding ideas from other books and comments from his own thinking (see, for example, the note, 1705 16.92). The dating of notes makes correlation with other material possible, and the translation of passages in various foreign languages smooths the way for the less learned reader. The trustworthy work of Professor Coburn provides "fresh fields and pastures new" for further exploration in understanding not only the poems but also the philosophical and theological works which Coleridge did not live to complete. (ROBERTA FLORENCE BRINKLEY)

The word *design* in Professor H. S. Wilson's title (*On the Design of Shakespearian Tragedy*, University of Toronto Department of English Studies and Texts, no. 5, University of Toronto Press, viii, 256 pp., $5.00) suggests a treatise on dramatic structure, and with structure he is properly concerned, but the word signifies much more than this, something nearly akin to *intention* or *governing purpose*. Indeed his theme is nothing less than the total ethical and religious bearing of Shakespeare's greatest works, and a term of appraisal which usually sounds grudging

may here be used in highest tribute: his book is not unworthy of his theme.

Professor Wilson is at his best when discussing each play in its own terms, without reference to his mode of grouping. Perhaps the best that can be said for the latter is that it proves less of an impediment than one might expect. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth* are linked as belonging to the "Order of Faith," since in them Christian assumptions are overt, and divine Providence is exemplified. *Julius Caesar*, *Coriolanus*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Timon of Athens*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *King Lear* are linked as belonging to the "Order of Nature," since in them Christian assumptions are covert or missing, and Natural Law as revealed by the light of reason operates without divine intercession. Cutting across this major two-part division is a further five-part division. Plays are paired under the headings "Thesis," "Antithesis," "Synthesis," a Hegelian device signifying to this reviewer only that *Antony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear* (the pair dignified with the heading "Synthesis") represent for Professor Wilson the perfection of Shakespeare's ethical dialectic and tragic art.

It is the major division that challenges discussion. One may grant that little of the "order of faith" appears in the Greek and Roman plays, but it does not follow that little of the "order of nature" appears in the Christian ones, where the dual components of what we term Christian Humanism seem quite inextricable. However it is the removal of *King Lear* from the plays of the "order of faith" which proves more disturbing. Granted that overt Christian reference is missing, or nearly so, nevertheless the play is religious in a sense in which the Greek and Roman plays are not. It treats of the mystery of evil. In its effect upon us it is more *like* the Christian plays than like those with which it is grouped, and, despite its apparent paganism, is spiritually the most awakening. The doctrine of Grace, absent as Professor Wilson points out from the Christian and non-Christian plays alike, is at least suggested by analogy in this, in its incomparably moving *exempla* of sacrificial love; and religious faith is invoked in the most powerful way of all, by demonstration of its necessity.

A critical work should be judged not by its organizational scheme (always a distorting factor), but by its tone, its insights, and the soundness of its conclusions. Here Professor Wilson's work ranks high. It is unostentatiously learned. It never tries to be clever, but seeks out truth with self-effacing dignity. One may not agree that the cruel mischances in *Romeo and Juliet* represent the operation of divine Providence (a

singularly repellent thing if such were the case), or that the reconciliation of the Montagues and the Capulets represents the intended high-point of the play; nevertheless in stressing, even over-stressing, the unique introduction of the theme of amity and concord into this particular version of an old fable, Professor Wilson is pointing to something essentially Shakespearean, and is hence serving the truth. The final truth, he finds, is that these tragedies are ethical and religious in a way one would expect of a great Christian poet creating in a secular *milieu*, and that "The ultimate sense of Shakespeare's tragic vision is that love is the greatest good of human life, that without it life is barren, trivial, or evil." It would be possible to supplement this conclusion, but impossible to refute it. (ALFRED HARBAGE)

The word "early" in the title of Professor John Peter's book *Complaint and Satire in Early English Literature* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press [Toronto: Oxford], xii, 323 pp., $6.75), although justifiable, might hide from some potential readers the fact that while the first hundred and twenty pages or so (of three hundred) deal with the traditions of Satire and Complaint up to the middle of the sixteenth century, the centre of interest is the satire of the fifteen-nineties and the plays of Marston and Tourneur. The latter, and critical judgments of them, are examined in the light of Professor Peter's view of the two traditions.

Satire and Complaint, the author says in his opening pages, are bracketed together by Professor Wells and Professor Owst, in their well-known books on Middle English literature and preaching, "as a canopy-like heading under which all the variety of their material can be decently included." He succinctly discusses the difficulties in the use of the word *satire*; attempts to distinguish between Satire and Complaint both generally and by a particular comparison of Langland's parson, Sloth, and Chaucer's Monk; and then proceeds to a very brief historical view of the vast literature of reproof, from its origins in Tertullian and Jerome to the end of the Middle Ages. Since this can be only a sketch, the argument is again pointed by occasional comparisons, as for instance by comparison of Peter Damiani, Bernard, and Juvenal on women, the general thesis being that "with the spread of Christianity through Europe the mode of Satire, which had been so popular and vigorous among the Romans, soon became transmuted into the related mode of Complaint; and it was not until the sixteenth century, and the conscious rediscovery of Latin Satire that Satire reasserted itself in English poetry." There are, of course, exceptions.

Then comes the emergence of formal Satire in England: the confusion

of "satire" and "satyr," the attempt to "take over Persius' obscurity, Juvenal's acerbity," and "Martial's fondness for salacity and *double entendre*." Professor Peter is assiduously neither prude nor connoisseur, but rather dryly just and direct. He thinks the Elizabethans were far less puritanical about sex than we have become, but were Christian enough to be far from the Roman spirit; however, where G. B. Harrison allows that four of the books called in in 1599 (some to be burnt) were indecent, Professor Peter raises the number to "at least seven and perhaps nine." Marston's first aspirations, he thinks, spurred on by Donne's reputation among the wits of the Inns of Court, were to "a sort of laureateship of lubricity, and to being thought a worthy successor of established wits like Marlowe and Shakespeare and especially Donne."

Finally Professor Peter comes to the plays of Marston and Tourneur. *The Malcontent* is described, and analysed, as "a play of revenge in which a high proportion of the speeches are satiric, or derived from the tradition of Complaint"—hence the problem of integration of material. *The Revenger's Tragedy*, he feels, is a play "where the moral scheme is everything, and to brand its author as a cynic or affirmer of evil is tantamount to obliterating the key-signatures on a musician's score"; it is an attempt "to integrate the whole spirit of Complaint into the framework of the Revenge Play, putting old wine into a strong new bottle admirably suited to contain it." Professor Peter is not unaware of the neurotic elements in Marston's character, nor of imperfection and incongruity in Tourneur. But if his comment is partial, it is also principled, and a sensible corrective to Eliot's claim—a consequence of the habit of choosing lines to represent an author's thought, as in his notorious example of Senecanism in *Lear*—that the play lays bare "an intense and unique and horrible vision of life." *Complaint and Satire* is a critical study of interest and importance. (N. J. ENDICOTT)

The second half of the seventeenth century was notable because it saw the emergence, for the first time, of a quite considerable number of women writers in England: Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle; "the matchless Orinda"; Anne, Countess of Winchilsea; Anne Killigrew (eulogized by Dryden); Mrs. Aphra Behn; and two others who wrote with no thought of publication, Lucy Hutchinson and Dorothy Osborne. The age, therefore, ought to have been a milestone in the emancipation of women; to Meredith at least it was one, for it was the age in which English comedy reached its apex and true comedy, he maintained, can arise only where there is "some degree of social equality of the sexes." Yet it hardly seemed so at the time, and even so independent a writer

as Dorothy Osborne could say, on hearing that the Duchess of Newcastle had published a volume of poems: "Sure the poor woman is distracted; she could never be so ridiculous else as to venture at writing books and in verse too."

Professor Douglas Grant's biography of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle (*Margaret the First*, University of Toronto Press, 253 pp., $4.50) is clearly the work of an enthusiast. Where most readers are content with her life of her husband, he has read with unflagging interest her poems and plays, her romances, and even her philosophical and scientific speculations. It will probably come as a surprise even to students of seventeenth-century literature to find that her output was so considerable and so varied. Her output was determined by the particular set of circumstances in which she lived: she was married to a husband thirty years her senior; she was childless; she had an infinite capacity for daydreaming, or "contemplating," as she called it; she had to have an outlet for her surplus energies; and her powerful and indulgent husband gladly consented to satisfy all her whims.

It is impossible to remain indifferent to the Duchess Margaret; according to one's temperament she is either delightful and fascinating or irritating and ridiculous. It is Professor Grant's greatest virtue as a biographer that his interest in his subject does not allow him to suppress or distort; the subject of a biography must obviously exercise some kind of appeal for the biographer, and it is a rare biographer who can faithfully present all the evidence on which a case against the subject can be constructed. Yet Professor Grant accomplishes just this. He makes no attempt to hide the fact that Margaret, though a member of a distinguished Cavalier family, was uneducated, ignorant of even the elements of English grammar and spelling; she was, in fact, a victim of the prevailing denial to women of any serious intellectual life. Her mind was totally undisciplined, and she quite seriously believed that her fantasies had a validity comparable to that of the speculations of a Descartes or a Newton. It was probably only her husband's rank and position that secured her a hearing; she was treated with obsequious politeness by her contemporaries, and laughed at behind her back. It is doubtful if any of her writings deserve to be read except as a curiosity. Historically, she was an oddity; unquestionably, however, she foreshadows certain social changes to come, and she was an eccentric by the very strength of her personality. In the end it is as a woman that she makes the deepest impression, and only the most unsympathetic could fail to catch the note of sincerity in her husband's epitaph for her: "a most Virtuous and a

Loving and carefull wife, and was with her Lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home never parted from him in his solitary retirements." All in all, the book gives an effective portrait of a vivid personality. (R. C. BALD)

2. In her study of Gerhart Hauptmann's prose plays (*Gerhart Hauptmann: The Prose Plays*, University of Toronto Press, x, 238 pp., $5.00), Margaret Sinden concentrates on Hauptmann's social criticism and does not enter into any theoretical discussion of Hauptmann as a naturalist. It is her conviction that the realistic prose plays, which first established Hauptmann's reputation as a dramatist, will cause him to survive along with Ibsen and Shaw as one of the most important critics of social conditions of his times.

Miss Sinden is justified in considering as Hauptmann's best achievements those plays in which characters are developed in close connection with the social background. It is from this background, which shaped them, that they try in vain to extricate themselves. This reviewer would go even further than the author and place *Die Weber* on a higher level than *Florian Geyer* because the social background in the former play was observed and experienced by Hauptmann himself, while that of *Florian Geyer* is based on a study of source material. However, it is true, as the author points out, that the dramatist projected conditions, problems, and hopes of his own time into the remote past. The author deserves special credit for refuting the attempts of critics to divorce Hauptmann and his plays completely from the revolutionary tendencies of his time and for defending Hauptmann against those who overemphasize his aesthetic intentions and pursuits at the expense of all personal involvement in the plight of those of whose misery he had direct experience, and whose cause he could not help defending with the means at his disposal, since aesthetic aloofness would have been tantamount to pitiless agreement with those who profited from human debasement and protected it. Miss Sinden is right when she sees in *Die Weber* "the most powerful condemnation of the laissez-faire economy on the stage" and when she defends Hauptmann against himself, realizing that he had to disclaim any intention of criticizing the authorities of Church and State, particularly in *Die Weber* and the *Biberpelz*, if he wanted such criticism to escape the hands of the censor and to become effective on the stage.

Since the book is obviously intended to serve the double purpose of introducing English-speaking readers to Hauptmann's most important contributions to the European stage and of increasing the understanding of the problems contained in these works, Miss Sinden has had to resort

to a detailed analysis of content. On the whole, she performs this difficult task with great skill and taste, avoiding the pitfall of monotonous uniformity by forcefully recreating the atmosphere of the various plays. She has a real gift of penetrating into the inner workings of Hauptmann's characters and often succeeds in summing up their distinctive traits in a few words. A character such as Ana Mahr in *Einsame Menschen*, for instance, who ordinarily is treated as a reckless intruder into the Vockerat family, acquires a much nobler appearance when, as in this book, the subtler aspects of the plays are taken into consideration; and to mention but one other example, the title hero of *Fuhrmann Henschel*, who, at first reading, appears as simple and weak, reveals himself as a fairly complicated character, whose apparent weakness is combined with the inner strength of kindness and endurance. As a result of Miss Sinden's analysis Henschel and other characters, which have been classified as pathetic, assume the dignity of tragic heroes, though perhaps not in the conventional sense of the word; for as the author points out, in Hauptmann's mature plays the determinism of early naturalism yields to an increasing assertion of the inner self.

By comparing Hauptmann's plays, whenever feasible and advisable, with other works of the same type and similar problems, Miss Sinden succeeds in demonstrating the uniqueness of Hauptmann's major plays, and by constantly refering to his earlier works, she gives as graphic an account of the rise and decline of Hauptmann's artistic power as one may expect. In her criticism of failures and weaknesses in theme, plot, characterization, and convincing presentation the author displays soundness of judgment, as she does in positive evaluation, even when weaknesses are as concealed as they are in *Hanneles Himmelfahrt*.

As much as that is possible with a poet whose works are as uneven in quality as Hauptmann's Miss Sinden proves her point that "he wrote because his ideals were ineradicable and because they were not realized in the world in which he lived." (F. W. KAUFMANN)

Professor W. L. Graff in his *Rainer Maria Rilke: Creative Anguish of a Modern Poet* (Princeton University Press, x, 353 pp., $6.00) states at the outset, much to our relief, that he has no intention either of adding to Rilke hagiography or of writing disparagingly of his chosen subject—two trends that have become rather common in German Rilke scholarship. It is less obvious why the author should promise to be on his guard lest he succumb "blindly to the engaging imagery and music of Rilke's word." For there is nothing wrong with admiration of imagery and music provided they have the engaging quality mentioned. Professor Graff is, however, only sporadically concerned with aesthetic aspects,

positive or negative. His avowed purpose is to trace the generic strands through the whole of Rilke's work and show the compelling influence of childhood experiences. Though fully aware of the difficulties entailed in this task he is willing to shoulder an even greater one imposed "by the further discovery that the roots of it all are by no means confined to individual childhood, but spread via the mother's womb into genealogical ramifications of an obscure past." Fortunately for all concerned this amusingly insipid method has been tried by a better psychoanalyst than Mr. Graff could ever hope to become, and his own interpretation soon moves into the more reliable framework of religious, mythological, and philosophical references. By the time he comes to the *Elegies* and *Sonnets* the changing approach is well established and most rewardingly practised. Mr. Graff's book belongs to a series of distinguished predecessors marked by an immense labour of love and tainted, on occasion, by a melancholy doubt about the value of all this labour. He frankly admits that the "future will tell whether Rilke's genius, seen in true perspective, will continue to demand attention and admiration." The author makes only a cautious attempt to influence the tale the future will have to tell, mainly by offering a more precise and often more convincing explanation than has hitherto been given of such guiding concepts as "solitude," "saintliness," "death," "transformation," and "angels." Both English and American reviewers have been emphatic in their praise of this aspect of Mr. Graff's book. The latter is too great a scholar and too modest a man to insist on delivering final elucidations. The search, if it is not a game, will go on, and it is a question whether it will ever lead to anything better than the resigned feeling that "it must be left to each one to decide for himself what encouragement he can find in Rilke over and beyond the joy that comes from things beautiful and conducive to thought." This is intellectual honesty at its best. We are glad to see that for once the creative anguish of a modern poet has not scared the modern critic out of his wits and clear thinking.

Professor Hans Eichner's *Friedrich Schlegel: Literary Notebooks 1797–1801* (University of Toronto Press, viii, 342 pp., $5.50) is a major contribution to German studies and by implication one of the most valuable books ever published by a Canadian Germanist. Nor is this value relegated to the *Notebooks* only, which are here printed for the first time; it pertains as much to the brilliant fashion in which Mr. Eichner has discharged his editorial obligations. His introduction, a pleasure to read, after getting hold of the most relevant data in Schlegel's biography and development, draws us in swiftly moving and ever narrowing circles into the heart of the text he is presenting. The sheer physical

labour of deciphering the notes is vividly illustrated by a reduced facsimile page. Other equally vexing difficulties stem from textual problems, and these are elucidated in a commentary that is a model of succinctness and usefulness. English readers with no command of German will find it a tantalizing experience to have been brought so close, by this expert guide, to such a treasure of critical insight and wisdom which unfortunately they are unable to lift. They ought to plead with Mr. Eichner to quench their whetted appetite by editing a selection of the best observations, thoughts, and *aperçus* of F. Schlegel, from the *Notebooks* and other works, in an English translation. Such a book will at once establish Friedrich Schlegel as the most inspiring German critic, more catholic in his interests than Goethe, more searching in his questions than Schiller, and spiritually more securely anchored than either his own brother August Wilhelm or his intellectual nephew Friedrich Nietzsche. (H. BOESCHENSTEIN)

Sophocles the Playwright, by S. M. Adams (University of Toronto Press, x, 182 pp., $4.75) is an important, well written, carefully printed and edited book, intended for a wider audience than the small group of specialists in Sophoclean tragedy. It will probably be read by many who have no specialized knowledge of either Greek or Sophocles; it should certainly be read by all who are interested in Greek drama and in Sophocles especially. Few Canadian scholars are better qualified than Professor Adams, of Trinity College, University of Toronto, to undertake such a methodical and critical analysis and interpretation of the structure of the seven Sophoclean plays. His familiarity with the Greek theatre and its drama is evident. The selected bibliography which he mentions in the Preface is mostly English; there are few references to German scholarship, there is none to French and Italian scholars. Although the references in the footnotes and the four-page Index are useful to the specialist, yet the author is obviously interested in the general reader. In general, he refrains from overwhelming him with scholarship and erudition.

The first chapter, aptly called: "Heritage and Achievement," is an extremely condensed introduction, where the author defines several technical terms, refers to the origin of tragedy and dwells on the conception of drama in Athens, shows the relations between religion and the theatre in Greece, together with the relations between Aeschylus and Sophocles; he ends his introduction with a brief analysis of the basic conception of Sophoclean tragedy and methods. Sophocles was a fervent devotee of Apollo's cult, as may be gathered from the great importance of Apollo's oracles in his plays.

The author follows the same method of approach for each play. He first describes the general nature and tone of each tragedy, and then unravels its plot from beginning to end. He finds unity in each drama. Moreover, Professor Adams sees the play himself, so to speak, when he shows its sustained progress towards the end. He watches it, as an Athenian theatregoer of old would have done; he judges it from the spectators' standpoint. As he more than once stresses, everything was dramatic to an Athenian audience; in the age of Pericles, plays were seen, not read; they were built or constructed within certain conventions appropriate to their day, and they should be judged accordingly. That is the very way the author appreciates them. For instance, the word *tyrannos* had a particular meaning for the Athenians in the fifth century (p. 82). Popular legends and religious beliefs were much more important to the Athenian spectators than historical facts and present-day problems. They were easily fascinated by the presentation of a story revealing the controlling power of the Olympian gods and their interest as well as their active participation in the affairs of men. Fundamentally, they were more religious than we are today. Sophocles himself was a deeply religious man, as the author clearly shows in the detailed analysis of the structure and the meaning of each tragedy. Belief in oracles was for him a basic fact of religion, and that faith is evident in almost all his plays.

Sophocles the Playwright is a significant contribution to scholarship. It is much more than an introduction to Sophocles. It is a penetrating study in the nature and composition of the seven Sophoclean tragedies; it is a sound and acute appreciation of Sophocles as a playwright. It should be read and studied by all lovers of Greek drama and Sophocles. In conclusion, no theatre lover should be indifferent to it. (MAURICE LEBEL)

Lister Sinclair's *Socrates* was first performed in Toronto, by the Jupiter Theatre, in 1952; it was intended for a little-theatre audience. Now it appears in a school edition (Book Society of Canada, 104 pp., $2.25), with illustrations of the original cast, a biographical glossary, and a historical introduction on Athens and Socrates in which the author says his work is "a play, not a documentary or a biography." It is not easy to agree.

Mr. Sinclair has tried to express his admiration for Socrates by bringing together quite a number of fine passages from the *Apology*, *Crito*, *Phaedo*, and *Symposium*—often in abbreviated translation into lyrical blank verse. These are surrounded by a great deal of humour (sometimes wit, too), some local colour, and the kind of amiably cynical

political satire done rather better in fashionable modernizations of Greek plays—let us say by Cocteau or Giraudoux. But, and here we might think of Shaw's treatment of martyr or independent, there is no honest or serious opposition, and hence no real tension of argument or personalities. It is not an excuse to say that much of the actual historical opposition to Socrates was only unprincipled self-interest; if so, it must be made dramatic, not trivial or comic. Socrates is here betrayed by Anytus at the Symposium, but even this situation, while theatrical, lacks intensity in the handling.

As an instructive, conversational, romantic, and humorous way of bringing to the attention of students some idea of the character and thought of Socrates the play may have educational value. This would depend on one's reaction to Mr. Sinclair's blank verse. (N. J. ENDICOTT)

3. In this excellent little book, *Laws and Explanation in History* (Oxford Classical and Philosophical Monographs, E. A. Barbert *et al.*, eds., Oxford University Press, viii, 174 pp., $3.25), Professor William Dray launches a sustained attack on what he calls the "covering law model" of historical explanation—a view which, he rightly suggests, has "achieved, in many quarters, the status of accepted doctrine" (p. 8), despite the fact that many historians "tend to resist the model as in some way irrelevant to what they are trying to do" (p. 11). The theory might be summarized as follows: that in order to explain a historical event, the historian must subsume that event under a general empirical law of the form, "Whenever such-and-such conditions occur, a certain kind of event (namely, the kind of which the event to be explained is an instance) will occur." Dray exposes deep ambiguities in the well-known developments of this sort of doctrine by Karl Popper, Carl Hempel, Patrick Gardiner, and others, and offers acute criticisms of his various alternative interpretations of their theories. His arguments will impress upon many philosophers once more what they have only too recently begun to realize: the folly of trying to force specific kinds of reasoning into moulds which, on purely *a priori* grounds, seem to be necessary forms of all reasoning. In the covering law theory, "The Humean assumption that nothing but 'regularity' can justify a 'because' is thus made from the beginning, and it is too strong to be shaken by information about the way historical arguments actually go. . . . If the historian does not use a precise 'rule', then a vague one *must* be found; if no universal law is available, then a qualified one *must* have been assumed." (P. 57.) Either historians do proceed (albeit implicitly and/or imperfectly) along lines which the covering law theorists take to be "scientific"—and Dray

questions the adequacy of the model as an account of explanation even in the physical sciences—or else they should change their ways in order to make their subject a science and therefore respectable. But, Dray argues, "Perhaps a typical explanation in history is not a lower grade version of the scientific kind, but something with logical peculiarities of its own" (p. 66). The covering law point of view as Dray presents it will in many respects remind readers of the old efforts to "reduce" inductive logic to deductive, and it is at least related to recent ethical theories which hold that, in moral reasoning, appeal is or must be made to a "moral rule," however implicit. For such reasons, Dray's arguments will be of importance not only to those who are interested primarily in historical explanation, but also to all who are concerned with the logic of explanation in other fields and in general.

Although Dray's main efforts are directed against the covering law theory, in the course of the book his own alternative view of historical explanation begins to emerge. Among the many points he makes is this: that a human action in history is explained when the historian is able to reconstruct the "calculation" which made the agent think his action appropriate (or which would have made him think it so had he considered carefully). Such a reconstructed calculation may include reference to the agent's "principles of action." Such principles, he tells us, must not be confused with ordinary empirical generalizations, the difference being that the former are not falsified by a counter-instance. But this may be more often the case with ordinary empirical generalizations than is usually supposed by philosophers; and in any case, the principles of action which help in finding out why, from the agent's point of view, his action was appropriate, would have to be gleaned from an empirical study of his time and personal character, and so have an important characteristic in common with ordinary empirical laws.

Because what is in question in such explanations is the "appropriateness" of the action, Dray says, there is in them an element of "appraisal." But the "appropriateness" in question is, as he himself says, appropriateness from the agent's point of view: the "knowledge of what to do" that enters in is really knowledge of what the agent considered (or would have considered) appropriate. And the acquisition of such information is, as I suggested above, a matter for empirical investigation. It is therefore hard to understand in what sense the historian "appraises" in explaining the action. It would seem rather that he would try to suppress his own views of appropriateness in order to grasp better those of the agent; for, after all, "the action is rationally explained if it is in accord-

ance with the agent's principles—no matter what we think of these" (p. 125).

Such difficulties hint at more general ones. For Dray's book raises an old question: is history a science? His answer is no, if the covering law model is an adequate description of scientific explanation. But, covering law theory aside, it can be questioned whether Dray has succeeded in pointing to any radical dissimilarities between scientific and historical explanation. It is at least conceivable that if we take seriously his suggestion (pp. 76–7) that scientific explanation is not accurately described by the covering law theory either, then we might have to conclude that, after all, in the light of a more adequate account, scientific and historical explanation are quite nearly alike: that historical explanation is not "something with logical peculiarities of its own." (DUDLEY SHAPERE)

In *Practical Reason and Morality* (Edinburgh and Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd., xviii, 182 pp., $4.00), Professor A. R. C. Duncan, of Queen's University, presents a new interpretation of Kant's *Foundations for the Metaphysic of Morals*. It is his thesis that this work is not what most of its readers have supposed, a treatise on ethics. The supreme principle of morality is a principle which *describes* how moral willing takes place; it does not *prescribe* anything. Kant's ethics belongs in a separate work which was published later, his *Metaphysic of Morals*. Professor Duncan has chosen to support his anti-ethical interpretation of the *Foundations* by arguing that this work is not "metaphysic of morals" but "critique of practical reason." Some of the consequences of this for his treatment of the text should be noted. In the text the title of the second of its three sections is: "Transition from Popular Moral Philosophy to the Metaphysic of Morals." At the beginning of the section bearing this title Kant reiterates a demand already made in the Preface for a metaphysic of morals. After raising the problem which it is the peculiar problem of critique to answer: "how is an *a priori* synthetic practical proposition possible?" Kant says, "This matter, however, does not belong to the present section." And again, at the end of the section, he says, "it is a problem whose solution does not lie within the metaphysic of morals." He declares his intention to seek the solution in the concluding section, where he will give the principal outlines of a critique of practical reason. This third section is entitled, "Transition from the Metaphysic of Morals to the Critique of Pure Practical Reason." What now happens to these prominent features of the text at the hands of Professor Duncan? The title of Section II is found to be "puzzling," "surprising," and "by no means either an obvious or an accurate description of the contents."

The demand for a metaphysic of morals in the opening of the section is found to be irrelevant in such a place: "there was no need for Kant to repeat the demand for a metaphysic of morals." And Kant's concluding statement on proving the possibility of an *a priori* synthetic practical proposition is paraphrased thus: "This is not a question for *ethics* but for Critical philosophy, and we must *remain* within that field if we are to prove . . . " (italics mine). It would never have been necessary for Professor Duncan to refuse so obstinately to take Kant's statements seriously or to tamper with them in paraphrase, if he had drawn his line of division in the right place. The line of division between the descriptive and prescriptive (or ethical) is not one which separates critique of practical reason from metaphysic of morals. It is one which falls *within* metaphysic of morals, and ethics is only a part of this metaphysic. The first part deals with the principle determining the will of a rational being as such, and is descriptive of this determination. In the second part metaphysic of morals is subdivided into ethics and jurisprudence. In this second part the empirical concept of man with his desires and inclinations is brought in, and it is only then that moral philosophy can invoke the notion of duty and become prescriptive in character. Just as the *Critique of Pure Reason* included within it a part of "the metaphysic of nature," namely, the fundamental principles of that science, so also critique of practical reason contains a part of the metaphysic of morals—its fundamental principle. Professor Duncan's isolation of metaphysic from critique is without justification. As for his objection that such ethical discussions as do occur in the *Foundations* have no business there, it amounts to a demand that Kant should not in that work have gone so far into metaphysic of morals as he did. Is there any serious reason why he should not have? (ROBERT MCRAE)

4. *English Art, 1216–1307*, the subject of Professor Peter Brieger's recent book (vol. IV of the "Oxford History of English Art"; Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, xx, 299 pp., 96 plates, 23 illus., $10.00), includes the richest output in all forms of art both as to quantity and as to quality of the whole Middle Ages in England. To this material, within the limited space of a single volume, the author has unquestionably done full justice. The text is well written with clear and adequate descriptions of the monuments and these have been selected from the vast amount of surviving material with discrimination as to their quality, their variety, and their special interest. The arrangement of the plates is good and in some cases particularly interesting, as in the juxtaposition of the rose window in the south transept at Westminster Abbey and a floor tile with the same design

in the Chapter House (plate 36 a and b). As usual, however, half-tone reproductions of manuscript pages are far from satisfactory and in this volume the small size of many of the plates and the unnecessarily heavy printing make them somewhat disappointing.

Professor Brieger's volume completes the sequence of the mediaeval period in English art from 871 to 1461. As it happens, the final volume on English mediaeval art in the Pelican "History of Art" series (that on architecture) has also appeared recently. It seems therefore that this short review might serve its purpose best by pointing up some features of the two different bases of approach to the same subject matter.

It is evident at the outset that the "Oxford History of English Art" treats the whole subject in much more detail: with four volumes on the Middle Ages already published, those on the periods before 871 and after 1461 are still to come; three Pelican volumes cover the same general period. The fuller text in the Oxford series is accounted for mainly by the inclusion of pertinent historical documentation for the monuments. Although this material, often interesting and lively in itself, furnishes some data for particular monuments, primarily buildings, it seldom explains unusual stylistic features. A case in point is the eastern portion of Westminster Abbey in which French influence is stronger than in any other thirteenth-century English building; yet the documents which name the architect as Henry of Reynes leave unanswered the important question whether he was French from Rheims, or English from the Essex family of that name, and therefore do not help to account for the evident affinity between features of Westminster Abbey and Rheims Cathedral. Equally frustrating is the failure of documents referring to Bishop Jocelyn of Wells to explain the iconography and arrangement of the unusual sculptural scheme on the west front of his cathedral.

But even though defective and inconclusive, any documentary evidence undoubtedly adds interest to the monuments concerned. However, much of the art produced, particularly in the so-called minor arts, is not documented. This is most regrettable in the case of the illuminated manuscripts. It is true that in thirteenth-century England most of them apparently still were produced in monastic or cathedral scriptoria—there is evidence for Canterbury, St. Albans, and Salisbury provenance—but there is little information about either illuminators or owners and none at all about the origins and development of styles. Particularly valuable would be documentary evidence in support of Professor Brieger's categorical statement that the roots of the East Anglian style of illumination were "without doubt" in the art of the Westminster Court School, whose stylistic origins have themselves never been satisfactorily established.

In fact, the East Anglian style, which is found not only in manuscripts but also in other forms of English art and had considerable influence on European art as well, has, in the opinion of this reviewer, received far less attention in Professor Brieger's book than its quality and importance merit. This may result in part from its having been treated, in rather summary fashion to be sure, in the volume already published in the Oxford series which covers the subsequent period. However, the beginnings of the style fall in the late thirteenth century and it is a real misfortune that thus divided between two volumes this brilliant and wholly characteristic phase of English pictorial art has fared so badly. The same is true for the *opus anglicanum*, the precious embroidery for which England was internationally famous in the same period.

From the art historian's point of view, as distinguished from that of the general historian who considers art as one aspect of history, the weakness of the Oxford series is the breaking up of what is really a continuous evolution in the various forms of art so as to fit into historical periods. The strength of the method, as Professor Brieger's book amply demonstrates, is that by treating all the principal arts of any one period together the picture of their stylistic interrelations at any given time becomes much clearer. (MARGARET RICKERT)

It is an event of considerable importance when the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the National Gallery of Canada announces the publication of a new catalogue of their collection of painting and sculpture. The collection now contains some fifteen hundred items of painting alone, to which must be added drawings, prints, and sculptures, to reach a total approaching two thousand works. In contemplating these statistics, one is impressed afresh with the rapidly expanding growth of the National Gallery and with the urgent necessity of meeting its needs for well-considered accommodation.

The new catalogue is definitive in character and limited in scope. It is the first of three volumes which, when completed, will include the entire national collection. Volume I is entitled *The Older Schools*, edited by R. H. Hubbard (Ottawa and Toronto, University of Toronto Press for the Trustees, xii, 156 pp., illus., $4.95). With one or two exceptions, it is devoted to those items which antedate the nineteenth century. It contains all recent acquisitions, including the twelve great masterpieces of European painting recently purchased from the collection of the Prince of Liechtenstein.

One cannot help but be impressed, in studying this catalogue, with the scrupulous research on the part of the contributing scholars and specialists, who have dealt with their respective periods in documenting

each work, and also with the informed and painstaking care with which the editor, Dr. R. H. Hubbard, has selected these specialists and assembled so attractively the fruits of their collective effort. The result leaves little to be desired. The information given should satisfy students of art history, without overburdening casual observers. In fact, it is editorial decisions of this nature that are impressive throughout. Obviously, the catalogue has been designed, both informatively and physically, to serve a wide purpose. Visually, it has the character of a picture book which might command the attention and interest of a curious, yet untrained, eye, while the text should, up to a point, satisfy scholars and students. For example, undoubtedly a great deal more could be said about Quentin Massys and his *Pieta*, appearing on page 62, but Dr. Hubbard has had to draw the line at that point where he felt that the over-all rôle of the catalogue had been reasonably met, and it must be agreed that he has made a commendable decision.

It is interesting to note, with reference to No. 3340, *The Baptism of Christ*, that the attribution of this painting has been changed from Abraham Bloemaert to Joachim Wtewael on the verbal opinion of Dr. A. B. de Vries, *et al.* No one will question the authority of opinions on Dutch problems expressed by the Director of the Mauritshuis, even verbal opinions. But what is surprising is that for thirty years this picture should have been thought to have come from the hand of Abraham Bloemaert. While both artists are Utrechtse painters of almost equal active dates, they are stylistically very different in character. Incidentally, in the *Catalogus der Schilderijen*, Centraal Museum, Utrecht, 1952, Joachim Wttewael is spelled with two *t*'s.

It is perhaps regrettable that the National Gallery, in presenting an outline of its development in the prefatory pages of this catalogue, does not express even some slight filial regard for its parent body, the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. Nor does it acknowledge the existence of any relationship whatever with that Royal institution. The young and vigorous these days have short memories for the past.

In Canada and elsewhere, this handsome publication will be welcomed by students of art history, teachers, collectors, and an interested public. The catalogue is enclosed in a stiff scarlet binding, protected by a glossy dust cover, which carries an attractive coloured reproduction of Piero de Cosimo's great picture of *Vulcan and Aeolus* as teachers of mankind, a happy choice for a book of which the Trustees and Editor may well be proud.

Since the advent of *Les Fauves*, *ca.* 1905, the criteria for evaluating drawing and painting have relied less and less on established tradition and

preconceived ideas, and rather more on the personality of the artist and the individual character and calligraphy of his style.

A collection of drawings by Barker Fairley (*Georgian Bay Sketches*, University of Toronto Press, 30 drawings, $3.50) is notable for a fundamental purity of vision and a simplicity of style. There is an unfaltering directness of statement, expressed with an astonishing economy of line. Such marked simplicity might be mistaken for a naïve pre-logical innocence, but one need have no such illusions about these drawings. They are the spontaneous result of a trained and logical mind, searching in nature for the positive terms of a probable absolute. I do not suggest that such a motive was consciously in the mind of the artist at the time the drawings were made, but I do feel that is what has been achieved.

For three full decades Dr. Fairley has been acknowledged an internationally famous German scholar. Unfortunately very few of those who admire his scholarship are aware of his life-long interest in the visual arts. The vital part he played in defending the Group of Seven in the formative stages of their existence may be in danger of being forgotten by a generation involved in the complex diversions of the electronic age.

Dr. Fairley's interest neither begins nor ends with art criticism but extends to and includes the practice of painting and drawing. We are indebted to Kathleen Coburn and John Hall for the suggestion that these rarified drawings be published. Little enough has been done about the publication of drawings in Canada and, as a result, much has been overlooked that deserves public attention. It is to be hoped that the publishers will be encouraged by this venture and that they may even contemplate a series of such portfolios.

Frank Panabaker is a professional painter with a good reputation in this country for well-behaved landscapes and occasional portraits. Dr. Lorne Pierce, in his introduction to *Reflected Lights* (Ryerson, xvi, 159 pp., 24 illus., $5.00), admits that "It is not easy to engage Frank Panabaker in discussions about himself or his art, and certainly never on Art." This would appear to be true, and the reader hopeful of discovering in these pages a revealing solution to the problems of contemporary art will be disappointed. These are the gentle colourful reflections of a romantic naturalist, the reflections of a quiet, disciplined Canadian who loves the out-of-doors, the simple pleasures, the freedom and beauty which nature reveals to him. Memories of David Thoreau on the one hand, and Constable on the other, mingle pleasantly and decorously here without assuming either the spirit or the stature of either of these great men. The essays, like the paintings, are narrative and objective and each

episode contains a device which suggests the quiet humour of a good story-teller.

The publication of a book of anecdotal essays, written by a living artist, is an event. When the observations contained in such essays are concerned with the life of the artist himself, and illustrated by reproductions of his paintings, one expects to discover an irresistible source of perceptive material, illuminating both the artist and his work. In Canada, such a publication is indeed a rare event. Normally, where a painter is an articulate person, his literary statements are hidden in obscure articles and private correspondence. Seldom does he emerge in the rôle of author in a published work under his own name. There have been exceptions, of course: Lawren Harris's *Contrasts* of 1922, J. E. H. Macdonald's *Poems* of the early thirties, and, if we wish to go back to the beginnings, there is Paul Kane's *Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North West America*, of 1859.

In this book Panabaker emerges as a pleasant and engaging person, easy to meet and easy to live with. There are no problems or neuroses here, no angry words, no obsessions with calamity or disaster. As Dr. Pierce so aptly says in his introduction: "He is no possessed man grimly wrestling with his spirit in torment. His paintings and his book plainly show that his chief interests are outside himself, with people and the way they handle the intractable but fascinating matter we call life." (CHARLES COMFORT)

5. Professor Donald Creighton's memoir of the late Harold Innis owes its virtues to a happy conjunction of subject and author (*Harold Adams Innis: Portrait of a Scholar*, University of Toronto Press, vi, 146 pp. port., $3.00). In its general outlines Innis's career was a "success" story not at all unique in Canadian annals: a progression from life in a closely knit family, set in a rural community with its advantages and restrictions, through hard-won education to a larger world with wider horizons, and at last, in a department of the larger world, to a position of eminence and influence. What made this career distinctive was the strongly marked character of the man, a personality not brilliant but remarkably impressive, and a mind of quite unusual acquisitiveness and of ever-growing philosophic range. But to bring out these qualities in the course of a running narrative, to make the subject with his experiences and his discoveries live again in its pages, required the insight, the imagination, and the literary skill of Canada's leading historical biographer. Fortunately for the reader, and for Innis's memory, they were available.

Nothing a reviewer can write, and nothing he has space to quote, can convey the lively sense of accompanying the subject on his pilgrimage which the memoir gives. But there may be some profit in isolating here the principal stages in Innis's expanding outlook, since they help to define his place and influence in the intellectual life of his generation.

At the outset there were two basic decisions: to find his life work in the social sciences, and specifically in economic history; and, secondly, to take up the challenge of the Canadian scene, then little explored from this vantage point. The first owed much to his teachers at Chicago and to his reading of Veblen there, and from both these sources he drew ideas which he was to adapt and apply to the economic history of Canada. The second decision sprang from patriotic as well as intellectual motives, from his sense of a Canadian nation emerging from the war years just experienced; but Innis's Canadianism had little in common with the "nationalist" party line of continental isolationism, anti-British and anti-European, coupled with inevitable subservience to the United States. The strong nonconformist inheritance, which led other and less critical minds to join this movement, led Innis rather to question its assumptions. In his earliest work, a history of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he had accepted the common notion that the Canadian community was artificially constructed in defiance of geography, which dictated a north-south, not an east-west, axis; but further investigation (including long trips in the Canadian hinterland) convinced him that the railway recaptured a much older Canadian economic unity, based on lateral waterways which led finally through the St. Lawrence eastward to Britain and Europe. "The present Dominion emerged not in spite of geography but because of it." Equally characteristic were the massive research underlying the generalization and the boldness of the generalization itself.

In the great depression of the thirties many social scientists turned eagerly to the congenial task of diagnosis and prescription, and hastened to set, or to toe, the new party line of Canadian socialism. Again Innis remained critical and detached. Recognizing the limits as well as the powers of scholarship, he went steadily on with his own researches. His study of the fur trade had led him to consider Canada's natural outlets to and in British and European markets. His study of the Atlantic fisheries brought him face to face with the international aspect of a basic Canadian industry. Thus he learned from his studies what others had to learn slowly and reluctantly from bitter contemporary experience: the impracticability of continental isolationism and of concentrating on blueprints for social change in an area which was really far from self-contained.

During the latter years of his life Innis extended his view from international relations to a common factor in Western and ultimately in world culture. Again the starting point was a basic Canadian industry—the pulp and paper trade; again the method was historical, and again the result was a fruitful generalization—indeed a whole series of generalizations. For his subject led him to consider, first, the immense effect of cheap paper and printing on the tone and tempo of Western culture and, secondly, the relation generally of changing means of communication to changes in the history of civilized society. In the earlier phases of the study Innis's characteristic reliance on massive research prevailed; in the later, wide reading in areas beyond his special competence had perforce to take its place. Nor did he live to bring the larger formulations to the degree of completeness they might have attained.

Here, however, we must face (as the memoir does with honesty and tact) Innis's impatience with the writer's task. Speaking of his *Cod Fisheries*, Professor Creighton says:

> Innis was at his most ineffectual in the final stages of the preparation of a manuscript. His style was difficult, highly condensed, extremely elliptical, and not infrequently obscure. . . . The steps which had led him from the immense detail of his evidence to the grand, sweeping generalizations of his conclusion were often most imperfectly indicated; and there were huge excrescences in the material and gaps and discontinuities in the argument which might only too easily bewilder and exasperate the reader.

Combined with the impatience, and contributing to a certain ineffectualness in his writing, was Innis's growing conviction, arising from his own experience of ever widening horizons, that all interpretations were partial in scope and but temporary in their value: they were at most stages in an endless quest, momentary formulations in a continuing dialectic internal and external. This was perhaps the boldest of his generalizations, and the most dangerous. For granted its truth, and hence its value, it does not exempt the participant from the duty of extending to his formulations, tentative and temporary though they be, all the care and conscientiousness devoted to the amassing and sifting of his data. Nor does precision of formulation necessarily entail a hardening of opinion which impedes further thought. Rather, it would seem to be not only a duty to the reader, but for the scholar himself a necessary step in his quest—the step which alone enables him to proceed, with the limited security attainable, from thesis to antithesis to synthesis.

Beside his own achievements in scholarship, though inseparable from them, was Innis's immense influence on the social sciences in Canada; and it was in general as beneficent as it was potent. His individualism,

with its innate distrust of institutions and of party lines, did not withdraw him from the voluntary organizations of scholars, whether national or international. On the contrary, he championed them and worked happily within their confines, so long as they did not seek to impose "projects" or draw individuals away from the researches of their choice. The Canadian Social Science Research Council is an abiding monument to his influence; and so, indirectly, is the Humanities Research Council, since he never tired of asserting the interdependence and the larger unity of the humanities and social sciences and the need for co-operation between them. But the best of Innis's influence was upon the individuals whom he taught or whose studies he helped to advance; and this influence was intimately connected with the personality which Professor Creighton's memoir presents with such sympathy and so much evocative power. (A. S. P. WOODHOUSE)

Goldwin Smith, who divided his life and loyalties between England, the United States, and Canada, has been in danger of being overlooked by all three as a subject for major critical biography. Perhaps his greatest misfortune was to have made his home in Toronto from 1871 to his death in 1910, where, as a highly articulate Victorian liberal possessing what a clergyman once aptly called "a true perception of public sin," he was generally respected, but often feared, sometimes hated, and only a little loved. Reluctant custodians of the records of their own less prickly heroes, Canadians have been not unexpectedly content to bury the reputation of this remarkable man. Elisabeth Wallace's *Goldwin Smith: Victorian Liberal* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 297 pp., illus., $5.00), the first full-length published study of the man and his ideas, is therefore most welcome. The array of source material available for such a study must have been frightening. Goldwin Smith was a tireless correspondent, and he had a list of friends and acquaintances, prominent in the public life of both the old world and the new, as long as your arm. As the "master journalist" of his age, moreover, he left behind him a paper-chase trail of opinion on every conceivable topic of the times scattered over the pages of more than two hundred journals. It is greatly to Miss Wallace's credit that she does not lose her head amidst such an embarrassment of riches. Surrounded by Goldwin Smith's own bountiful Cornell papers, by countless letters from other collections, and by the files of newspapers and periodicals of three countries, she lays about her with hardihood, reducing the straggling ranks to sound, readable order.

Perhaps there are signs of the strain in her division of this study into two parts: "Life" and "Ideas." I should think this is a division designed to meet unusual difficulties in organization; but of course it creates diffi-

culties too, since for Goldwin Smith above most others his ideas were his life. Inevitably, ideas make their way into the first part of the book—to be dealt with only summarily, however, with the result that often they either fail to make clear the reasons for actions or the nature of personal relations, or simply tease the reader until the fuller accounts come in in Part II. On the other hand, since Goldwin Smith's ideas followed with unusual diligence the winding course of current events, there is obviously much to be said for Miss Wallace's decision to provide a section separate from the life-story, in which related but widely dispersed opinions can be brought together under appropriate headings. Here chronology is by no means irrelevant, but neither is it a bondage.

There is only one respect, in fact, in which I have found this book a little disappointing. Miss Wallace points out that one of the few forces of his times which Goldwin Smith failed to understand or gauge correctly was the force of national sentiment in the new dominion in the decades immediately following Confederation. We may be prepared to agree. But we may at the same time wish to know more than this book can tell us about the remarkable metamorphosis in the intellectual life of the nation that took place during these years. And by "more," I mean more than is revealed by the usual consideration of Macdonald's national policy, the manœuvrings of the Grits and the Tories, and the issues of reciprocity, commercial union, and annexation. When Goldwin Smith died, an editorial in the *Globe* spoke with more truth than felicity of his influence on Canadian life as that of "a spark disturbing a clod." What we need to know is precisely the nature of that clod and how it was disturbed. What exactly was Goldwin Smith's role in the growth and subsequent demise of the Canada First movement? What part did his ideas play in the heated controversies on national themes carried on between the members of this oddly assorted group—and especially between R. G. Haliburton, G. T. Denison, and Charles Mair? What were the relations between Smith and W. D. LeSueur, self-styled liberal rationalist who in his later years spoke of this man as the chief source of the intellectual awakening of the seventies? And what was the effect of the notable coincidence between the literary tastes of Goldwin Smith (as outlined in his lecture on "The Lamps of Fiction," for example) and those of an important section of the Canadian public in the decade following his arrival in Toronto?

I do not mean that Miss Wallace was obliged to answer such questions as these; but I know I should have been grateful if she had gone a little further in this direction than she has. Perhaps all I really wish to say is that there is another book to be written which will use Goldwin Smith—

as I am sure he can be used—as a key to some of the enigmas of this complex period in our cultural history. As it is, the book Miss Wallace has written is a fine portrait of an important and on the whole attractive type of mind, through which we see very sharply indeed an image of the Victorian age. (ROBERT L. MCDOUGALL)

In his lecture on Goldwin Smith, Malcolm Ross speaks of two opposed tendencies in the writing of history today: in one camp the "user of history" reigns and in the other the "disinterested historian." The latter pursues his task as "an objective seeker after what actually was," while the former "rifles history indiscriminately in search of moral reinforcements." How tempting such a distinction is, and how difficult to apply in practice, becomes evident when we are confronted with such a book as *Our Living Tradition*, edited by C. T. Bissell (University of Toronto Press, in association with Carleton University, x, 149 pp., $3.50), public lectures given at Carleton University in a series under that title, on seven leading figures of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Canada.

Surely, Liberal critics might be moved to say, Professor D. G. Creighton's "Sir John A. Macdonald" (described in Dr. Bissell's introduction as a "sprightly epilogue" to the two-volume biography) is an example of the "uses of the past" principle in epitome. According to its author it is a renewed invitation to Canadians to begin their own reinterpretation of the career of Macdonald, not the unscrupulous, jocular, hard-drinking professional politician of legend, but the imaginative, daring, hard-working statesman whose "grand design for Canada" as an autonomous, unified nation came into being largely through his own stubborn determination and courage: a heroic figure whose life represents today "a tract for the times, which will enable the youth of today and tomorrow to make a new Canada." Liberal critics could scarcely be blamed for their alarm at the success with which Professor Creighton has resuscitated the old chieftain, restored him to heroic proportions, and brought him striding down the corridors of history, ever larger and larger, into our own day. Conservative critics, on the other hand, might smile ironically at Professor F. H. Underhill's "Edward Blake," "the most tragic failure that has yet appeared in our Canadian public life." Here the use of the past, they could say, is to imply insidiously that success in nineteenth-century Canadian politics, something Blake as leader of the Liberal party before Laurier's day could scarcely claim, was after all somewhat vulgar, likely to be won at the cost of one's integrity; and that it is in the end perhaps better to be thoughtful, dignified, and honest than to be Prime Minister. The uses of the past are indicated less bewilderingly by Mason Wade's "Sir Wilfrid Laurier," in which the colourful and controversial

sides of the Liberal statesman are sacrificed to bring out Laurier's lifelong endeavour to unite French and English Canadians. Professor Wade's concluding sentence points up the lesson delicately: "His lifework was a major contribution to 'the conciliation, harmony, and concord among the different elements of this country,' and one which was to inspire other men to carry on his work, and to give them heart for a task that is never wholly done." Malcolm Ross's own venture into the past would not, any more easily than these, escape the charge of moralistic interpreting of history. The use of the past in this case, it might be said, is to show us a new Goldwin Smith, not the reserved, aloof, dignified ruler of Toronto's cultural oasis the Grange, a self-assured, inner-directed man as we might call him, staunch in his British faith in morality and gentlemanliness, but instead an exemplary figure, suffering from *Angst* ("metaphysical loneliness") because of his loss of faith in the historical Christ; and so above all "a meaningful man—meaningful to us."

The three other lectures in the collection, being on literary figures, are less susceptible to Professor Ross's pejorative distinction, unless it be concluded that Robertson Davies used "Stephen Leacock" chiefly as a vehicle for his own witty messages; but, in fact, while Mr. Davies spares us none of his characteristic humour, and while he adds nothing strictly original (as he admits) to our knowledge of the subject, in his hands Leacock takes on some of the complexity Mr. Davies claims a serious and adult approach would show him actually to possess: a troubled, not always predictable, sometimes melancholy figure, as much as the familiar, genial clown. Munro Beattie's "Archibald Lampman" is likely to be taken as the best statement and documentation of the moderate view that Lampman was mild, calm, and nature-loving, that after all he actually fulfilled most of his potential, and that his nineteenth-century Ottawa world was the best possible for him. Wilfred Eggleston's "Frederick Philip Grove" reminds us of how loyal the friends of that somewhat forbidding author have been, in refusing to allow his powerful, durable, but painfully flawed *œuvre* to die. It is a temperate, sympathetic account with a mainly biographical emphasis, but it still leaves unattempted the task of probing beneath Grove's not entirely objective self-portraits.

The lectures are certainly, as Dr. Bissell says in his introduction, "not so much a series of formal expositions as a series of lively intellectual debates"; so that it is not after all too profitable to attempt to distinguish the "user of history" from the disinterested historian or biographer or critic. We should be grateful, instead, that the collection has on the whole justified its title *Our Living Tradition*, since its seven subjects

retain the power to provoke such vitality from seven lively lecturers. (F. W. WATT)

For many writers the paths of autobiography and reminiscence lead but to grave misfortune. This year two internationally celebrated Canadians, Mazo de la Roche and Farley Mowat, have strayed along these paths. Miss de la Roche, in *Ringing the Changes* (Macmillan of Canada, xvi, 304 pp., $5.00), mistakes prim reminiscence for autobiography. Farley Mowat, in *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be* (Little, Brown, x, 238 pp., illus., $3.95), inflates his memories of a precocious pet, Mutt, into the kind of sentimental hokum that all America (and Canada) loves.

Miss de la Roche begins her book by asserting that, to her, "The first person singular has always been repellent." The reader who follows her life-long recital of medical symptoms to its end may well understand why. He will learn, in addition, that she has a phobia about revealing exact names, places, or dates. Again and again he ends up playing Twenty Questions with the facts offered, and he is regularly denied information about motives. Miss de la Roche, it would appear, is possessed at once by a compulsion to write and a determination to reveal nothing that lies beneath the surface. As a result, the persons of the "autobiography" appear with a flatness seldom equalled in her fiction. The liveliest creatures are the many de la Roche dogs: *their* privacy is invaded shamelessly.

For anyone interested in the craft of fiction, Miss de la Roche's refusal to discuss the art of the novel is particularly disappointing. Yet this omission, and indeed her general anti-intellectualism ("I never have been addicted to prolonged serious conversations"), leads us to an important perception about her art. Her prime quality, more clearly defined here than in her fiction, is her faculty of wonder; she is, so to speak, one of the folk—one for whom *situation* and *feeling* are primary. Ideas, at best, come a poor third. Though she feels and accepts, she cannot finally explain; this strength, no doubt, accounts for the weakness of her "autobiography."

By contrast, Mr. Mowat is glibly confident. He feels sure that the story of Mutt, costumed and produced in terms of the standard formula for "Western humour," will reap the rewards of two worlds: it will be personal and true, and it will be a humorous folk tale too. But unhappily the worlds that he chooses are incompatible; if the story is to be *true*—a reminiscence—then it cannot be a Western tall tale in the tradition of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." Thus, because Father and Mother are presented as stereotypes out of humorous fiction, our belief in the reality of Mutt crumbles. The story is an unhappy mixture of fact and fiction. But this disappointment is not crushing. We

know already that Mr. Mowat is a popular entertainer; and we know (to borrow a term that *he* borrows from *Reader's Digest*) that this work is yet another best-selling "happenstance." (HUGO MCPHERSON)

Historians, for whom questions of evaluation are secondary, have carried on with considerable success the job of charting the political and economic growth of Canada; but the study of Canadian literature, in itself and in its relations to society, is still at a rudimentary stage. The current growing interest in Canadian literature has revealed how inadequate is the basis in fact and in fruitful and tenable generalization. *The Frontier and Canadian Letters* by Wilfred Eggleston (Ryerson, x, 164 pp., $3.75) is a book which faces this difficulty without contributing much to its solution. While it draws together invaluable facts and comments from many sources to illustrate the nature of the Canadian "frontier" and its effect on writing, it adds little to our knowledge in itself, except for those all too rare moments when the author indulges in his lively personal memories of frontier life on the prairies. Moreover the book fails to leap the hurdles it sets itself. What in fact is or was the "frontier" in Canadian history? It is scarcely possible to picture an advancing edge of civilization like that of nineteenth-century America; if a technological rather than a geographical conception had been invoked, a much more sophisticated approach than Mr. Eggleston's would have been needed to apply it. His aim in the end, despite more promising gestures, is to substantiate a truism: "that the emergence of native letters in any new area must await the growth and development of adequate educational facilities, publications, printers and publishers, stimulating associations of artists, and a substantial public of readers, listeners and critics. . . ." Mr. Eggleston makes his case for the cultural poverty of pioneering life in Canada with great force.

A disproportionately large section of the book is given over to as yet necessarily sketchy analogies between conditions in Canada's frontiers and those in the United States, with comparative excursions into other primitive situations—including, somewhat ingeniously, that of infancy and childhood. Moreover, despite its ostensible reliance on and continual allusion to "F. J. Turner's famous thesis," the book scarcely does justice to the American historian's bold (if outmoded) hypothesis. Turner did not claim merely that pioneers tended to be too busy making a way of life in the wilderness to write books, but (a much more ambitious argument) that the ethos of the onward-moving fringe of the American frontier provided the very power and governing force of social and cultural developments in the settled areas from which it was constantly pressing away. Following this theory we might recognize the source of

our own ethos, perhaps, in the highly respectable advance guard of mounted policemen, half-pay British officers, railway officials, Methodist ministers and their wives, who spread civilization across this northern part of the continent; but Mr. Eggleston does not explore the more fruitful aspects of Turner's hypothesis, nor does he draw upon the long discussion of the theory and its relevance to the Canadian frontier which has already taken place among historians.

The approach to Canadian "letters" is no more ambitious. The author is interested in when Canadians began to write (this being at certain "moments," according to A. G. Bailey's theory), not in *what* they wrote. No doubt immigrants experienced a "cultural sag" after arriving in the new world; pioneers turned their powers of invention and imagination to dominating their environment; and indigenous culture grew when a particular complex of material and psychological conditions was ripe for it. But we must then ask what course it took, what its basic nature and qualities were; or in other words, what light sociological information can throw upon its essential life. Questions of this kind Mr. Eggleston does not seriously attempt to answer. Indeed, his chief accomplishment may well be what he himself wished: "*The Frontier and Canadian Letters* is really a reconnaissance rather than a scholarly assault on the theme, but I hope that it may encourage more methodical and painstaking investigations of our literary heritage and tradition."

In *The Culture of Contemporary Canada*, edited by Julian Park (Ryerson, Cornell University Press; xviii, 404 pp., illus., $5.75), "culture" is defined generously enough to demand chapters on literature (poetry, the novel, the press), art, music, the theatre (with a brief glance at radio and television), the social sciences, literary scholarship, philosophy, education, and science; "contemporary" does not exclude from discussion whatever of the country's past, in the eyes of the author of each section, has bearing on the creative forces active in the last two or three decades: "Canada" includes Quebec, though the chief focus is English-speaking Canada. The editor, Professor Park of the University of Buffalo, apparently had first in mind the American reader, and has presented the book as an interpretation of its subject for Americans, though not ignoring the Canadian audience. This no doubt explains some of its inadequacies: the nervous glance over the shoulder typical of many of the contributors, the painstaking historical precision in some sections as opposed to the simple and sweeping generalities in others, and the varieties of tone—from quiet scholarly description, to uneasy apology (the most familiar note), and occasionally to eager assertiveness. (American readers would also, perhaps, be more prepared to accept

"Raymond Massey, shortly to become governor-general," on the Royal Commission on Arts, Letters and Sciences (p. 398); James "Reeney," Pierre "Bertin," "E. D." (for S. D.) Clark, Thomas H. "Raddell" among others in the Index; and an Index itself somewhat less than useful, including as it does, for example, poets Dudek, Souster, and Layton but not Professors Woodhouse, Frye, and Creighton, though the contributors give the opposite emphasis.)

The Janus-face construction of *The Culture of Contemporary Canada* is surely based on a naïve hope: that others will take an interest in what Canadians themselves have with considerable unanimity declared less than fascinating for the most part. Knowing this, most of the contributors have tried to keep much of the native soil about the roots of Canadian culture as they hold the "tender plant" up to view, but the result is often an unsatisfactory compromise. Roy Daniells's private collection of "Poetry and the Novel" appears so interesting that Canadian readers will wish he had given his taste and comments full play, instead of attempting to complete it in the pattern of the official museum, a task for more pedestrian writers. Readers without a considerable historical concern will be disappointed if they approach some of the literature mentioned by him, whereas those aware of and responsive to the tensions of the Canadian past will sometimes find the generalizations debatable ("that neither literature nor any other art form has revealed the inwardness of the Canadian landscape"; that the "gentleman" never took root in English-speaking Canada). At the risk of appearing parochial, Dr. R. H. Hubbard writing on art and Mr. John Beckwith on music have wisely allowed us glimpses into that recurring internal strife (often a war between the generations) which is often symptomatic of an active culture. They look to the future in that traditional attitude adopted also (perhaps with less reason) in Herbert Whittaker's sketch of the Canadian theatre: hope.

Until the arts reach a point of development higher than that yet achieved in Canada, with rare exceptions their importance will normally remain native, a fact that this book will undoubtedly prove once again. On the other hand, *national* divisions in the area of philosophy, the social sciences, literary scholarship, education, and science are of less significance. Here the contributors with less self-consciousness list under the title "Canadian" intellectual accomplishments usually brought to the attention of others in the categories Milton scholarship, medical research, philosophy of religion, and so on. Here we have, for the most part, both descriptions and examples of the chief tradition of Canadian scholarship, "singularly conservative in its methods and aims." Millar MacLure's

tactful and urbane account of the Canadian academic community is typical in its placing of it in the larger humanistic context—a comforting reminder to many who will read this book that Canada's culture has never been obliged to be merely contemporary and Canadian. (F. W. WATT)

To *Archibald Lampman's Letters to Edward William Thomson*, published last year, Arthur S. Bourinot has now added the complementary *Letters of Edward William Thomson to Archibald Lampman, 1891–1897* (Ottawa, the author, 158 Carleton Rd., Rockcliffe, vi, 49 pp., illus., $2.50). Taken together, these two pamphlets (they are not much more than that) constitute a fascinating record of an exchange between two authentic literary personalities as different as chalk and cheese. It is a good correspondence because it is candid and consistently stimulated by a kind of friendly friction between opposing ideals. Thomson was a writer, and a capable one at that; but he was also an extrovert to whom an active life and involvement in the practical world of journalism was a happy obsession. By the time he was forty he had been, successively, a soldier in the American Civil War, a land surveyor in the Ottawa valley, and for nearly twelve years a correspondent and editorial writer for the Toronto *Globe*. In 1891 he was in Boston, beginning what was to be a ten-year stint as revising editor for the mass-circulation *Youth's Companion*. It was from here that he wrote Lampman a score or so of letters which show his deepening admiration and affection for the poet with whom he had earlier become acquainted through championing his work in the columns of the *Globe*.

A shrewd though not particularly subtle judge of literature, Thomson rightly saw Lampman's superiority as a craftsman over most of his contemporaries. At the same time, he was quick to spot mawkishness, literary echoes, hackneyed phrases, and evidences of "tired" narrative in the poems Lampman sent him for consideration; and when he did so he responded with frank and explicit criticisms. He also laid before his friend "some worldly policy" on how he thought a poet might achieve commercial success from his writing without sacrifice of his integrity as an artist. But above all, in his robust way, Thomson repeatedly urged Lampman to cut himself loose from Ottawa and the Civil Service and the rather narrow round of his poetic interests—to follow up the prospects for a post at Cornell University, to do "bits of *causerie*" for the journals, to try his hand at lecturing, or to take a turn at editorial work or free-lance writing in Boston.

On Lampman's side, there can be no doubt that this advice—indeed the whole impact on him of a temperament and outlook so different from his own—was an important source of the note of frustration and anxious

self-inquiry which is the persistent strain of his letters to Thomson. It is difficult to say whether he was better or worse off from being thus deeply stirred. Lampman declared that he felt suffocated by his environment, that he found "something shabby, cowardly, and morally shameful about being a civil servant"; but he was unwilling to break the chains (if chains they were) that bound him, and he lived out the remainder of his short life in Ottawa. As for his work: "There is one kind of work I can do," he wrote to Thomson, "nature work, as they call it, and I had better confine myself to that."

Was Thomson's venturesomeness and his commitment to the hurly-burly of journalism a more fruitful way? John W. Dafoe, writing in the Winnipeg *Free Press* on the occasion of Thomson's death in 1924, had plain words to say on this subject. He thought Canada had lost a journalist of the first order; but he thought also that a single volume of poems and a single volume of short stories (which was the extent of Thomson's contribution to "permanent" literature) was a meagre yield indeed from a man he considered eminently capable of filling a whole shelf with important books. Said Dafoe: "The explanation of this tragic—the word is not too strong—failure to express himself is: Journalism, that fleeting imitation of literature which gives its devotees successes of the minute at the cost of foregoing more enduring satisfactions." The Lampman-Thomson correspondence is provocative on many counts, and one is grateful for the editorial industry that has made it available. (ROBERT L. MCDOUGALL)

6. Professor C. E. Phillips's *The Development of Education in Canada* (Gage, xiv, 626 pp., $6.50) is unquestionably the most important book about Canadian education published in 1957 or in any of the past years. It outshines excellent contributions of the present year—as we shall see, those of Creighton, Moffatt, and Morton are notable—but also such excellent contributions of the past as Sissons's *Egerton Ryerson* and *A History of Victoria University*, Miss Neatby's *So Little for the Mind*, and the late Provost Seeley's *The Function of a University*. If we take seriously the consistently repeated claim that education is the key to Canada's national survival, it can be argued that Phillips's is the most important book of the year.

Its importance rests in large measure on its subject matter. It is a comprehensive history of education in Canada, something which we have never had before, as an examination of the solid bibliography (217 entries) will confirm. Studies of education in individual provinces, of developments in particular subjects, of the work of individual teachers

and educators, of specific problems (the separate-school issue, for example)—these abound, though often in the form of unpublished theses or articles in extinct journals. Now the efforts of a thousand men have been co-ordinated, and a clear picture emerges out of the jig-saw puzzle box.

I am told that college of education students find it a difficult text: "It is so full of detail." The detail, of course, accounts for its value for those of us whose problems are not solved by passing examinations. However, the concrete facts are never presented *in vacuo*: they are chosen to illustrate a thesis or, if you will, they force a thesis upon us. Conceivably a selection of other concrete facts could force upon us a different thesis. That book remains to be written. The logic of Phillips's argument suggests that no such book can be written: that there will be amendments, but no new motion.

His thesis is that education is for the many, not the few, that our schools are better today than they were in the past, and that improvement has invariably been the consequence of the triumph of democratic principles over the force of entrenched privilege. The aristocrat, whether motivated by religious belief, political creed, or psychological theory, is the villain: "There were 'new education' thinkers and teachers in all periods, but they could not make many converts while aristocratic attitudes prevailed. The apparent innovations [improvements] in the successive periods . . . were in fact only a more general acceptance of 'new' ideas under more favorable circumstances." (P. 408.) Phillips's "uncompromisingly democratic and rather strongly equalitarian point of view" is clearly stated in the Preface: "*The Development of Education in Canada* is an account of past developments as leading to the present and as judged by the values of the present. As such it should be agreeable to adults who need no convincing that life in Canada today is the best kind of life we know, who see better people than themselves in the younger generation, and who look to the future for a golden age." "Rather strongly equalitarian," to be sure; also rather optimistic. Whether Phillips's book is agreeable to adults is, of course, beside the point. Castor oil was never agreeable. Since he presents apparently incontestable proof that our schools are better today than the schools of even the recent past, those of us who are inclined to view the present situation with alarm have an obligation to read his book.

The obligation will prove no chore. Dr. Phillips writes well, and he has so organized his material that one can read steadily or on occasion. Parts I–III deal successively with developments to 1763, from 1763 to 1830/40, and from 1830/40 to 1953. Part IV (and certain chapters in

Part III) are organized topically; such topics as the curriculum, teacher training, education of women, examinations, and the church and education are examined *in extenso*. *The Development of Education in Canada* is therefore a reference book as well as a history. Unfortunately its value as a reference book is limited by the inadequacy of its Index. For example, references in the text to Ryerson on pages 211, 224, 311–15, 327, 442, and 489 are not recorded in the Index, and there are no references to the British North America Act, Lindley Murray, union schools, or the University of Toronto, all important "characters" in this important story.

The significance of Dr. Phillips's book is dramatically demonstrated by comparing the Quance Lectures in Education for 1956 and 1957: G. A. Frecker, *Education in the Atlantic Provinces* (Gage, 112 pp., $1.75) and H. P. Moffatt, *Educational Finance in Canada* (Gage, 95 pp., $1.75). Dr. Frecker, the Deputy Minister of Education in Newfoundland, spoke before *The Development of Education in Canada* was published; Dr. Moffatt, his opposite number in Nova Scotia, spoke after. Where Dr. Moffatt can draw upon Phillips's work and, indeed, assume in his audience a knowledge of its content, Dr. Frecker finds it necessary to devote the first of his two lectures to a rehearsal of the history of education in the Maritimes, a task which even Dr. Phillips could not do justice to in 9,000 words. Where Dr. Moffatt, generalities disposed of, can immediately isolate the basic problems of educational finance and proceed to deal with them concretely and imaginatively, Dr. Frecker, beginning with historical generality, never escapes from generality when he moves on to diagnosis and prescription. The consequences are what one would expect. Dr. Frecker's is another book about education, Dr. Moffatt's a succinct analysis of a frightening problem and a real contribution to its solution.

F. K. Stewart's *Interprovincial Co-operation in Education: The Story of the Canadian Education Association* (Gage, 176 pp., $3.00) is a reminder that Dr. Phillips has not exhausted the field. Mr. Stewart, who is the executive secretary of the Canadian Education Association (in succession to Dr. Phillips) here presents in full the story which is merely sketched by Dr. Phillips. As the latter would be the first to admit, the story deserves full treatment. Mr. Stewart answers two important questions: what is the C.E.A., and how are the functions that are carried on in all other countries (with the possible exception of Switzerland) by a national Office or Ministry of Education performed in Canada. Since the C.E.A. performs these function, the questions are related.

The C.E.A. proves to be not something sinister, as the supporters of

Miss Neatby may have supposed, but, like the C.B.C., another example of the Canadian genius for having your cake and eating it too. As Mr. Stewart shows, it has been a long time in the baking—its history begins with the Dominion Education Association of 1892, though its importance dates from World War II. In essence the creature of the provincial departments of education, which support it financially and whose delegates control a majority of the votes at the annual convention, it provides a meeting point for the educators of all provinces and a central bureau for the collection of information about Canadian education at the elementary and secondary school levels—the National Conference of Canadian Universities withdrew from association with the C.E.A. in 1947. In recent years the C.E.A. has been active in certain research projects and in representing Canada at such forums as U.N.E.S.C.O. That its position in Canadian education is both important and intricate is revealed in Mr. Stewart's able account.

Dr. Phillips admits in his Preface that "only incidental mention of higher education" is included. This is true: his chief concern with the universities is in their effect on secondary education through matriculation requirements. He also admits that he gives little attention to private schools after the provincial systems of education have been established. His Index has no entry for two institutions which are the subject of books published in 1957, Albert College at Belleville and the Family Institutes of Quebec. Dr. Waldo E. L. Smith's history of the former (*Albert College 1857–1957*, Belleville, Ontario Intelligencer Limited, iv, 56 pp., $1.50) is a routine affair, of interest only to graduates. Evelyn M. Brown's account of the latter is called *Educating Eve* (Montreal, Palm Publishers, xvi, 186 pp., illus., $3.50). It is an enthusiast's book. There appear to be no flaws in Les Ecoles de Bonheur. It is Eve before she met the serpent.

The remaining works to be considered all concern higher education. One of these, *The Culture of Contemporary Canada* edited by Julian Park (Ryerson, Cornell University Press; xviii, 404 pp., illus., $5.75), is reviewed elsewhere in this survey (see pp. 488–90); here attention is called to specific chapters which trace the development of academic disciplines in Canada: "The Social Sciences" (C. B. Macpherson), "Literary Scholarship" (Millar MacLure), "Philosophy" (John A. Irving), "French-Canadian Philosophers" (Edmund Gaudron), and "Science" (Rollo O. Earl). A relative newcomer to the roster of academic disciplines is introduced in *Social Welfare and the Preservation of Human Values* edited by William G. Dixon (Dent, xiv, 231 pp., $4.50), a collection of papers celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Univer-

sity of British Columbia's School of Social Work. With the exception of contributions by Ellen Younghusband ("Social Work Education in the World Today") and George F. Davidson ("Social Welfare in Canada, 1930–1955"), the book is disappointing as an exposition of the historical development of social work and the philosophy which underlies it. On the other hand, the nature and the range of social work are well demonstrated by the thirty-two chapters, which are appropriately divided into four sections: "Social Work in the World Today," "Social Welfare and the Preservation of Human Values," "The Generic Curriculum," and "Applications."

The special conference called by the National Conference of Canadian Universities in November 1956 could also be called a celebration—and not simply because the then Prime Minister chose the occasion to announce a doubling of the federal grants and the creation of the Canada Council. The conference was the culmination of a five-year effort to publicize the plight of the universities, which at this point became officially a crisis. The papers presented at this select gathering (121 delegates) have been edited by Claude T. Bissell under the inevitable title *Canada's Crisis in Higher Education* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 272 pp., $2.50). They are of a uniformly high calibre and since the conference programme was thoughtfully planned they provide in their sequence an admirable statement of the problem. Dr. Bissell leads off with statistical documentation of the crisis. The distinctive characteristics of English-Canadian and French-Canadian universities are then defined by Sidney Smith and Léon Lortie, following which the place in the university of science and of the humanities and social sciences is discussed by E. W. R. Steacie and Dean Burchard of M.I.T. Next the student: who goes to university in French Canada (Arthur Tremblay), in English Canada (R. W. B. Jackson and W. G. Fleming) and why students fail (T. H. Matthews). The problem of obtaining staff is then considered by A. S. P. Woodhouse (humanities), B. S. Keirstead (social sciences), P. R. Gendron (physical and natural sciences), and the problem of retaining staff through adequate salaries by V. G. Fowke. Finally three university presidents (N. A. M. Mackenzie, H. J. Somers, and F. C. James) come to the heart of the matter—where the money must come from. Much of the argument will be familiar to anyone directly concerned with higher education: here is a fine refresher course. English Canadians have a particular obligation to read the papers of Lortie and Tremblay, since these describe new and significant changes in the structure of education in Quebec.

Since Canadians spend rather more on cigarettes than on education,

it is difficult to believe that the necessary money cannot be found. The real problem is staff—recruitment in the first instance and retention ever after. Our final three books direct attention to the key figure: the professor.

"The usual pattern of university histories . . . [is] to tell only the story of organization and administration. These regrettable necessities will always bulk large in the histories of new and expanding universities. But they are only means to the end of university life, which is study and research." Thus W. L. Morton in the Preface to *One University: A History of the University of Manitoba 1877–1952* (McClelland & Stewart, viii, 243 pp., illus., $4.25). At Manitoba, the "necessities" seem to have been particularly regrettable; consequently they bulk large in this new history of the University. None the less Professor Morton has fulfilled his stated determination not to tell the usual story; he has devoted considerable attention to the developing curriculum, to the research activities of the staff, to the unhappy rôle of the professor in determining policy—unhappy because, as he also says in his Preface, "the near exclusion of the scholar from the practical government of Canadian universities is one of the more serious weaknesses of these universities in face of their present difficulties." The result is a warm book, one which takes its place with Sissons's history of Victoria as the best of our university histories.

Whether or not he will be able to educate his children in the fullest sense and whether or not he himself will be able to lead his life in dignity are questions of prime importance to a young man contemplating an academic career. The matter of salary is therefore an important one. But it is neither the only nor the crucial one. The end of university life, said Morton, is study and research. What does this mean? The answer is supplied in Professor Creighton's biography of Harold Innis. The title of this volume is the subject of a review elsewhere in this survey (see pp. 479–82). We are concerned here only with the subtitle: *Portrait of a Scholar*. Portrait of *the* scholar would have been as appropriate, for Innis is the prototype, the model, the crystallization of one of our valid ideals. It is an inspiring portrait which Creighton paints but it is an honest one—loneliness, frustration, even depression, are as valid elements as vision, accomplishment, and triumph. And beneath it all—the basic pigment—integrity.

But there is a companion volume—at first glance the most unlikely of choices: E. A. Corbett's *We Have with us Tonight* (Ryerson, xviii, 222 pp., $4.00). Mr. Corbett is well and affectionately known for his achievements in adult education. As these informal and often humorous

reminiscences unpretentiously reveal, he has had a hand in most of the important developments in this field since 1920—Canada's first (and only) university radio station, the Banff School of Fine Arts, the C.B.C., and the National Film Board (he was influential in determining the present form of each), the Canadian Association of Adult Education (of which he was director from its establishment in 1936 until his retirement in 1951). Much of this book, however, is concerned with his experiences in the Department of Extension at the University of Alberta during the 1920's when the University was endeavouring to extend its influence in a hundred practical ways to the citizens of a whole province. Here is a very different view of university life from that reflected in the biography of Harold Innis—the magic lantern rather than the microfilm, the women's institute rather than the faculty committee, the salesman's life rather than the intellectual's. But in the twentieth century the university has many rôles to play and it needs Corbetts as well as Innises. A student contemplating an academic career should know this. There is no better way to learn the lesson than to read these two books. (ROBIN S. HARRIS)

7. The publication of a two-volume work, *The Early Christian Church*, by Philip Carrington, Archbishop of Quebec (Cambridge University Press, vol. I, xx, 520 pp.; vol. II, xiv, 519 pp.; $17.50 the set), illustrates that the old Anglican tradition of scholarly bishops is by no means dead. How an active Canadian churchman in the twentieth century, whose episcopal journeys cover a territory at least as extensive as the travels of the apostle Paul, has been able over the years to find time for the preparation of these volumes we shall perhaps never know.

The author tells us that "the primary object of this history is to provide an introduction to the story of the Christian church during the first two centuries" (I, xvii). This purpose, it must be stated at once, he has fully achieved. He covers the period almost exhaustively, and although he is a churchman and we know what side he is on, he writes with commendable detachment. He has a critical knowledge of the sources and he quotes from them frequently. In those areas in which the present reviewer may presume to have an opinion, he has found the author reliable and judicious. Even when the views advanced are not generally held, they have always to be respected. It will be noted that the pages are not cluttered with references to other church historians: H. Lietzmann, for instance, is not quoted once in the text, though he is of course included in the bibliography. The author is content to expound his subject on the basis of the original sources, and he leaves the matter at that. When all this is combined with a style that is both engaging and lucid,

we have a study of the Church's early history which should become the standard treatment of the subject for this generation. The Cambridge University Press has aided the author by a very attractive format, one of the features of which is a large number of good illustrations.

Volume I covers the first century. After a brief background sketch, John the Baptist receives two pages, Jesus seven, the Resurrection three sentences, and then on page 37 with "The Day of Pentecost" the author comes to grips with his subject. Here the New Testament material is basic, and it is expertly handled. The author warns us in his introduction (I, xvii–xix) that he is somewhat conservative and that he tends to set more value on the worth of tradition than is generally done. His conservatism can, however, defend itself adequately, and in any case it is never dogmatic or obscurantist. Thus the traditions embodied in Acts are thought to be generally trustworthy, the early date for Galatians is accepted, John the son of Zebedee is taken to be the master of the Johannine School, and so on. This first volume ends with a consideration of the Didache and the Epistle of Barnabas.

Volume II commences with the early second century, its first chapter being on "Anonymous Christian Literature." As the century unfolds, the Church's life is always set against the current political and cultural background. During these years the Christian cause was greatly agitated by various heretical movements, such as Gnosticism, Marcionism, and Montanism, and these are duly treated. In this connection, an important ancient Gnostic text, *The Jung Codex* (translated and edited by F. L. Cross, 1955), evidently appeared too late for the Archbishop to use. The volume concludes with a chapter on "The Third Century," wherein the author comments on the great persecutions of Decius and Diocletian, and alludes briefly to Constantine the Great, Eusebius of Caesarea, and the Council of Nicaea.

The Archbishop's method paints the over-all picture of the life of the Church in these far-off days and suggests what the Christian faith actually meant to those who professed it. This clear gain has, however, the disadvantage of treating certain topics in more than one place, so that to obtain the full account of such matters considerable piecing together is necessary. Thus the literary criticism of Acts is dealt with in I, 55, 65, 93–6, 182–4, 278–83, 285; the *Didache* in I, 482–4, 491–501; II, 38, 137–8, 146; Marcion and Marcionism in I, 423–4; II, 58–61, 80–4, 258–60; etc.

The excellent illustrations with which these books are furnished would have contributed a little more to the elucidation of the text if some

scheme of relating them to the latter had been adopted. For instance, the cult of Sabazius is referred to in I, 5, whereas "A Sabazian Hand" (plate 31) occurs opposite I, 432, but there is no cross reference.

Minor errors are almost unavoidable in such an ambitious work as this. The date of the Letter of Aristeas should be about 100 B.C., not A.D. 100 (I, 9); Poppaea, Nero's second wife, was not Jewish (I, 187), although she is said to have had an interest in Judaism; if Titus, at the capture of Jerusalem in A.D. 70 was hailed as "imperator" as Josephus reports (*Jewish War*, VI, 316), the epithet was that given a victorious general, it did not mean "emperor" (I, 236); the *fiscus Judaicus* which Vespasian imposed on all Jews in the Roman world was not abolished by the emperor Nerva (I, 334); the description of the great Jewish synagogue in Alexandria is found in the Talmud (*Sukkah* 51 b), not in the Mishnah (II, 42); although it comes under the heading "The Latin New Testament," the statement that "The official Bible of the Roman Catholic Church . . . was made . . . from excellent Greek texts" should of course read "Hebrew and Greek texts" (II, 295); as the common practice is to use "Syriac" in reference to literature written in the Syriac language, "Syriac" rather than "Syrian" should appear in "the Syrian *Acts of Thomas*" (II, 285) and in "Syrian literature" (II, 402); Constantinople was founded (in the sense that its building was commenced) in A.D. 324, and it was finally dedicated in A.D. 330 (cf. II, 480). But that none of these slips is of any great consequence points to the scholarly care which the Archbishop has bestowed on his work. All in all these two volumes are a most creditable achievement.

The Very Reverend John Lowe, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, since 1939, discusses in three lectures (delivered in 1955 at the General Theological Seminary, New York) the facts, traditions, and probabilities about *Saint Peter* (Oxford University Press, 1956, viii, 65 pp., $2.50). The treatment of this somewhat contentious subject is a model of compact and informed exposition. In lecture one the place of considerable eminence which Peter has in the New Testament is reviewed. In the next lecture the tradition that Peter came to Rome and was martyred there is examined, due attention being paid to the archaeological evidence supplied by excavations in the Vatican area in recent years. The third lecture ("The Primacy of Peter"), with which Roman Catholics will take issue, offers a detailed exegesis of the pivotal passage in Matt. 16:18–19. The Dean's conclusion is that while Peter is to be recognized as the foundation and leader of the Church at Jerusalem, "there is no warrant in the New Testament for the view that the bishops or any one

bishop inherits as of right the distinctive commission of Peter, which was for himself alone" (p. 63).

The Divine Mission by the Right Reverend J. S. Thomson, Dean of the Faculty of Divinity of McGill University, is a series of three lectures on the world mission of the Church (the R. P. MacKay Memorial Lectures), delivered in the theological colleges of the United Church of Canada during 1956–7 (Toronto, United Church Publishing House and Ryerson, viii, 81 pp., $1.00). The author, who is fully aware of the difficulties which the traditional missionary programme of the Church is facing today, summons the Church to continue "the work that Jesus Christ began to do"; his headings are, "Our Missionary God," "The Mission of Jesus Christ," "The Missionary Spirit." A fuller treatment of the subject, which Dr. Thomson admits is required (p. vi), would have to give more consideration than his lectures do to: (1) the "sundered and broken condition" (p. 80) of the Church of our time and its effect upon Christian missions; (2) the inability of Christendom to work out a form of private, public, and international morality that would make "the imitation of Christ" a desirable thing to the non-Christian world; (3) the fact that today multitudes brought up in the Christian tradition practically ignore or formally renounce all religion; (4) the attitude which Christianity should take towards other religions. If the Church is to recognize the "spiritual power and value" (p. 7) of other faiths, and if the objective of the Christian Mission "is not that of converting men from one religion to another" (p. 42), Dr. Thomson should some time tell us, more explicitly than he could in this small book, precisely what the Church is to do when it confronts these other religions.

The Reverend A. H. Crowfoot writes a documented biography of the first Anglican Bishop of Huron, *Benjamin Cronyn* (London, Ont.: Incorporated Synod of the Diocese of Huron, 142 pp., illus., $3.00). This young priest with his wife and two children came to Canada from Ireland as a missionary in 1832 and settled in London. By 1842 he was rector in that city; in 1855 his alma mater, Trinity College, Dublin, made him Doctor of Divinity; two years later the Synod elected him the first Bishop of Huron, a post which he held until his death in 1871. During his episcopate no less than one hundred and one churches were opened, and in 1863 his hope of a diocesan theological college was realized when Huron College was founded. The founding of this college represented a reaffirmation of the evangelical tradition in the Anglican Church, for it was in part a protest against the Tractarian tendencies which the Bishop detected in Toronto's Trinity College.

Robert John Renison, also born in Ireland, was ordained priest of the Church of England in Canada in 1899, and thereafter he served that Church in various capacities until his retirement in 1954. His autobiography, *One Day at a Time*, completed shortly before his death in 1957 and edited by Margaret Blackstock (Toronto, Kingswood House, xii, 322 pp., $5.00), gives the story of his long life. While it contains personal reminiscences of very limited interest and various trivialities, such as the account of a trip to the Near East in 1937, there shines through it all the figure of a completely dedicated servant of the Church. Curiously he says almost nothing about his student days at the University of Toronto (1892–6), except to pay tribute to Canon H. J. Cody as "the professor who influenced me most." His career began as a missionary in northern Ontario in 1898, where he remained for fourteen years. Various other posts in the Church were filled by him, including the rectorship of St. Paul's in Toronto for eleven years, 1932–43. In 1943 his election as Bishop of Moosonee took him back to the diocese where he had earlier served as a missionary; in 1952 he became Metropolitan of Ontario.

The Life, The Question, and The Answer by Dean A. J. Ebbutt of Mount Allison University (Ryerson, xiv, 170 pp., $2.50 cloth, $1.50 paper) is a study of certain aspects of the life of Jesus, and is intended for "interested laymen and young people." Its fifteen chapters, each of which attempts to answer a question about Jesus, such as "Are the Gospel Records Reliable?" "How Was Jesus Born?", make it suitable for study groups. While there is nothing new in this book, it states the issues and problems quite clearly and treats them competently. The general point of view is that of liberals of the type of H. E. Fosdick and C. J. Cadoux, uncontaminated by the Neo-orthodoxy. (W. S. McCULLOUGH)

8. Forty years of General Staff study of the accumulating evidence gives a fair measure of finality to the analysis of strategy and tactics in *The Western Front, 1914*, now issued by the Historical Section, General Staff, Army Headquarters, Ottawa (Queen's Printer, vi, 192 pp., maps, $1.00). Sources quoted include the latest volumes by Fuller and Liddell Hart and even Gerhard Ritter's *Der Schlieffenplan-Kritik eines Mythos* (Munich, 1956).

After a general survey of armaments and war plans, the present work analyses phase by phase the dramatic operations of unprecedented masses of troops in Western Europe in the open stages of the War

before it was frozen into opposing trench systems. The convenient "quanta" under which the struggle is studied are the Battle of the Frontiers, Mons–Le Cateau–Guise–St. Quentin, the Battle of the Marne, the Battle of the Aisne, the "Race to the Sea," and the 1914 Battle of Ypres. The book concludes with an incisive commentary on all of these actions in terms of such principles of war as aim, morale, offensive action, security, surprise, concentration of force, economy of effort, flexibility, cooperation, and administration.

The Germans are blamed for adopting the Schlieffen Plan (of destroying the French forces by a wheeling movement against the left wing through Belgium) while using only a fraction of the forces prescribed by Von Schlieffen. On the other hand, Marshal Joffre's initial Plan XVII failed completely to consider the strategic realities of the German initiative and was further sapped by a failure to secure information as the action was developing. Both sides were bedevilled by personal jealousies and quarrels—between Lanzerac and Sir John French and between Prince Wilhelm and Albrecht of Würtemberg. Joffre is given high marks for the flexibility with which, after the bankruptcy of his original strategy had been proven, he improvised with great brilliance to stage the Battle of the Marne, in which the tide of the war began to turn.

Not the least interesting part of the final analysis is a brief comparison of the emasculated Schlieffen Plan of 1914, which failed, and the Mannstein Plan of 1940, in the same theatre against the same opponents, which met with dramatic and complete success. In this case a relatively small but highly mechanized force, strongly supported by aircraft, drove like steel through cardboard.

The only shade of criticism would fall on chapter I, where the origins of World War I are given in the "Foreign Office version" of forty years ago. One would never realize from this stereotype that Gooch and Temperley had ever existed and that virtually all of the documents are now available. (WATSON KIRKCONNELL)

Captain Kim Beattie's regimental history of the 48th Highlanders of Canada in World War II provides a sequel to his earlier one which covered the years 1891 to 1928 (*Dileas*, Toronto, xviii, 847 pp., illus., $4.75). Like its predecessor, it has been privately published by the regiment. A massive volume, it tells the story of a typical Canadian fighting battalion surviving the apathy and pacifism of the thirties to become, once again, an example of the ability of Canadian citizens to

turn soldier when need be. The decade preceding the outbreak of war is made into an excellent introductory chapter which follows the unit from its somewhat starched rôle of Toronto's "Glamour Boys," who represented the Canadian Armed Forces at the Chicago World's Fair in 1934, to the mobilized fighting force of 1939. Allied with the Gordon Highlanders, with battle honours going back to the South African War, the 48th played a major part in keeping alive the spirit of the militia during the years of depression. All ranks made sacrifices to maintain life in the collective personality of a regiment whose motto itself expressed the individuality and toughness of the Scottish clan—*Dileas gu brath*—"Faithful forever." Captain Beattie calls his history *Dileas,* and it is an expression of that dedicated enthusiasm which long association with such a unit develops.

It takes more than enthusiasm, however, to turn out a readable regimental history, as anyone who has tried to read a few of them knows. Like that of a family album, their immediate audience can never be even moderately impersonal and disinterested. Unfortunately, the detached historian or critic is frequently both impersonal and uninterested, and he might well take stock of the difficulties of production before pronouncing on the product. To express the intense experiences of war is beyond the scope of most regimental historians, and most of them recognize this. Captain Beattie is fully aware of it, and yet he does not give up the challenge of trying to recreate, as well as narrate, the events of battle. He partly achieves this effect by quoting the odd remark by one of the combatants and keeping the background well filled with details from the regimental diary and with the changing picture of the war itself. After all, the foreground of a battalion's life, both in and out of combat, is a most difficult thing to describe. The author certainly employs sheer weight of material to suggest as much of the foreground as he can. Other histories, which are usually half the length of this one, settle for a less whole-hearted effort to cope with the wealth of detail at their disposal. Captain Beattie often gives the impression of an experienced hunter using buckshot.

If, however, the author is somewhat heavy-handed in the treatment of his material, he does succeed in his main purpose. The regimental history is not intended to be a critical analysis for the use of military historians. It is primarily a monument to the men who served and a tradition for those who come after. It is a description of the curious phenomenon of morale: the spirit of a regiment which makes a soldier in war and peace

part of his unit. A regiment is born out of its campaigns, and with this theme in mind, Captain Beattie buoyantly tramps through World War II with the 48th. His final chapter brings the history up to date with an account of the regiment's diamond jubilee (1891–1951), and finally, Trooping the Colour on the Queen's Birthday in the spring of 1956. The book is well illustrated with eleven maps and thirty-two pages of photographs. (PETER F. FISHER)

9. In his essay on Stephen Leacock in *Our Living Tradition* (see p. 485) Robertson Davies argues that Leacock wrote far too much and that, for reasons stated, he failed to develop the satiric vein that makes *Sunshine Sketches* "a minor masterpiece." Leacock's humanity and his verbal wit are a guarantee that the majority of his short pieces remain funny; the tragedy, for Davies, is that the pieces are short.

Eric Nicol should read Davies' essay. The satiric undertone which made his first book (*Sense and Nonsense*) an exciting as well as funny book has steadily diminished in his succeeding four. In *Girdle Me a Globe* (Ryerson, xiv, 134 pp., $2.75) it is non-existent. We are reduced to this: "Something about being on shipboard whets the appetite keen as a straight-edge razor. Partly it's the deck sports, partly the crisp salt breeze, but mostly it's the fact that meals are included in the price of passage"—an excerpt from a chapter called "The Trough, the Whole Trough, and Nothing but the Trough."

Vera Henry is no satirist, and verbal wit is not her strong point. But she has humanity and a fine eye for the ridiculous. *A Lucky Number* (Longmans, Green, viii, 243 pp., illus., $4.25) is in the mood of Clarence Day—Life with Mother principally, but also with Father, five daughters, and a variety of relations, neighbours, household pets, and assorted fauna. The setting is Windsor, Ontario, in the twenties. Delightful is the word.

Like Mr. Davies, J. B. Priestley has recently sat down and read the complete works of Leacock. His conclusions are recorded in four pages which serve as an introduction to *The Best of Leacock* (McClelland & Stewart, 464 pp., $4.50). It is an admirable selection, and one which indirectly substantiates Davies' thesis. Something of value is lost when *Sunshine Sketches* is reduced to four chapters, and Davies surely is right in insisting that *The Boy I Left Behind Me* is the best possible introduction to Leacock—Priestley has room only for the pages of Andrew MacPhail. But he does have room for all the old favourites and for a

generous selection from *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich.* (ROBIN S. HARRIS)

10. To Arctic Canada, once a barely known land, inhabited only by a handful of Eskimos, R.C.M.P. officers, missionaries, and other hardy souls, comes every year now an increasing number of summer visitors and permanent residents. The needs of science and of defence, the exploitation of new-found resources, and other factors explain this development. To these newcomers the Arctic is an unknown world. Many of them are anxious to find out as much as they can about their new environment. To aid them in this endeavour, and to encourage them, many publications are now appearing. One of these is the volume *Arctic Birds of Canada* (University of Toronto Press, x, 310 pp., illus., $4.75), wherein L. L. Snyder, Curator of Ornithology at the Royal Ontario Museum, one of Canada's most distinguished ornithologists, puts together for the first time a composite picture of the bird-life of the Canadian Arctic.

Designed primarily as a guide to the identification of the regular bird inhabitants of the far north this effective work stresses particularly the status, distribution, habitat preference, and identifying characteristics of each species. There are two keys to identification included as aids: one based on physical distinctions, the other upon habitat choice. The most important aid, however, will certainly be the magnificent black-and-white drawings which accompany the text. Drawn with impeccable accuracy and with a remarkably perceptive feeling for the character of the birds, these illustrations, done by T. M. Shortt, brilliant artist of the Royal Ontario Museum, are as fine of their class as any that I have ever seen, and far superior to most. The manner in which the habitat setting, the feel of the country, is conveyed along with the portrayal of the birds goes a long distance towards suggesting the sort of world the Arctic really is, and thereby gives one a sense of reality otherwise impossible. Nor must we forget the admirable distributional maps which add greatly to the value of the book, and which, indeed, are one of its essential features. An appendix lists those birds which, though sometimes recorded, are not considered for one reason or another to be regular Arctic dwellers. A glossary of ornithological terms and a suggestive bibliography of literature on Arctic birds are also included.

That much, very, very much, remains to be learned about Arctic birds becomes at once apparent as one peruses this book. And, unquestionably,

one of the reasons why the book is being published, or, at least, why the author has been interested in producing it, is that it is hoped that through the development of interest in the subject by the circulation of such a book much more information may be gained. There is no doubt that those who may be inspired to take up bird-watching in the Arctic will be in an excellent position to turn up new facts for scientists to work with. At the same time, even if this were not to occur, the publishing of this book will have performed another and equally valuable service since it will give a chance to many lonely people to find out something about the richness of the natural life that surrounds them, though they know it not, thereby giving them an opportunity to enrich their lives and helping them to alleviate some of the lonely strain of Arctic living. As an invitation to seek out new knowledge, as a contribution to a fuller life, this book is a really worthwhile addition to the rapidly growing literature on the Canadian Arctic.

We should not close this review without pointing out that the University of Toronto Press is to be warmly congratulated upon bringing out this book in so attractive a form: well bound, beautifully printed on excellent paper, and using a clear, comfortable type. Such fine production always adds immeasurably to the effective worth of any book. (RICHARD M. SAUNDERS)

SOCIAL STUDIES: I* *Alexander Brady*

All studies which concern the concrete features of a society are inevitably forms of history. It may be the intention of their authors to make them something else, but they end up as such, because they relate to human beings in a specific situation and time. No mapping of a subject can avoid these basic facts, especially if the map is to concentrate upon the similarities and dissimilarities of institutions. In analysing any portion of his society man is forced to view it with reference to time and environment. In Canada, as we have noted in previous years, social study has a pronounced and conscious historical bias, evident in the work of nearly all economists, sociologists, and political scientists. In the books of the present year this point is once again amply illustrated. Also illustrated is the increased disinterring and publication of primary sources: records written by men who participated however humbly in

*I wish to acknowledge generous assistance given by Miss E. Wallace and Miss M. Avison.

making history, but were not consciously writing it for the readers of another day.

The largest and most important collection of such sources is *The Arthur Papers*, edited by the late Charles R. Sanderson (2 vols., Toronto Public Libraries and University of Toronto Press, xvi, 488; viii, 477 pp., $10.00 each). Sir George Arthur, the last Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada (1838–41), was in many respects a characteristic British colonial administrator in the nineteenth-century tradition. He turned from soldiering, in which he had won distinction, to the colonial service, and before coming to Canada served successively as Lieutenant-Governor in British Honduras and Van Dieman's Land. His task in Upper Canada, a colony still feverish and restless after the rebellion, was difficult. His firmness was readily condemned as harshness by those who suffered from it. His lack of sympathy with Durham's idea of responsible government in a community then torn by parochial fanaticisms (he called it "the High Commissioner's wild fancy") alienated the Reformers, who were for him "the American party." Yet these papers show him as a more astute person than he has been commonly painted. Admittedly he had conservative prejudices, but he also had integrity, a capacity for managing affairs, and by no means a bias for wholly reactionary opinions. He tried conscientiously to be guided by what he considered to be the interests of the community as a whole, and was anxious not to see these interests from the position of the factions who ferociously battled one another. Unfortunately for him, as for many governors in the first half of the nineteenth century, the policies of the Government in London were in constant flux. A despatch from Britain was scarcely perused on this side of the Atlantic before another was on the way modifying or reversing it. Arthur was patently irritated by this instability, as he had every reason to be; he appears to have left Canada with a sense of relief.

The papers in these volumes are either semi-official or private, and evidently duplicate little of Arthur's official correspondence in the Public Archives of Canada and the Public Record Office in London. All those interested in Canadian history are greatly indebted to the trustees of the Toronto Public Libraries and the late librarian, Charles R. Sanderson, for making them available in print. A third volume is in preparation.

A different type of contemporary source is *Sixteen Years in the Indian Country: The Journal of Daniel Williams Harmon, 1800–1816*, edited with an introduction by the Dominion Archivist, W. Kaye Lamb (Macmillan, xxx, 277 pp., $5.00). Harmon's informal journal is a fascinating

document. He brings us the Northwest as he saw it, not in any large imaginative sweep but in terms of daily happenings. He was a simple man but very acute in observing his actual surroundings. The present edition restores an early Canadian book with a new and valuable introduction. It does more: it offers a fresh version of the text. The volume published in 1820 had been prepared in collaboration with the Reverend Daniel Haskel. Dr. Kaye Lamb reproduces the words of the original manuscript from April 29, 1800, to April 15, 1816, inserting in square brackets the significant variations of the Haskel edition, and completing the volume with the final brief entries to August 1819 and all the original supplements except that on the Cree language. What emerges is a more spontaneous work, for the additions to the previous publication had imposed a certain stiffness on what Harmon had originally written for the entertainment of himself and his family. Had Harmon been schooled in the best modes of modern journalism he could not have written more informally and attractively.

Daylight through the Mountain: Letters and Labours of Civil Engineers Walter and Francis Shanly, edited by Frank Norman Walker and Gladys Chantler Walker (Engineering Institute of Canada and Pitman, xiv, 442 pp., illus., $6.00), presents varied sidelights on the engineering phase of Canadian history. The volume consists mainly of Walter Shanly's correspondence with his brother Francis, and sometimes it is livelier than the quiet journal entries of Harmon, but is much less successful in sustaining interest. The selections cover the period from 1843 almost to the close of the century. In the first sheaf of letters one follows the two young men of Upper Canada establishing themselves as engineers. Then one pursues Walter Shanly when he worked with the railway builders of northern New York State, his activity in the railway construction of Ontario, and the story of the Hoosac Tunnel, Massachusetts, which gives the book its title. Engineers, historians, and general readers will find this work uneven for the evident reason that it is a singularly mixed bag, made up of business correspondence, family gossip, sundry extracts from the Shanly papers, newspaper articles, reproductions of early timetables, and official documents. The letters are bulging with financial and technical details which are likely to bewilder the layman. They often fail to hold attention because it is difficult to identify the numerous references or grasp their implications. Nor is it entirely clear on what basis out of a large collection they were selected. Connecting comments occasionally occur in the body of the book, but most of the explanatory text is in the introduction. Nevertheless one obtains here

some arresting glimpses of life in Canada and the United States in the last half of the nineteenth century. One is struck, for example, by the extent to which the two nations in the era of railway expansion shared common experiences. In both, the contractors and railway builders were alike in method and temperament, confronted like problems, had somewhat like dealings with politicians within the framework of different political systems, and had like achievements. Their emotions were also the same when once a job was accomplished: "Every place along the whole line looks deserted and cheerless. . . . Five years since, I remember having exactly the same feeling on the Beauharnois Canal that I experience here now. The change was so sudden that I felt as though someone was dead."

Another and still different type of source material is *The Valley of the Trent*, edited by E. C. Guillet (The Champlain Society, University of Toronto Press; lviii, 147 pp., illus., $5.00). It is the first volume in a new series of regional documentary surveys of Ontario, prepared by the Champlain Society and in part sponsored by the Government of Ontario. It consists, unlike the usual volumes of the Champlain Society, which have presented the journals or correspondence of an individual or a few individuals, of a miscellany of documents and literary remains concerning different phases of the region, mainly before 1867, such as land settlement, the folkways of the pioneer, religion in the backwoods, and transportation, especially the region's one major construction project, the Trent Canal. Although many of its sections are very engaging, the book does not convey that sense of unity possessed by most of its predecessors under the same distinguished imprint. Some extracts have already been printed; others are from unpublished sources. Some are excellently written and illuminate the period as well as entertain; others in plain prose record merely what is trivial and dull. There are many superb illustrations well reproduced from old photographs and prints, and much indifferent verse, which some readers will doubtless wish had been reduced in quantity if not wholly eliminated. The editor, however, was certainly right to include it. If, as his documents suggest, too many settlers spent their spare hours consuming excessive quantities of bad whiskey at 25 cents per gallon and then engaging in fierce sectarian feuds, it is well to have concrete evidence that others had less violent and more humane modes of spending their leisure. There was a remarkable variety of human type in this pioneer society, as the present volume abundantly illustrates. There were highly sophisticated people from the Old Land, like the Langtons and Stricklands, who managed to preserve something

of their gentility in the New. There were others who found the frontier environment highly congenial to degenerate in without giving much bother or inconvenience to anybody, except perhaps the missionaries who had to work overtime coping with the tendencies towards crude paganism and depravity.

The editor of this kind of regional history has an unenviable assignment. He is almost certain to disinter things that some readers would gladly see buried and forgotten. To some enthusiasts for regional history (and it is a study which seems to generate strange and powerful passions) every humble scribble is something to cherish and every literary relic is esteemed almost as if it were a masterpiece. All readers, however, cannot reach such heights of fine enthusiasm. Mr. Guillet need not be put out if some readers grumble about what he has brought to light concerning the Trent valley and its early settlers. Everyone is likely to find in this miscellany something to entertain and also enlighten.

To go from books of primary sources to the histories written for popular consumption is to leap from one extreme to another: from the informal and intimate records of men and women, who were seldom writing for a public and certainly were not conscious that they were writing history, to professional authors, who are determined that history must be made to mean something exciting to as many readers as possible. Naturally these authors handle it as freely as their own feelings and attitudes dictate. Such is the history we have in Thomas H. Raddall's *The Path of Destiny: Canada from the British Conquest to Home Rule, 1763–1850* (Doubleday, xii, 468 pp., $6.00). Well over half of this book is a dramatic story of war: the American Revolution, the War of 1812 in great detail, the Rebellions of 1837, and the near-war of rival expansionist drives across the continent and along the Pacific coast. When immersed in this part of his subject, Mr. Raddall writes with an accomplished storyteller's verve, drawing upon a thorough study of tactics and incidents, and richly rewards any reader with a taste for blood-and-thunder adventure. But where he is not dealing with violent action, he is much less satisfying.

A chronological treatment of Canada's scattered regional histories can hardly avoid giving a haphazard impression, and Mr. Raddall's chosen thesis elevates this haphazard element into a mystical principle. In his opening pages he says, "Manifest Destiny . . . applies to Canada as much as the United States. . . . These developments were hidden in '74 but there were omens." The final chapter is entitled "1850: The Air of Destiny." If historical events come about because they are fated, the historian

is spared much pondering. Mr. Raddall does not everywhere ignore causes and backgrounds, but his relish is all for incidents in the foreground. Where he deals with the why of things, it is with a finality that would sound dogmatic even in a fast-paced novel. As a result, the interstices between compelling incidents are often filled with empty flourishes; for example: "Among other things the Quebec Act, like a sudden wind in aspen trees, had set tongues and broadsheets fluttering all the way from Labrador to Florida," or "spreading his redcoats like a too-thin smear of cherry jam over the enormous slice of his responsibilities." The spate of words too easily becomes gabble: "Honor and vindication are holy words to men-at-arms. Pride and vindictiveness are their shadows, and in the rancor of war the shadow often goes by the shining name. The Americans were not alone in mistaking one for the other. British men-at-arms shared the illusion. . . ."

A few historical figures are painted in heroic stature, and many more, like Strachan and Talbot and William Lyon Mackenzie, are dismissed in a few contemptuous phrases. Even as characterization this is a dubious technique, and history is not fiction. Certainly Mr. Raddall's partisan attitudes give his pages a vigour, a sense of direct engagement in the imagined past. But they are neither well founded nor consistent. For example, the War of 1812 is introduced on a note of high patriotism: " 'at Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane our brave fathers side by side. . . .' Such small but desperate battles as these constitute the Canadian's Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown: sacred names to be recited every first of July, as the American celebrates the fourth." But already in the next chapter the "sacred names" motif is somewhat betrayed: "On this note began the War of 1812, a comedy of errors." The same passage illustrates the author's impatience with a Canadian's ambiguous feelings, and his tendency to refashion them on an American model, to make a better story.

This book, like the earlier volumes in the series, invites a wide public. Its emphasis on the world setting of Canadian events, especially the parallel course of American history, is refreshing throughout. The military history makes lively reading, and the economic development of the Canadian communities is succinctly sketched. There is much left unsaid, for it takes more than a change of costume to move in the past. No demurs are of moment, certainly, if this book, reaching a wider audience than most histories, not only pleases people but opens to them a subject that has hitherto seemed forbidding. Yet is such a result likely? No acknowledgments, no bibliography, no reference to other historians'

views: these omissions might be simply concessions to a non-academic public. But combined with the author's easy bias, reckless generalizations, and capsuled judgments, may they not also tend to authoritarianism? Instead of being invited to test the validity of a historian's conclusions, readers are offered a ready-to-wear attitude, attractively fashioned and well within easy reach. Surely an author must approach his public with more respect. But a daily diet of journalism has created a taste for books than can be read at high speed, even though they may only widen the sorry rift between scholars and public.

From this type of history we can turn to the more academic, and there are some worthy samples in the present year. There is, for instance, W. L. Morton's *Manitoba: A History* (University of Toronto Press, xiv, 519 pp., illus., $5.95). This is the story of the province from the English seamen who at the beginning of the seventeenth century first landed on the coasts of Hudson Bay to the political alignments and civic activities of the present. The book is an admirable piece of historical writing, simple and engaging in style, reliable in content, and urbane in judgment. Scholarship is present, but its customary apparatus, such as footnotes and bibliographies, is made as inconspicuous as possible. Professor Morton set out to write a book for his fellow Manitobans, wherein the emphasis would be on the story of agricultural settlement and communal growth, the things to which the ordinary Manitobans contributed. That does not mean, however, that he neglects what is significant in politics, education, or culture in the narrower sense of that term. He explains the salient contrast between Winnipeg, the metropolis, which produced its fair share of Canadian radicals and the one important attempt at a general strike in the nation's history, and the countryside, which tends to be conservative. He tells us much and tells it well. We can wish that he told us even more, since, as he illustrates, the ethnic and cultural diversities of Canada's life have a special focus in this province, where French and English have lived alongside each other for generations and where numerous immigrants from continental Europe have settled. As it is, however, he provides something of a model of what a scholarly and readable provincial history should be.

A different type of work, although hardly less attractive in style and rich in content, is John T. Saywell's *The Office of Lieutenant-Governor: A Study in Canadian Government and Politics* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 302 pp., $5.50). As the title suggests it is a specialized monograph on the formal executive in the provincial government. But its significance is greater than might be assumed from its apparent concen-

tration upon a single office, since, apart from illuminating its main theme, it throws light upon what is sometimes the uneasy marriage between federalism and parliamentary government. In the first thirty odd years of federation, the office was directly involved in the almost constant tussle between the centralizers and the strict federalists, between in particular Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Oliver Mowat, whom Laurier described as "the most correct interpreter of our constitution that Canada has produced." The comment of Laurier on Mowat was apt enough if one accepted his and Mowat's premise about the nature of the federation, and that was actually the major issue in dispute. In a broad sense the contest has continued, although the battle ground is not the same as that over which Macdonald and Mowat fought. Dr. Saywell illustrates, for example, how the nature of the lieutenant-governorship has altered with the changing federation, and in the alteration its importance as a source of federal-provincial friction has diminished. The rôle of the lieutenant-governor is now less political than social. But the office has not lost in the scheme of Canadian government all its political significance. Dr. Saywell tells us as definitely as the facts seem to warrant how important it is. The study is abundantly documented, and yet pleasant to read. The author in conformity with a current fashion refers to the Third Empire and the Second Empire. That the British Empire has greatly changed over the last century and a half goes without saying, but these descriptive terms, suggesting as they do sharply defined stages in its transformation, are dubious. This, however, is not a matter for argument here.

Another study which deals with provincial government is J. Murray Beck's *The Government of Nova Scotia* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 372 pp., $5.50). It also throws light upon the functioning of Canadian federalism, but its chief interest is that it illustrates the attempts over generations of a small community to employ the parliamentary pattern of government, modelled on that of Britain. Two hundred years ago (October 2, 1758) the first elective assembly in what is now Canadian territory was convened at Halifax, and from that day the experiment has endured. In 1841 Charles Dickens, an interested visitor at the opening of the Legislative Council and General Assembly, was impressed by the way in which the ceremonial forms were closely observed and gravely presented. To him "it was like looking at Westminster through the wrong end of a telescope." In this scholarly book we have the story of the experiment carefully traced from the eighteenth century to the present. But, unfortunately, it is not always a story of the pious fidelity of the Nova Scotians to the model of Westminster. It tells also of numerous

backslidings, skilful dodges, and patent parliamentary shams, especially in matters of financial control. The forms were present, but the appropriate spirit and ethic of the system were sometimes sadly absent. A deep traditionalism has tended to govern the politics of Nova Scotia, illustrated in the fact that since Confederation a single party, the Liberal, ruled for seventy of the ninety-one years. The explanation of this fact and its consequences Dr. Beck judiciously explores.

Two legal works of interest to political scientists, historians, and others are the Honourable James C. McRuer's *The Evolution of the Judicial Process* (Clarke, Irwin, xii, 115 pp., $3.00), and Edward McWhinney's *Judicial Review in the English-Speaking World* (University of Toronto Press, 1956, xvi, 201 pp., $8.50). Justice McRuer's short book of three chapters originally consisted of lectures at the University of Saskatchewan. It takes a vast panoramic sweep from the Code of Hammurabi to the present, a sweep perhaps too vast for so short a book. But it is admirably lucid and readable and can be strongly recommended to any citizen interested in his country's system of justice. Professor McWhinney's book, on the other hand, would likely be strong meat for the ordinary reader. In less than 200 pages of text, it is tightly packed with matter and has the lineaments of sociological jurisprudence. But it will abundantly reward the student prepared for reflective reading. In its essentials the book is a comparative study of the rôle of the judge in interpreting and hence in shaping constitutional law in the leading countries of the English-speaking world, namely, Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, Ceylon, Pakistan, the United States, and what he calls in very unofficial language, "Catholic Ireland." The grouping of these countries is no accident. All of them have been profoundly influenced by the laws and judicial process of Britain, which is the starting point for the author's analysis. He deals with an ancient and fundamental issue in Britain, which is even more fundamental in overseas countries with written constitutions; namely, the actual and potential law-making rôle of the judge in constitutional matters. Professor McWhinney not merely surveys developments. He has definite views and is candid in stating them. In brief he believes that in the interpretation of constitutions the law-making rôle of the judge should be more explicitly accepted, and with it those procedures in the judicial process which will render the rôle most effective. This is a question of the first magnitude, not merely for lawyers, but for all those interested in the effective working of democracy.

Most of the social studies published in 1957 are concerned with historical phases of government, politics, and law, but four scholarly

monographs treat aspects of Canada's economic development, although in each case there is no neglect of the political and legal factors relevant to the theme: A. W. Currie, *The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada* (University of Toronto Press, x, 556 pp., $8.50); Vernon C. Fowke, *The National Policy and the Wheat Economy* (University of Toronto Press, x, 312 pp., $5.50); David C. Corbett, *Canada's Immigration Policy: A Critique* (University of Toronto Press, xiv, 215 pp., $4.00); Irving Brecher, *Monetary and Fiscal Thought in Canada, 1919–1939* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 337 pp., $5.25).

All four books not only deal with basic economic issues, but are really integral to any understanding of Canada's political and national evolution. It was a current saying a generation ago that "Canadian politics is railways, and railways are Canadian politics." The Grand Trunk Railway emerged in the era when this remark was beginning to have force, and the story of its vicissitudes, clearly related in Professor Currie's book, is mainly a reflection of the vicissitudes of Canada from the fifties of the last century to the years immediately after World War I. That is not to say that the Grand Trunk was not a distinct entity in itself with fortunes of its own. From the outset it very much had a special character, and its ultimate liquidation was doubtless due to its own faults. But these in turn were shaped by circumstances in the Canadian geographic and historical environment. The story is not simple and cannot be compressed into a few sentences. It is told, however, with illuminating details and yet not with unwieldy amplitude in the present book.

The National Policy and the Wheat Economy by Vernon C. Fowke may be considered as a companion volume to *The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada*, since railways and a national agricultural policy are inseparable. It is Professor Fowke who aptly remarks (p. 42) that the national policy, into which agriculture fitted "was a product of the railway era. The coming of the railway created many of the problems for which the national policy was designed to provide the solution, but it also made possible the transcontinental design of the national policy and was inevitably one of its essential features. The unequal impact of the railway upon the different sections of the continental economy was disruptive of competitive positions and impelled the construction of additional lines designed to restore the balance." These few sentences are a master key to Canadian development, and the book from which they are drawn admirably illustrates in telling detail what they involved for agriculture, and in turn what agriculture involved for the national economy.

A no less closely allied factor in Canadian development has been the

inflow of immigrants. Railways, agriculture, and people constitute a trinity that every serious student of Canadian history keeps in mind. David C. Corbett in *Canada's Immigration Policy* does not attempt a parallel historical study to Vernon Fowke's. His book is intended as a critique of policy, and he warns readers that in this critique he expresses simply his own beliefs, preferences, and opinions. Yet, although he is not concerned primarily with history, he introduces us to the problems which the history and environment of Canada have produced. He addresses himself to five principal questions about Canada's immigration policy: the pressures on the government in respect to immigration and the government's response; what types of immigrants are accepted and rejected and why; the manner in which the immigration policy is administered; the effect of immigration on Canada's economic development; and, finally, the effects of the policy on Canada's international relations. Some of these questions are difficult to answer with precision. Some lead to or provoke other and ancillary questions which are answerable only in terms of one's social and political philosophy. All are directly relevant to the criteria which the Canadian public and government must consider when they attempt to make decisions on national policy, and these criteria are dealt with by David Corbett in a forthright manner and in lucid prose.

In *Monetary and Fiscal Thought and Policy in Canada, 1919–1939*, Irving Brecher provides a more specifically historical study than the former book, but it also is not without relevance for policy-makers. It surveys within the inter-war years the development of thought and experience on the issue of stabilizing the economy by using the instruments of fiscal and monetary policy. To record this thought and experience is in itself valuable, but in addition the recording helps to illuminate the powerful and competitive regional influences in the Canadian community and in Canadian economic thinking. Dr. Brecher's chapter II, entitled "East and West in Canadian Economic Thought," is an all too scanty introduction to this theme, which some future student could profitably enlarge and deepen. Almost needless to add there is nothing permanent or fixed in the regional thinking. It changes with the changing forces in the Canadian economy, and is different now in the late fifties from what it was in the early thirties.

Another rather more technical monograph in the field of public economic policy and administration is Gordon Blake's *Customs Administration in Canada: An Essay in Tariff Technology* (University of Toronto Press, x, 193 pp., $3.50). It begins with customs administration

under the French régime and traces the changing procedures up to the work of the modern Tariff Board. It marshalls an impressive body of facts, and relates administration to policy in a manner that makes a useful addition to both political and economic history.

No major biographies of Canadian politicians appeared in the current year, but one study deals with the later years of a former leader of the Liberal party: Margaret A. Banks, *Edward Blake, Irish Nationalist* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 370 pp., $5.50). In 1892 Edward Blake, much to the surprise even of his family, left Canada to join the Irish Nationalist party, which he faithfully served until his health failed in 1907. The incident is not to be taken as illustrating merely Blake's strong attachment to the land of his ancestors but his strong and long attachment to the ideas of nationality and self-government. He was something of a rare phenomenon among Canadian politicians in that he vigorously responded to general ideas. With indefatigable care Miss Banks has read documentary sources on both sides of the Atlantic, and written an informative although scarcely an exhilarating study. Blake was described by Laurier as "the most powerful intellectual force in Canadian political history." But for various reasons, not least of all an aloof and abnormally sensitive mind, his influence on that history fell much below his intellectual power. It was also his misfortune, as Miss Banks illustrates, that he served Canadian Liberalism and Irish Nationalism when both were in severe straits. To both he contributed devotion, energy, and ideas, but failed to win for them any impressive triumphs.

The principal study in the present year on Canadian external relations is *Canada in World Affairs, 1949–1950*, by W. E. C. Harrison (Oxford University Press, viii, 374 pp., $4.00). This is volume VI in the series of biennial surveys on external relations, sponsored by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. Professor Harrison of Queen's University deals with the two critical years in the post-war period which witnessed the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty, the admission of India as a republic to the Commonwealth, the devaluation of sterling, and the early phases of the Korean War. The author skilfully traces the sequence of these events and their relationship, examines Canadian aims and interests in each instance, and endeavours to assess as well as the available information permits the influence of Canada upon the policies of her allies and also upon the actions of the United Nations. A discerning judgment and readable prose are two evident assets of this book. They are employed effectively in describing Canada's major external decision in the post-war era: the assumption of commitments to a military alliance to

protect the North Atlantic world. An excellent supplement to Professor Harrison's treatment of this event is contained in the last chapter of a second edition of Donald Creighton's *Dominion of the North* (Macmillan, xii, 619 pp., $6.00), which was first published in 1944.

The one important study by a Canadian social scientist of a theme not directly related to Canada is *Democracy in Western Germany* by Richard Hiscocks (Oxford, x, 324 pp., $6.00). This able work is based on the author's wide experience of Germany as a student at Berlin during the early Hitler régime, as the commander of a Military Government Detachment in the British Zone at the end of World War II, and as a frequent visitor since then. His perception is thus quickened by intimate first-hand knowledge of the country and its people.

The author stresses that scientific and technical achievements were the key to Germany's phenomenal economic recovery. But he is primarily concerned with politics and with assessing the prospects for West German democracy. During the nineteenth century, when liberalism and democracy began to make progress in European countries, Germany formed no national democratic tradition: until 1871 it was not itself a united nation, and the demands for unity were insistent. "How different would the position of this people in the world be," wrote Hugo Preuss, the chief framer of the Weimar Constitution, "if they possessed a political sense which corresponded, even if only approximately, to their efficiency in peace and war!"

The development of German democracy is of the utmost importance to the West. But Professor Hiscocks recognizes that real democracy is not learned in a few months and cannot be taught by foreigners under a régime of military occupation. The post-war attempt to "re-educate," from above and from without, a proud and intelligent people was perhaps a psychological and tactical error. Liberal democracy, like charity, begins at home. The present German democratic constitution is of little avail unless based on a liberal attitude of mind. As Mill remarked a century ago, it is easier to copy a constitution than a political temperament.

Whatever his virtues, Dr. Adenauer's authoritarian bias scarcely qualifies him to foster the spirit of democracy. His attitude towards the Bundestag and towards his ministerial supporters has been more like that of an American president than a British prime minister, although theoretically Germany has parliamentary government. He views his cabinet as a board of individual experts, rather than as a team of like-minded colleagues. Collective cabinet responsibility, in the British sense,

has been conspicuously lacking, and on various occasions the Government has sought to influence or control newspapers and radio broadcasts. Neither enthusiasm for parliamentarianism nor the willingness to compromise which necessarily underlies a strong democratic tradition has as yet become firmly established in modern Germany.

The political parties emphasize the rôle of the leader and the discipline of his followers. They stress ideologies rather than specific platforms, display a high degree of organization, and accept a hierarchy markedly insensitive to the views of the rank and file. Internal discipline is so strong and the influence of outside interest groups on party executives so powerful that parliamentary debates are often regarded as perfunctory shadow-boxing. Much of the real legislative work is done in the committees of the Bundestag, where party discipline is relaxed, discussion freer, compromise more evident, and democracy in Germany appears at its best. But since the committees meet privately, they cannot fulfil parliament's function of educating the public. The question period normally occurs not once a day but once a month. Hence the Bundestag has less prestige and attracts less public interest than is desirable for the national assembly of a healthy democracy. Moreover it makes little attempt to criticize or control the executive. Since the dwarfing of the legislature by the executive forms a major distinction between democratic and totalitarian states, there is every reason why this tendency should be checked in a country attempting to fashion a genuine democracy.

In these features of German institutions, Professor Hiscocks finds grounds for uneasiness. He also finds such grounds in the fact that the educational system continues to stress discipline and respect for authority. In the universities there is need for new leadership and new ideas. Many Germans continue to view politics as a distasteful business with which they are reluctant to become involved. Hence their attitude towards government is more passive than positive. The disillusionment about party politics produced by Hitler's defeat is still widespread. The iniquities of the Nazi era are often unacknowledged, and most (although not all) Germans feel little personal sense of responsibility for them. More serious in its implications for the future than the neo-Nazi splinter parties is "the mixture of arrogance regarding the past and overconfidence in post-War achievements." All this places a special responsibility on the liberal and critical minority which exists and which profoundly believes in building, from the bottom up, a genuine democracy based on the interest and participation of the whole people. Germany admittedly is not the only country in which public apathy threatens

democracy. Moreover, there have been hopeful developments, such as the growth of a strong trade-union movement which forms a powerful check to authoritarianism, and a variety of encouraging efforts to provide political education in the schools, universities, and community at large. The main hope for the future, in Germany as in every democratic country, lies in this growth of an informed and alert public opinion.

There is another account by a Canadian of a leading nation in the contemporary world, not however on the basis of an elaborate analysis, but of a visit by a newspaper reporter: William Kinmond's, *No Dogs in China: A Report on China Today* (University of Toronto Press, 211 pp., illus., $4.50). Mr. Kinmond records in newspaper articles now republished observations on construction projects, city streets, hotels; conversations with officials about farms and forests, health and education; speculations about the people's relative well-being and their attitudes to the communist government. The tone is neither credulous nor scoffing. That this is the narrative of an innocent abroad is underlined by constant references to his frustrations and bewilderments and the rewards of such interludes as the trip along the beautiful Yangtze valley after the oppressive days in Chungking: "The only indication that Communism has moved in is the occasional five-pointed red star implanted on the sparkling white façade of a building, looking for all the world like a Texaco gasoline sign at home rather than the standard of totalitarianism." The immense difficulty of comprehending an alien culture, indeed of truly grasping one other human being's perspective, is no part of Mr. Kinmond's subject. Friendly and forthright, he moves easily among the Chinese: we are all human beings together, after all. The consequent over-simplifications may be rather welcome than dangerous when the subject is one so easily beclouded by fears and fantasies. It is always clear when the reader should add a grain of salt to the story. In staying within the definite limits of his experience, the author conveys much, on a practical level, of his impression of China's remarkable social experiment. The cumulative effect of these short chapters adds something that his newspaper readers may not have sensed, a Robinson Crusoe theme, the fascination of looking on while human effort apparently brings order out of chaos.

SOCIAL STUDIES: II

J. M. S. Careless

Most of the books in this section may be classed as regional studies. Several of these deal with Canada's Atlantic region, several more with

the North, and a few others fall elsewhere across the country. The remainder defy any category but "miscellaneous." But three works do stand out for particular consideration, however they be classified: Marjorie Campbell's *The North West Company*; *Metals and Men*, by D. M. Lebourdais, a history of Canadian mining; and Bruce Hutchison's latest discovery of the Unknown Country, *Canada, Tomorrow's Giant*. It is tempting to make a pattern of the three, for here is the Canadian romance in three parts: the epic of the fur trade, the conquest of our mineral wealth, and the dream of the great tomorrow that will arise out of our present progress—the same dream that promised that this twentieth century would belong to Canada. I will leave these three to the end, however, and begin with regional works on the Atlantic area.

A series of lectures delivered by C. R. Fay at Memorial University in 1953 has been issued as *Life and Labour in Newfoundland* (Heffer, University of Toronto Press; viii, 254 pp., $5.00). It would probably be more correct to say that the lecture notes have been published, for the text is generally disconnected, scrappy, and at times nothing more than a long series of documentary extracts. No doubt Professor Fay filled out his story as he spoke it; but, as one reads it, the effect is that of pretty complete disorder, not lessened by the fact that in my copy the pages jumped from 100 to 117, and from the middle of one chapter to another. Nor do I feel it indicates only my obtuseness that it took a page or so of reading on before I realized that something more than usual had gone wrong. The writing is discursive, erratic, allusive, and elusive. For example, a really instructive chapter on fire and fire insurance in St. John's begins in typical style:

> Prometheus stole fire from Olympus, and Zeus enthroned on Signal Hill took a manifold vengeance; until at last on December 12, 1901, Poldhu waved to Avalon, and godhead itself was banished to the woods; whence it breaks out ever and anon, fitful, fierce, and, till the rain comes, very bad to beat. (Incidentally Mr. Maxse Whiteway's two brothers were with Marconi on Signal Hill when the message was received.)

Now of course all this is perfectly comprehensible with some small effort, though rather off the track of fire insurance. Still, the effort constantly repeated, and the perpetual search for the rails, proves strenuous enough. Since the well-known author actually has much detailed and valuable lore to offer on aspects of Newfoundland history—on the commercial connections of the island with the West of England, above all—it seems the more regrettable that the book should have been published in its present rough-draft form.

Bluenose Ghosts, by Helen Creighton (Ryerson, xiv, 280 pp., $4.00), grew out of the author's quest for the folk songs of Nova Scotia. She collected the stories as she recorded the songs, for both were vital parts of the tradition of the countryside. If an ample stock of weird tales be a mark of an authentic folk culture, Nova Scotia seems to qualify with these accounts of phantom ships, spectre pirates, and "ghost houses." Some of the stories may fall into rather a recognized pattern—the girl who danced with the devil belongs to Quebec as well as elsewhere—while others vary from the flatly inconsequential to the thinly imaginative. But there are enough with a chill of awe about them to make this frequently an engrossing book. The author's own testimony on death knocks and guidance, and her deep respect for bluenose ghosts, also help create the right atmosphere for a notable report on things that "go womp in the night" in Nova Scotia.

Less notable is W. C. Borrett's *Tales Retold under the Old Town Clock* (Ryerson, xii, 212 pp., illus., $4.00), another collection of Nova Scotian stories taken from Major Borrett's long series of broadcasts from Halifax. These short narratives range widely about the province by land and sea, and through its past from Sir William Alexander's original grant in 1621 to the career of the *Bluenose*. Many indeed are tales retold, such as the history of the La Tours and the well-worn mystery of the *Mary Celeste*. Yet they are freshly set forth, for easy entertainment, and their variety again makes plain the abundance of good stories which this seaward reach of Canada can furnish to enliven our supposedly dull national record.

Blomidon Rose, by Esther Clark Wright (Ryerson, viii, 206 pp., illus., $4.00), presents still more Nova Scotian themes, but of a considerably different kind. They depict the placid, pastoral world of the Annapolis Valley, and particularly the gently beautiful countryside around Wolfville that is sheltered from the cold sweep of Fundy by the mass of North Mountain and Cape Blomidon. The book is an affectionate ramble through the Blomidon country, painting the setting and the people in the warm light of cherished memories, which often centre on Dr. Wright's own student days at Acadia in Wolfville. Here is a minor work of much charm, which makes Blomidon rise across the Valley even for one who has only briefly looked upon it.

It's a long leap to the Great Lakes for the next volume, *Off Watch: Today and Yesterday on the Great Lakes*, by Anna G. Young (Ryerson, xiv, 166 pp., illus., $4.00). The author writes as one who has known the Lakes and their shipping from early childhood in the years before

World War I, when as the purser's daughter she began to journey with her father on voyages extending from Port Arthur and Duluth to the lower St. Lawrence. She gathered in the knowledge and experience of the Lake men, not only in the months afloat but during "off watch" in the home port of Sarnia, when the ships were laid up for the winter, and when the captains and the engineers met in family parlours to yarn of storms and wrecks and vessels long gone. Thus this is a record—however brief and desultory—of nearly a century of steamships on the Lakes. It tells of such famous ships as the old *United Empire* and the ill-fated *Noronic,* of the Northern Lights shimmering across the expanse of Lake Superior, of the first voyages through spring ice in April, and the laying up in port in December. It is not a highly skilled performance, and the dialogue between old sailormen seldom rings quite true. Yet the reality of details, the power of personal experience, carry this little book well above its obvious shortcomings to express the quality of the life of the Great Lakes.

Rather more skilled is *Black Moses* (Ryerson, xiv, 215 pp., $4.50), by Jessie L. Beattie. It is a biography of Josiah Henson, the strong-minded, talented Negro who fled to Canada in the 1830's from slavery in the United States, and established a settlement for refugee ex-slaves at Dawn in what is now southwestern Ontario. Henson's life as a slave, an overseer, a minister and leader of his people, combined much suffering with achievement, but was always marked by deep and resolute faith. Harriet Beecher Stowe visited him in Canada and learned of his earlier experiences. When her celebrated novel appeared, Henson was widely hailed as the "real Uncle Tom." The resemblance was rather general, however. Above all, Josiah Henson, for all his faith, was not a meek, saintly character but a man of will and vigour, who could patiently endure adversity, but for some active end. One could wish that Miss Beattie had been a little more critical towards him, in fact: he must have had the faults of his very strength. Yet in her volume he appears as seraphically good as the hero of a Victorian tale authorized for Sunday reading. Indeed, this study seems somewhat old-fashioned in its approach, just a bit of a latter-day tract, even though it is largely written in the style of the popular historical novel, with much imaginative reconstruction and emphasis on atmosphere. Nevertheless it is conscientiously based on a solid bibliography, including Henson's own autobiography. And it remains a valuable and interesting account of a figure who deserves to be better remembered in Canada.

A figure who is no doubt better known, although less deservedly, is

the myth-hero of the late John Robins's *Logging with Paul Bunyan* (Ryerson, xviii, 97 pp., illus., $3.00). This little book has been compiled by Edith Fowke from broadcasts Dr. Robins gave in 1951 on the doings at Bunyan's camp, which he set in the Algoma lumberwoods that he knew from working there himself. They are splendid, straight-faced chronicles, related by a convincing yet incredible old logger, "Ed Mandeville." Personally, I have always found Paul Bunyan one of the least entertaining characters in that North American folk humour which consists essentially in mere grossness of exaggeration—the good old continental belief that if it's bigger, it's better. But I readily admit that these tales of the giant lumberman, his ox, and his crew, as presented with the deftness and sly sparkle of John Robins are well worth the reading. As a matter of fact, they make all too clear our loss. Better that a hundred dubious legendary figures like Bunyan should disappear (claimed from Maine to Minnesota, and well worked on by advertising men) than one authentic humorist who could make such true fun out of the tall talk of Ontario lumbermen.

We move on westward to note *The Indians of Quetico*, by E. S. Coatsworth, from field notes and research by R. C. Dailey (University of Toronto Press, x, 58 pp., $1.75), the first in a series of monographs sponsored by the Quetico Foundation. It is a concise but authoritative report on the life and culture of the Ojibwa who dwelt in the broad area of lakes and forest west of Lake Superior that is now Quetico Provincial Park, in northwestern Ontario. The Quetico Foundation, a chartered private organization, exists to make the value of this huge wilderness preserve better known to Canadians, with the aim of ensuring the preservation of its primeval natural beauty. This first study issued under the Foundation serves its purpose well. Illustrated with photographs and drawings, it is popularly presented but based on professional scholarship. One may hope that subsequent productions will keep up the standard—but perhaps be somewhat longer.

Indians—here's a link with *Frances and the Crees*, by Nan Shipley (Ryerson, x, 181 pp., illus., $3.75). This is the story of Mrs. Frances Stevens, who in 1897, at the age of 20, left Ontario to accompany her young husband to a mission station among the Fisher River Indians near Lake Winnipeg. It describes their long, devoted service at northern Indian missions from that time forward until World War II: the hardships, yet the rewards they knew; the canoe or dog-team journeys to native bands who had never seen a missionary, much less a white woman; the children they raised, and their family life on the frontier. It is a fine

theme, and makes a worthy book; but somehow not a particularly vigorous one. The actual Frances and her husband must have been vigorous enough; yet in these pages they do not come through very powerfully. The narrative moves readily, however, and with sufficient incident to sustain interest none the less.

The lives of women who have accompanied their husbands to the far frontier have provided a *genre* in Canadian literature at least since Susanna Moodie; and in this sense Mena Orford falls in a well-established tradition with her *Journey North* (McClelland & Stewart, 191 pp., $3.50). She writes of a twentieth-century frontier outpost, on Baffin Island, where her husband was medical officer for four years. She comes through more cheerfully than Mrs. Moodie, too, though four years is not a life-sentence. Hers is a fairly simple tale in outline: meeting, contending with, and making a home in, the rigorous, isolated Arctic, among the Eskimos and handful of whites at Panuk. It is a tale already retold: every second woman who goes north of 55° now seems to write this story. Yet Mrs. Orford does so with a touch of humour, keen appreciation, and considerable powers of succinct expression, to make this a thoroughly enjoyable book.

Quite as enjoyable, and more important, is *Dawn in Arctic Alaska* (University of Minnesota Press, viii, 222 pp., $5.50). Written by Diamond Jenness, for twenty years chief of the anthropology division of the Canadian National Museum, it describes the first winter he spent in the Arctic, in 1913, among the Eskimos of Alaska's northern coast. He was one of a small party of the Stefansson Expedition that lost contact with their ship while it lay caught in a coastal ice jam. Their plans for ethnographic research in Canadian territory far to the east were thus drastically altered; but they carried out investigations nevertheless, even to the extent of excavating ancient Eskimo ruins when summer came. Dr. Jenness's account is a mixture of Arctic adventure story and the careful reporting of the trained observer—and a fascinating mixture it is. Especially notable is his sympathetic portrayal of the Eskimo families with whom he lived and travelled.

Erik Munsterhjelm's *Fool's Gold* (Macmillan, 250 pp., $3.50) is a very different record of the prospector's North. It deals with the gold rushes of the 1930's, chiefly around Goldfields in northernmost Saskatchewan, which turned the author from his regular round of trapping to sudden, feverish prospecting. With fine gusto and sharp sense of drama, he depicts the soaring hope, the frenzy of activity, the delusions and disappointments, of the gold seekers. And at the same time he

sketches the northern setting in such clear and glowing colour as to suggest that the search was almost worth it in itself. Still, it is satisfying to find that his own efforts ended in some measure of success. The writing suits the strenuous subject: direct, spirited, and strong. Furthermore, when one compares this book with some of the shorter yet full-priced volumes in this section, at $3.50 it looks like one of the best bargains of the lot.

It seems logical to go on with *Metals and Men* (McClelland & Stewart, 416 pp., illus., $8.50), D. M. Lebourdais's popular history of the development of Canadian mining. This is a big, handsome volume, admirably produced with many maps and illustrations, including some striking colour plates. Moreover, Mr. Lebourdais has covered his large subject quite extensively, with chapters that begin with the gold rush to the Cariboo, move through the Klondike and Trail to the nickel, silver, gold, and copper of central Canada, and end with iron ore in Labrador and uranium at Eldorado and Elliot Lake. With all this to encompass, he still finds time for stories of discoveries and the men who made them, for details on mine construction, processing, and production rates.

Here is such a sizeable achievement that it is sad to have to criticize it. Yet the fact is, the book falls between stools. As a popular account, it too frequently reads like a cross between a textbook on specialized economic history and a mines report complete with figures and percentages. As an authoritative text, it wholly lacks documentation—there's no way of knowing how authoritative it may be. Why, when a "popular" writer has obviously done a large amount of collecting of material, will he cancel out its value for the future by failing to indicate where he got his data and what he used? And if this volume is not meant primarily as a compendium of factual information, then why is it presented in such a stolidly business-like fashion?

Part of the same complaint may be levied against Marjorie Wilkins Campbell's *The North West Company* (Macmillan, xvi, 295 pp., illus., $5.00). There are no references for the many quotations included, though they could have gone in quite discreetly, without spoiling anybody's pleasure. A useful note on authorities is appended, however; and otherwise there is not very much to criticize at all. Mrs. Campbell has one of the truly great themes of Canadian history: the fur-trade company that forecast a nation in its sweep to the Arctic and Pacific; the brief, audacious venture that created an immense empire of the wilderness, then wholly vanished—though the little colonial Canadian community

could never be the same again. She handles this giant story lucidly and graphically, as she traces the intricacies of business partnerships that formed the North West Company, recounts the exploits of discovery of Alexander Mackenzie and David Thompson, and makes evident the guiding genius of a Simon McTavish or a William McGillivray, no less than the hardy enterprise of the wintering partners.

The notable episodes in the Nor'Westers' history are all colourfully set forth: the great gatherings at Grand Portage or Fort William, the bitter struggles with the X Y and Hudson's Bay Companies, the decisive, tragic conflict over Selkirk's Red River settlement. Mrs. Campbell writes admittedly as a partisan of the Nor'Westers—which at times becomes quite evident, chiefly at the expense of the "English" Company. Yet, as she says, there is some need to redress the balance in history between the North West Company and its enemies. Her whole effort is plainly a labour of love, and the study appears to gain more than it loses from the author's personal commitment. By and large, it represents a happy marriage of popular presentation, at its best, with conscientious historical inquiry and solid knowledge of the basic documentary materials. Soundly, ably written, this is surely one of the best books of the year.

The last work in this section supplies a fitting conclusion to the varied regional writings of the year, since it tours all the main Canadian regions from Newfoundland to the Pacific in order to examine and characterize the Canadian land and people as they appear today. Bruce Hutchison's *Canada, Tomorrow's Giant* (Longmans, Green, xii, 326, vii pp., illus., $4.95) is a reassessment of Canada fifteen years after the publication of his *Unknown Country*. The treatment is much the same. Each region has its chapter, once more marked by sensitive description, shrewd insight, and broad understanding. There are short lyric pieces between the chapters, that again touch responsive national chords as they evoke Canadian spring, the approach of winter, summer cottages, or the very fragrances and odours of Canada. And generally, in the inevitable comparison with *The Unknown Country*, this volume has considerable merit as a new portrait by the same practised hand. The accomplished craftsmanship is particularly evident. Mr. Hutchison can paint so much in a few lines: a prairie evening, the morning sun on Halifax. He can distil a historic force into a sentence or two, or make a nice phrase on lines of diapers blowing in a Gaspé breeze—"humble banners of fertility."

This is Mr. Hutchison's craft at its most competent. Yet there is another side to its ready exercise, for sometimes there is more craftsman-

ship than real comment: over-writing, in fact. Moreover, in many ways Canada still remains the Unknown Country here. The author is not saying a great deal about it that is new or revealing. At the worst, his very skill in presentation puts one in mind of a conjurer making passes over a hat, as he promises the spellbound audience that he will produce the most wonderful rabbit of them all—the Canadian national character. But the hat is still empty. Canada now may be tomorrow's giant—but when does tomorrow come? Mr. Hutchison has faith, and wants us to have it too. Yet he promised us self-discovery before, and fifteen years later we still don't know. It might not matter, if only he didn't promise so eloquently! Accordingly, in the last analysis this is a disappointing book—just because it leads us to expect too much.

The following review has been contributed by Andrew W. Brink.

The title of Mr. Reaman's book *The Trail of the Black Walnut* (McClelland & Stewart, xx, 256 pp., illus., $5.00) refers to the Conestoga Trail between Pennsylvania and Upper Canada and to the black walnut tree, which has significance in the history of the early German settlers in the province: they, according to legend, were able to locate rich farming land because they knew that this species grew on it. However, the book is not a historical romance, but a cultural or ethnic history of the Palatine and Swiss Germans, French Huguenots, and English Quakers who, as some of the province's first settlers, had a notable shaping influence here. The social and religious origins of these people in Europe and America are described in order to illustrate how the culture of Ontario retains the traits of little-appreciated older traditions and how they have been modified by changing conditions here. Of greatest interest is the large quantity of material concerning the first settlements of a number of Ontario counties; abundant documentation makes clear the importance of the parts played by people of non-Anglo-Saxon background in the formative stages of modern Ontario life. Although the information is highly detailed, it remains somewhat fragmentary except in the chapter on agriculture for which the source material was more accessible and fuller. Occasional inaccuracies mar the interest and usefulness of the book: for example, the dating of settlement for Oxford County in the tables as 1796 and on the map as 1808; the dating of the Hicksite-Orthodox controversy in the Society of Friends in Canada as 1812 instead of 1828. Such weaknesses aside, the book is valuable for readers interested in reconstructing a picture of the life led by the earliest Ontario settlers, and particularly by the Pennsylvania Germans and allied groups; it speaks for those who "would not speak for themselves."

PERIODICAL WRITING* *Millar MacLure*

This article is, as usual, necessarily selective in its reference, but the chief areas of emphasis in Canadian periodical literature of 1957 are indicated, and significant contributions to scholarship or opinion are cited and in some cases critically discussed.

The great Canadian problem, the problem of our nationality, continues to engage the nervous attention of many of our most persuasive commentators, and to make staple fare for the readers of Canadian journals. Elections stir up this subject, for, as Sir John Willison observed, "with every change of government in Canada we are made into a nation over again." The "New Canada" of Mr. Diefenbaker's hustings fantasies seems to have caught on with the electors—or perhaps the landslide of March 1958 is the triumph of suburbia; one remembers Alan Brown's brilliant remark, "the entire country is a suburb." At any rate, the critical question of the 1957 election was the defence of Parliament against managerial rule, and that arose, as everybody knows, out of the pipeline question. Nationality, for Canadians, is not an ideological issue; as Hugh G. Thorburn points out ("Parliament and Policy-making: The Case of the Trans-Canada Gas Pipeline," *CJEPS*, Nov.), there is no conflict of doctrine between the government and the official opposition, and the empirical approach to politics results in policies that are a fusion of local and regional feelings. Nationality is a matter of communications, and from the building of the C.P.R., through the squabbles over the C.B.C. and T.C.A. "monopolies," to the minor fiasco of the Newfoundland ferry *William Carson*, the focus of debate and the test of the federal system have been the creation and extension of that imperial lifeline from east to west. This fact accelerates in Canada the modern tendency of the state to become a mammoth corporate structure, administered by a board of directors (the Cabinet) whose interests interlock with regions and with lesser, private corporations, and whose traditional ministerial responsibility to Parliament is thereby scamped and diminished. This great issue, which was dramatically lighted by the pipeline debate, is thoroughly explored from all points of view in a special section, "Focus on Parliament," in *Queen's Quarterly* (Winter), and J. E. Hodgetts, who set up

*The following abbreviations are used: *Can. Art*: *Canadian Art*; *CC*: *Canadian Commentator*; *CF*: *Canadian Forum*; *CHR*: *Canadian Historical Review*; *CJEPS*: *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*; *CJT*: *Canadian Journal of Theology*; *CMJ*: *Canadian Music Journal*; *DR*: *Dalhousie Review*; *IJ*: *International Journal*; *QQ*: *Queen's Quarterly*; *SN*: *Saturday Night*; *TR*: *Tamarack Review*; *UTQ*: *University of Toronto Quarterly*.

this symposium in his editorial capacity, contributes a thoughtful discussion of the stresses upon the "bridge of ministerial responsibility" in "The Civil Service and Policy Formation" (*CJEPS*, Nov.).

To create that political and economic reality of which *a mari usque ad mare* is the heraldic image is no domestic task; it involves continual adjustment to the policies of the United States, and a rueful recognition of Canada's satellite status in the Americas. Discussion of the long-range results of the development of Canada's resources by American capital, the subject of some searching analysis in the periodical writing of 1956, continues this year chiefly with reference to the preliminary report of the Gordon Commission on Canada's economic prospects, a report characterized in the February *Forum* as vitiated by "woolly analysis" and schizophrenic economic thinking. A more technical (and detached) analysis of the report is provided by Jacob Viner, in "The Gordon Commission Report" (*QQ*, Autumn), who notes the nationalistic tone of the document but emphasizes the inevitable linking of the Canadian and American economies. This insistence upon the "practical determinants of Canadian economic development," to which L. B. Pearson has made continual reference during the current election campaign, is also the theme of a critical review of Viner's article, by George Mowbray (*CC*, Nov.).

But the question of Canadian-American relations is larger than this. Canada, we have been told, is the "golden hinge" between the Commonwealth and the United States, or, more grandiloquently, between the Old and the New Worlds. The hinge has been squeaking for some time now, and never louder than in 1957. In *Canada and World Affairs* (1956), B. S. Kierstead noted the emergence of a new phenomenon in Canadian life, "not the old, silly, jealous anti-Americanism of the Loyalist tradition, but a country-wide dismay and distrust of American leadership and a troubled sense that our closest and most trusted friends had been attacked by a spiritual illness that left us baffled as to how we were to conduct our affairs with them." When Mr. Kierstead speaks of "spiritual illness" he means, presumably, those phases of McCarthyite or post-sputnik hysteria which we all deplore; in a larger sense we are all sick, all—sick of power. Anxiously, then, the Canadian contemplates, analyzes the American ethos, and transforms ordinary diplomatic and economic relations into dramatic causes. To his discussion of the complex problems in international law attending power development on the Columbia, Ernest Watkins gives the significant if rather absurd title, "The Columbia River: A Gordian Knot" (*IJ*, Autumn). (There is no Alexander in prospect.) And

in "The Unpopular Man" (*CF*, June), a long review-editorial based on J. R. Beals's Lucely written biography of John Foster Dulles, James Eayrs sums up superbly all that many Canadians feel about the most conspicuous scapegoat of our era. Mr. Eayrs appears in this article as liberal sceptic; in "The Soviet Rocket and the Balance of Power" (*CF*, Oct.) he dons his apocalyptic gown and makes our flesh creep. That aspect of Mr. Dulles's character and opinions epitomized in the phrase "his sense of dedication" is extended by implication to the American forms of political thought by G. M. Craig, in "Our American Neighbours" (*Culture*, Juin), where he points out how American publicists tend to see modern history as a series of footnotes to the Declaration of Independence, and in the same general line of analysis Léon Dion, in "Natural Law and Manifest Destiny in the Era of the American Revolution" (*CJEPS*, May), explains how the American colonists assimilated the idea of their "destiny" to the traditional concept of natural law, and accordingly transformed their faith in an American age into the certainty of the triumph of the New World ideal, which could be rejected only out of ignorance or decadence. A distinguished United Kingdom contributor, Max Beloff, in "The Predicament of American Foreign Policy" (*UTQ*, July), reaches an analogous conclusion, noting "the most important and persistent of America's inheritances from a simpler past, the tendency to overlook the real constituents of a situation and to impose upon it instead a pattern predicated on the assumption that the world is populated entirely by Americans, or would-be Americans. The main trouble about Mr. Dulles's Middle East is that it does not exist." Amid these strong sentiments, Walter E. Swayze makes his lonely appeal, "An Offence unto Charity" (*QQ*, Autumn), in which, moving amiably to another ground of argument, he attacks the plague of unthinking and oversimplified anti-Americanism among us, and urges Canadians to "try to form and retain some picture of the incredible variety, the unexpected paradoxes and blatant contradictions of American life and culture." A timely rebuke, and a reminder that the image of the United States is not to be found in *Time*'s many-coloured glass.

Mr. Beloff's article is largely concerned with the Middle East. Canada's prominence in the formation of the U.N.E.F. at the time of the Suez crisis was, it is agreed, a test of Canadian nationhood in the realm of diplomacy, and it may be that a sense of the importance of the episode from that point of view contributed to the spate of articles on the Suez business, and the Middle East generally, during 1957. Mr. Pearson, interviewed for *Maclean's* (July 6), on "where Canada stands in the

world crisis," announced his conviction that Anglo-French occupation of Egypt would have split the Commonwealth. To which some cynics might reply that this would be to split an abstraction. Yet the Commonwealth is indubitably there, the subject incidentally of a vast literature (reviewed ably by D. J. MacDougall, "Canada and Commonwealth Affairs," *CHR*, Dec.). John Conway, whose accent once irritated Mr. St. Laurent, discusses "The Changing Concepts of the Commonwealth" (*IJ*, Winter), discussing the difference between the "functional" and "metaphysical" views of the Commonwealth and how both were shaken by the Suez crisis. The profound discomfort of Canadian citizens, their editorial and personal disagreements at the time of the Eden-Mollet adventure, persist in the afterthoughts appearing in the journals during the following months. Two opposed views face each other in the Spring issue of the *Dalhousie Review*: Lt. Col. W. J. Deadman, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," offers emotional support to the Anglo-French action, while Donald J. Heasman, "The Middle East: Lessons from the Past and Prospects for the Future," calls it "that unfortunate enterprise," and favours the future development of the area under a "UN Regional Development Plan." R.D.P., I suppose; Mr. Heasman shares the delusion of many Western publicists that combinations of capital letters will save us from the consequences of inept diplomacy and irresponsible exploitation. Colonel Deadman's view bears comparison with an earlier contribution from Sir Robert Holland, "Suez and the UNO" (*DR*, Winter), who, making frequent reference to the Almighty, deplores the violence of attacks on the Anglo-French-Israeli action. These are lightweight contributions; by contrast, we have three articles in the *International Journal* (Spring): George F. G. Stanley, "Failure at Suez," a condemnation of the Anglo-French campaign as "the outcome of fuzzy political thinking and faulty military planning"; Maxwell Cohen, "The United Nations Emergency Force: A Preliminary View," an analysis of the U.N. documents setting up the force and defining its duties and powers, with some instructive comment on the increase in authority and responsibility of the Secretary-General; and James Eayrs, "Canadian Policy and Opinion during the Suez Crisis," a review and evaluation of the divisions of public opinion at the time. Mr. Eayrs decides that beneath the debate "was a striking degree of national unity," and that "our foreign policy has finally descended from the mists of amiability into the bullpen of power politics." The reader is directed also to J. H. Aitchison, "Canadian Foreign Policy in the House and on the Hustings" (*IJ*, Autumn), and to a remark of Sir Robert Borden's, quoted by George Ferguson (*IJ*, Spring):

"If the future policy of the British meant working in co-operation with some European nation as against the United States, that policy could not reckon on the approval or the support of Canada." A sidelight on the crisis, of more than journalistic interest, is John Graham's very moving account of the Labour Party rally in Trafalgar Square ("From the Lion's Mouth," *TR*, Spring); Mr. Graham's description of how it feels to be shoved back by mounted policemen should be read, by those who need to develop their sense of the ironic, in conjunction with W. A. Westley's "The Nature and Control of Hostile Crowds" (*CJEPS*, Feb.), a sociological study of "the theory of crowds from the perspective of how metropolitan police see and control them." Another episode, which deeply stirred the sensibilities of Canadians at the time, is recalled by Sidney Katz, in "What kind of man *was* Herbert Norman?" (*Maclean's*, Sept. 28), an attempt to elucidate the complexities of Norman's character by reference to the Epicurean and oriental elements in his thinking. If we admit that the criticism of the Crown by Malcolm Muggeridge, Lord Altrincham, and John Osborne is also a Commonwealth crisis, we may conveniently notice here James Eayrs's analysis of these attacks ("The Queen and Her Critics," *CF*, Nov.), Kildare Dobbs's puckish and bland "The Queen and I" in the same issue, and "June Callwood's Story of the Queen's Visit" (*Maclean's*, Dec. 7), which provoked some irate response from readers whose notions of the Crown are fixed in the "Crawfie" mould, but is chiefly valuable as an intimate account of how the journalist-entourage operates and feels on a Royal Tour, the scramble, the blend of cynicism and sentiment, the Kilgallen touch.

The debate on foreign affairs and Canada's part in them has acquired a new medium with the appearance of the monthly journal of opinion *Canadian Commentator* (2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto; editor-in-chief: Marcus Long). In the first issue (Jan.), Professor Long states: "We are alarmed that Canada, with its growing international commitments, has no national journal, reaching the general public, which tries to assess our commitments in the light of moral principles and Canadian interests. . . . That is the main reason for the *Canadian Commentator*." Regular contributors include Willson Woodside on foreign affairs, Mavor Moore on the arts, Robert MacKenzie from London, and James M. Minifie from Washington; no member of the editorial board is responsible for any opinions except those printed under his own name. If the *Canadian Commentator* is, as its founders hoped it would be, "a distinctive Canadian voice," then this voice is the depressing sound of the Couchiching Conference prolonged over the whole year.

Meanwhile, "our living tradition" is recalled by the historians. The celebration of the centenary of David Thompson (1770–1857) in a number of articles is not only a duty of scholarship but a tribute to the kind of hero Canadians seek to claim as their own: unobtrusively complex in character, and gifted in those arts by which man masters nature—the geographer as hero. V. G. Hopwood, who is working on Thompson's journals, contributes "Centenary of an Explorer" (*QQ*, Spring), "New Light on David Thompson" (*Beaver*, Summer), and "More Light on David Thompson" (*Beaver*, Autumn); there is a notice by Mabel E. Jordan in *Canadian Geographical Journal* (March), and a feature by Frank Croft, "David Thompson's Lonely Crusade to Open the West" (*Maclean's*, Nov. 9). A very different man of the wilderness, an anarchist who found fulfilment in pitting himself against the mystery and peril of the tundra, is commemorated in George Whalley's "The Legend of John Hornby" (*TR*, Autumn); Whalley is not explicit about it, but he seems to realize that he is writing an allegory of the life and death of the "outsider." Two of the heroes of what Donald Creighton calls "the Grit interpretation of Canadian history," George Brown and Edward Blake, are studied this year. Margaret A. Banks, in "The Change in Liberal Party Leadership, 1887" (*CHR*, June), traces in detail the events which led to Laurier's assumption of the leadership after the resignation of the discouraged Blake; the documents cited and discussed throw much light on the character of Blake, whom F. H. Underhill has called "the most tragic failure that has yet appeared in Canadian public life." J. M. S. Careless contributes two articles on George Brown: a general survey of Brown's ideas on trade and parliamentary institutions, as they appeared in Toronto *Globe* editorials, which, from 1844 to 1880, offer "a unique documentation of Brown's thinking" (*CF*, Feb.); and "The Independent Member for Kent Reports, 1853" (*CHR*, March), in which Mr. Careless reproduces and glosses a letter of Brown's to Archibald Young of Port Sarnia, of March 22, 1853, reporting on activities in the parliament of the United Province of Canada. The letter is especially interesting on the question of the relations of church and state; Ryerson's scheme for "the teaching of Romanism in separate schools" is mentioned, for example.

Studies in regional history continue to appear. Gordon Dickie, in a two-part article, "Cultural Origins in Canadian Life" (*DR*, Spring, Summer), discusses the formulation of political and cultural patterns in the Loyalist settlements of the Maritimes, and concludes with a characterization which is, it seems to me, still true of those provinces: "We might describe these colonials as being of the world rather than in it. . . . They

knew the world even if the world knew not them." J. Murray Beck, whose contributions to Nova Scotian political history are frequent in appearance and authoritative in content, has a timely account of "The Nomination of Candidates in Nova Scotia" (*DR*, Winter), a study of nomination procedures since the early nineteenth century, and of the formation of party associations through "extra-legal conventions and practices." Noting the virtual disappearance of the public debate on nomination day, he observes: "The contentious eighty-five minute spectacle at Port Hood on October 16, 1956, was made still more colourful by the presence of armed deer-hunters." This characteristic reference, which should send non-Nova Scotians to the newspaper files, prepares us for the combination of meticulous documentation and sardonic detachment which distinguishes Mr. Beck's treatment of "The Canadian Parliament and Divorce" (*CJEPS*, Aug.). Students of local history will find Edwin G. Guillet's "The Sources of Local History" (*Ontario History*, vol. XLIX, no. 3) a useful guide to the delights and labours of compiling and arranging regional materials; Mr. Guillet writes with special reference to the research for his *The Valley of the Trent*. R. A. Preston's commentary on Mr. Guillet's paper, in the same journal, emphasizes the necessity of stringent selectivity in the assembling of "literary" materials in such histories. Here may be mentioned C. F. Klinck's studies in pre-Confederation Canadian letters: "Some Anonymous Literature of the War of 1812" (*Ontario History*, vol. XLIX, no. 2), and "John Galt's Canadian Novels" (*Ontario History*, vol. XLIX, no. 4). The publication and historical analysis of selections of regional archives is carried on, in Canada, through such journals as *Ontario History* (Dept. of History, University of Toronto), just cited, *Saskatchewan History* (University of Saskatchewan), *British Columbia Historical Quarterly* (Provincial Archives, Victoria), *Alberta Historical Review* (Historical Society of Alberta, Edmonton), and others. Two regional magazines of popular appeal are the *Beaver*, the Hudson's Bay Company's superbly produced journal, invaluable for the history of the Northwest, and the *Atlantic Advocate* (Fredericton; Editor: Michael Wardell). The *Advocate*, successor to the *Maritime Advocate and Busy East*, is an advertising medium for the Atlantic provinces' business and industry, a propaganda organ for A.P.E.C., and a photograph album for Lord Beaverbrook and the editor, whose recollections of his career, studded with pictures of him in company with the Duke of Windsor, Lord Mountbatten, etc., have adorned a number of issues; memories of past glories stir beneath the stately elms.

The time and effort devoted by serious and articulate Canadians to

worrying out loud about the present and future state of the arts in this country could not of course create an epic but could conceivably have completed the Trans-Canada highway. The arts *are* educational, of course, and may be discussed in an educational context, but often their spokesmen do not conceive of this relationship in the traditional humanist way; their complaints are revealingly analogous to the well-meaning but footling comments which we daily endure about the problem of the "gifted child." Nathan Cohen's "Television and the Canadian Theatre" (*QQ*, Spring), Morley Callaghan's "Canada's Creeping 'Me Too' Sickness" (*SN*, Apr. 13), Robert Weaver's "What Canada Needs" (*CC*, Sept.), even the companion pieces on the situation and prospects of the Canadian dramatist and the Canadian poet by Norman Williams and James Reaney (*UTQ*, Apr.), are all attacks, open or disguised, upon the inflexibility of institutions; all, in their different ways, conceive of the artist as a Cinderella flower blooming on the thin soil of a pre-Cambrian outcrop. The narrowness of this general view is qualified, in Mr. Reaney's case, by a strong sense of the discipline of history and geology in the formation of the Canadian poetic consciousness, and Louis Dudek, in his "further self-indulgent reflections" on the relation of the artist to his *milieu* in "The Montreal Poets" (*Culture*, Juin), emphasizes the nourishment of the creative spirit by the *city* and its education through a poets' *symposium*. Neither Mr. Reaney nor Mr. Dudek thinks of literature as a kind of high-grade political activity.

In the whole area of the arts and the humanities, the patronage of the Canada Council is now operative. The newly constituted body has received a variety of advice, ranging in weight from Donald R. Gordon's "The Canada Council Can Learn a Lesson" (*SN*, July 6), offering the example of how Iceland supports culture, through the *Tamarack Review* (Summer) editorial, by Robert Weaver and the present writer, to the lengthy brief from the Canadian Music Council (*CMJ*, Spring), prepared by Arnold Walter and Geoffrey Payzant. Dr. Walter's description of music in a mass culture is set out by way of enlightening contrast with the situation in the eighteenth century: in our time, distribution takes precedence over performance, performance over composition; performance is taken up largely with the treasures of the past; there is a loss of direct communication between artist and public, and the craftsman does not receive his fair share from mass distribution. Musical scholarship and criticism continue to flourish in this journal, in its very thorough and useful review section, on new music, recordings, and books, and in larger contributions. The Elgar centenary is commemorated in a bio-

graphical article by Boyd Neel, and two critical papers: one by Godfrey Ridout, with the splendid title "Elgar, The Angular Saxon" (Summer), and one by Peter Garvie, "Falstaff and the King: Reflections on Elgar" (Autumn). Maurice Lowe vigorously attacks atonal music, in "The Labyrinth of Modern Music" (Winter); it's a product of an age "suffering from wholesale schizophrenia," he says, and it defies natural law. Mr. Lowe keeps bees. Contemporary interest in the folk song is represented by two contributions from Marius Barbeau, "Indian Songs of the Northwest" (Autumn), and "Folk Songs of French Louisiana" (Winter). (There is a guide to Canadian folk song records, by Edith Fowke, in *CF*, Sept.)

Canadian Art, which has since received a subsidy from the Canada Council, publishes as usual narrative and critical notices of Canadian painters. A. Y. Jackson's "Box-car Days in Algoma, 1919–20" (Summer) is a fascinating evocation of the personalities and opinions of a great era in Canadian painting. There they were, Jackson and Harris, up in the wilderness living on Roman Meal, "then back to Toronto and the newspapers, where we read all the rotten things they said about us; one of the things they said about Harris's work was that if was allowed to continue, it would discourage immigration to Canada." In the rather charming photographic essay "Canadian Artists in Paris" (Summer), by Jasmine and Philip Pocock, we see Paul-Emile Borduas, Jack Nichols, and others at work in the traditional surroundings; Robert Fulford's "Artists in Boom-Town: Young Painters of Toronto" (Winter) is, by contrast, a dismal collection of *clichés*, but the names of the artists, Coughtry, Nakamura, Snow, Varvarande, are at least brought before the public. Catherine Jones's "The Native Genius We've Never Discovered" (*Maclean's*, Aug. 3) is a profile of Jean-Paul Riopelle, who has lived for the past ten years in Paris, and whose astonishing productivity sets him apart from many contemporaries. The author's critical powers may be judged by this *aperçu*: "He paints huge canvasses, many of them taller than he is, as though Canada's dimensions had influenced his work." A controversy on the merits of non-objective painting, which began with Graham McInnes, "Has the Emperor Clothes?" (*Can. Art.*, Autumn, 1956), continues with Colin Graham's moderate reply "Is Non-objective Art Non-objectionable" (*Can. Art.*, Spring), which easily takes the prize for the worst title of the year. Finally, this seems the proper place to mention Germaine Warkentin's appraisal of the experiments and achievements of the most exciting film-maker of his generation, Norman McLaren (*TR*, Autumn).

From articles with a primarily Canadian reference, I turn, not without relief, to the ancient Mediterranean world, to the *Phoenix*, mentioning first two highly specialized studies: Rhys Carpenter, "Linear B" (Summer), which supports the contention of the late Michael Ventris that the Linear B symbols on some Mycenean tablets of *ca.* 1500 B.C. represent an archaic form of Greek; and Raphael Seeley's study of a fourth-century B.C. inscription known as "IG II². 1609," and the light it throws on the organization of the Second Athenian Sea-League (Autumn). Two Roman specialists' papers balance these: A. E. Raubitschek, "Brutus in Athens" (Spring), traces Brutus' activities from the Ides of March, 44 B.C., to the meeting of Brutus and Cassius at Sardis, showing how Brutus' self-confidence was restored by the triumph of his reception in Athens, where a statue was erected in his honour; E. T. Salmon, "Hannibal's March on Rome" (Winter), compares and analyzes the accounts of Hannibal's march from Capua to Rome in 211 B.C. J. W. Graham's "*Auri sacra fames*" (Autumn) collects some interesting facts about the use of and passion for gold in antiquity. A not unimportant aspect of the classical heritage, "The Latin Epigram in Scotland: The Sixteenth Century" (Summer), is studied by D. F. S. Thomson, exemplifying the high didactic purpose and verbal virtuosity of the Scottish Latinists, with some dry comment on the Scottish character. This article is to appear in a forthcoming history of modern Latin literature, and is, apart from its other merits, of considerable bibliographical value to students of Renaissance literatures. Two articles of distinction on Plato appeared this year: M. D. C. Tait, in "Plato's Use of Myth" (*UTQ*, Jan.), illustrates the persistent mythical element in Plato's thought by reference to the myth of Love in the *Symposium* and the myth of the soul in the *Phaedrus*. Plato recognizes myth as "an autonomous form of apprehension valid in its own sphere, and supplementary to dialectic," and his use of myth evinces his emphasis upon "the individual moral subject" as distinct from abstract principles. F. E. Sparshott, in "Plato and Thrasymachus" (*UTQ*, Oct.), notices Plato's ambiguous attitude to this character in *The Republic*, which reveals that his own sympathies were divided, and that he was at that time of writing "a deeply embittered man."

But not an "angry young man": Plato was never that. Perhaps Alcibiades was—it is hard to catch the great Athenians on a phrase, they are like their architects' columns, shimmering proportion in free space. The only local contribution, in 1957, to the controversy over Kingsley Amis, John Wain, *et al.*, is Richard Voorhees' "The New Comedy" (*CF*, May), in which there is a valuable if undeveloped hint that the picaresque heroes

of these inflammatory novels are simulacra of the character Bob Hope creates in film. An amusing and perhaps perceptive notion, which somebody should follow up. In addition to this echo of a distant (Mr. Weaver —see his paper cited above—would say too distant) tempest, we have five important contributions to the criticism of twentieth-century English literature. Nathan Cohen's interview with Joyce Cary (*TR*, Spring) is an intimate glimpse of a great gentleman and fine craftsman. During his recent sojourn in Toronto, Herbert Davis turned from Swift to examine a locally available typescript of D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, and his comparison of it with the published text (*UTQ*, Oct.) seriously modifies F. R. Leavis's contention that Lawrence's methods were "characteristically un-Flaubertian." Another attack, firm but urbane, upon received critical opinion, is to be found in N. J. Endicott's "Walter de la Mare, 1873–1956" (*UTQ*, Jan.). Mr. Endicott protests against the conventional view of de la Mare as "a romantic spell-binder and a charmer of children, himself a last child in the Georgian garden near the church clock stopped at ten to three," and points to de la Mare's "terrifying awareness" of the isolated consciousness, the source of delight and horror at the heart of human experience. Hugo McPherson claims a comparable depth of vision for Morley Callaghan ("The Two Worlds of Morley Callaghan," *QQ*, Autumn), asserting that in his exploration of the relations between the empirical and the spiritual Callaghan has "written the little man's *Ash Wednesday* and *Burnt Norton*." I do not believe a word of this, but it is well argued. The last of these five is an unobtrusive review, by William Blissett, of St. John Ervine's *Bernard Shaw* (*CF*, July), which I mention for the sake of its last sentence. Speaking of Shaw's "impunity," Mr. Blissett observes: "Listening to the radio in his last years and hearing the phrase 'people's democracy,' he did not feel the pistol at the back of his neck; hearing the phrase 'free world,' he was unaware of radio-active poisons storing themselves in his old bones."

Going back into the tradition, we have an attempt by Deborah S. Austin to find in Meredith's experimental use of imagery as a structural device in fiction a forerunner of some more recent forms in fiction ("Meredith on the Nature of Metaphor," *UTQ*, Oct.). A nice contrast in the views of the Enlightenment and the Romantic Movement is provided by George Falle's view of Dryden's professional career as a constant effort to establish the practice of letters as a normal human activity, following Hobbes's definition of poetry and other forms of art as a branch of *scientia* ("Dryden: Professional Man of Letters," *UTQ*, July), and

John W. Bilsland's discussion of De Quincey's idea that literature offers in an idealized form such emotional experiences as life affords only in moments of climactic emotional upheaval ("On De Quincey's Theory of Literary Power," *UTQ*, July). Barker Fairley's "Goethe's Last Letter" (*UTQ*, Oct.) exhibits the sage's final insight into the unconscious unity of artistic creation, when the mind does not stop thinking, but forgets it is thinking. Goethe, as usual, resolves the antinomy of the objective views of the creative process. The bicentenary of Blake's birth is commemorated in Northrop Frye's "Blake after Two Centuries" (*UTQ*, Oct.), where Blake's place in the English Protestant, radical, and romantic tradition is defined.

The Protestant tradition in theological studies, as it has developed since Niebuhr and Tillich, is characterized by a strong emphasis upon "the Christian philosophy of history," to which J. M. Shaw, in "The Christian Interpretation of History" (*CJT*, Jan.), provides a rather thin introduction, based on the contrast between the Graeco-Roman view of history and the Hebrew view. (Has Mr. Shaw read Cochrane's *Christianity and Classical Culture*?) The main structure of Biblical history, with its ideological and mythical elements, has received overwhelming authentication from modern archaeological and philological research, and this validates the Biblical idea of "history": this is the argument of Stanley B. Frost, "History and the Bible" (*CJT*, Apr.). The "theology of history" in the Book of Revelation is outlined by Allan L. Farris, in an unsatisfactory article (*ibid.*); to Mr. Farris we recommend a reading of Austin Farrer's *A Rebirth of Images*. On this ground of the Christian vision of history as proceeding to and moving from the Incarnation, the Christian thinkers attack Toynbee's monumental synthesis, and more especially his *An Historian's Approach to Religion*. J. F. Leddy, in the course of a vigorous critique of Toynbee's bias against Rome and the dubious reference of his adjective "Hellenic" ("Toynbee and the History of Rome," *Phoenix*, Winter), observes that Toynbee is unto the Christian a stumbling-block and unto the historian foolishness—Paul's superb sentence has led many a scholar into an exaggeration. See also Will Herberg, "Arnold Toynbee: Historian or Religious Prophet?" (*QQ*, Autumn): "Toynbee the historian in effect dissolves history into a cyclical eternalism and has surrendered everything Christian . . . in favour of a new syncretistic religion inspired by the Buddha and not by Christ." He says that Toynbee is "a latter-day Marcion," a perceptive analogy.

The *Canadian Journal of Theology*, in which many of these articles have appeared, continues its policy of publishing papers on Canadian

church history. John S. Moir reproduces six letters (1839–42) from the Strachan papers in the Ontario Archives, a correspondence between Bishop Strachan and J. H. Newman (*CJT*, Oct.). We notice without surprise that Bishop Strachan thought the earlier Tracts for the Times "wrought wonders for our church," but deplored the Romanizing element in the movement. Recent interest in the ecumenical movement among the Protestant churches, evidenced by the *Maclean's* panel "Should the Protestant Churches Unite?" (Sept. 14), adds a contemporary reference to Thomas R. Millman's account of a conference on Christian unity held in Toronto in 1889 (*CJT*, July).

Let us turn, finally, to a selection of articles which in one way or another bear upon our general intellectual situation at the present time, when the Western humanist, unwilling to relinquish his sense of tradition and process, but confronted everywhere by apocalyptic phenomena, tries to decide between the power of knowledge and the knowledge of power. The attachment, informed or otherwise, to varieties of existentialism is symptomatic of this dilemma, for, as John Wild puts it, "the whole of existentialist literature is saturated with a poignant sense of the fragility and contingency of man" ("Existentialism: A New View of Man," *UTQ*, Oct.). In politics, the sense of continuity expressed in the principles of British Conservatism, for example, which is, according to Alexander Brady, "simply a political phase of British empiricism" ("British Conservatism: Its Political Ideas," *UTQ*, Jan.), or the values which popular myth and historical perspective alike attach to the figure of Winston Churchill, the last of the political romantics (see Gordon K. Lewis, "On the Character and Achievement of Sir Winston Churchill," *CJEPS*, May), are opposed to the ideas of an era in which the rejection of historical continuity is symbolized by the catch-phrase "agonizing reappraisal," and progress is measured by the "count-down" before a rocket blast-off. Robert McCormack, reviewing a selection of highbrow paperbacks (*TR*, Autumn), says: "I have a nightmare vision of a society in which a whole branch of the vast machinery of communications pours out endlessly upon a dazed and aimless reading public the disjected fragments of what was once a world." If we come to consider the past as a museum and the future as either utopia or annihilation, then the function of science is not to condition the evolutionary progress of man, as in a neo-Darwinian world it would be (an implication from T. A. Goudge, "Is Evolution Finished?" *UTQ*, July), but to provide an imagined security for man and while doing so to entertain him. As R. O. Earl notes, this is what is popularly demanded of science now ("Educa-

tion in Science," *QQ*, Summer). Science becomes purely instrumental, or, if you will, a precocious and aggressive child feebly watched over by the governess *Humanitas*. Nowhere is this aggressiveness more evident than in the vast apparatus of mass communications and the development of sociological analysis for use in advertising. The euphemisms of public relations are hardening into the vocabulary of Newspeak: so argues Stebelton H. Nulle, who, borrowing his title, "On the Fatal Imposture and Force of Words" (*DR*, Autumn), from the Reverend Robert South, discusses the pervasive use of and the meanings attached to such words as "demonstration," "underprivileged," "communicate," "integrate." The cultural revolution created by the mass media continues to be studied by the editors of *Explorations*, whose now familiar credo is reiterated by Edmund Carpenter, "The New Languages" (*Explorations 7*), and set out in a kind of free-verse litany in the same issue, filled with the most incredible errors and hyperboles; for example,

> Find a classic
> which wasn't first regarded
> as light entertainment.

Well, there is Thucydides, and the *Aeneid*. *Explorations 8* is an experimental reconstruction in print of the "verbi-voco-visual" world, simulating, by the use of colour and flexitype, "the spherical nature of the oral world." This is "Brain Storming" (a title from Wyndham Lewis), a witches' sabbath of ideas and quotations, and incidentally an empirical demonstration of some ideas suggested by Dorothy Lee, in "Lineal and Nonlineal Codifications of Reality" (*Explorations 7*). It must be said that a reader who looks into this journal for light on the forms of art and discussion created by radio and television or on the psychological effect of these forms upon the individual, will look in vain. The editors promised us a grammar of the new media, and they have given us instead a rhapsody.

LIVRES EN FRANÇAIS

LA POÉSIE

Guy Sylvestre

L'année 1957 fut, pour la poésie canadienne de langue française, une bonne année. Elle nous a donné un choix de poèmes de Nérée Beauchemin, une édition collective des *Œuvres poétiques* de Robert Choquette, de nouveaux recueils de Roger Brien, Alain Grandbois, Jean-Guy Pilon, Pierre Trottier, et Roland Giguère; et elle a vu paraître les

premiers cahiers d'une douzaine de jeunes poètes, dont certains semblent prometteurs. Somme toute, une bonne année.

La collection des *Classiques canadiens*, lancée par les éditions Fides en 1956, s'est enrichie en 1957 de quatre nouveaux titres, dont un *Nérée Beauchemin* édité par le poète Clément Marchand (Montréal, Edns Fides, 96 pp.). L'auteur des *Fleurs matutinales* fut à son époque un des meilleurs poètes canadiens, un poète mineur certes, mais d'une sincérité touchante et d'un goût sûr, et il a écrit quelques pages qui comptent parmi celles qu'on aime rappeler. Mais quand on relit les meilleurs poèmes de Beauchemin entre deux plaquettes de vers de jeunes poètes d'aujourd'hui, on ne peut s'empêcher d'être sidéré par l'étendue et la profondeur de la révolution qui s'est opérée dans la poésie canadienne depuis un demi-siècle. Non seulement les sujets, ou les thèmes, qui retiennent l'attention des poètes sont fort différents; non seulement les techniques d'écriture ont évolué considérablement, mais ce qui est plus important encore, c'est la dissimilitude presque totale de la notion même de poésie chez un Nérée Beauchemin, d'une part, et chez un Roland Giguère, d'autre part.

C'est là une constatation qui n'est pas particulière au Canada français. Elle s'impose autant à celui qui compare Moréas à Guillevic, Francis Thompson à Dylan Thomas, ou Bliss Carman à Irving Layton, qu'à celui qui cherche, sans le trouver, un commun dénominateur à Albert Lozeau et à Jean-Guy Pilon. Mais cette révolution n'est pas moins réelle au Canada français qu'ailleurs et, s'il est vrai qu'elle fait partie d'une révolution qui s'est étendue à tout l'Occident, elle n'en offre pas moins dans le Québec un certain nombre de traits distinctifs. Ainsi, Pierre Trottier a beau publier des *Poèmes de Russie*, il n'en est pas moins un poète canadien par une certaine qualité de la sensibilité comme par son expérience de l'espace et du temps: on ne s'y trompe pas. En somme, les poètes canadiens de langue française continuent à subir l'influence des poètes français et à réagir devant ces influences de manière à particulariser des tendances plus générales. Ces influences se croisent d'ailleurs, disparaissent vite ou persistent longtemps, et c'est pourquoi en marge de cette révolution récente, dont les précurseurs furent Alain Grandbois et Saint-Denys-Garneau, des traditions plus anciennes survivent et se retrouvent dans des œuvres qui ont un certain caractère anachronique. Ainsi, entre la fusée interplanétaire et la bombe à hydrogène, la vieille voiture à traction animale et le vieux rouet inspirent encore des poètes: les unes ne sont pas plus "poétiques" que les autres, tout dépend de ce que le poète en fait. L'anachronisme n'est pas tant dans l'objet que dans

le regard ou dans la pensée du poète: les "ruines" de Giguère sont plus "modernes" que les "gratte-ciel" de Brien.

De toute manière, une partie importante de la production poétique récente est vraiment une poésie de l'âge atomique. Ce n'est pas par hasard, semble-t-il, que la désintégration des formes poétiques traditionnelles est contemporaine de la fission de l'atome: il y a toutes sortes de phénomènes d'osmose entre les divers domaines de l'histoire humaine, et il serait étonnant que les poètes ne se soient pas aperçu—peut-être faut-il dire: n'aient pas pressenti—que cette époque en est une de celles où tout est remis en question et où, par l'éclatement des cadres, de nouveaux ordres prennent forme. La poésie canadienne française de 1957 est, dans l'ensemble, vraiment de la poésie d'aujourd'hui, même si on y observe la survivance de traditions qui ont la vie dure.

A l'âge d'Elvis Presley, le Canada français est partiellement resté attaché à Pierrot, à Isabau et au bon roi Dagobert. Le vieux folklore de l'ouest de la France a été importé ici, modifié en partie, et est encore vivant, surtout dans les milieux ruraux. Mais ces vieilles chansons n'ont guère inspiré les poètes et les musiciens et entre ce trésor populaire et la poésie contemporaine il y a solution de continuité. Au cours de la dernière année, deux ouvrages ont paru sur les vieilles chansons françaises du Canada, écrits tous deux par des musicologues préoccupés davantage par l'aspect musical de ce folklore que par la saveur poétique ou la signification sociale des chansons. Le septième cahier des *Archives de folklore* est tout entier occupé par Russell Scott Young qui y commente cinquante *Vieilles Chansons de Nouvelle-France* (Québec, Presses Universitaires Laval, 1956, 129 pp., $3.00), tandis que Marguerite et Raoul d'Harcourt ont étudié la langue musicale des *Chansons folkloriques françaises au Canada* (Presses Universitaires Laval, 1956, xii, 449 pp., $5.50) dans un énorme ouvrage fait de mains de maîtres. Ce qui n'a guère été étudié, et serait la matière d'une enquête critique dont la portée sociologique serait grande, c'est l'éventail des thèmes les plus fréquents de ces chansons, leurs constantes et leurs modifications dans le temps et dans l'espace. Nous aurions là une synthèse de la poésie populaire que les Français ont apportée en Nouvelle-France et de l'évolution de cette poésie sous l'influence des facteurs géographiques, historiques, et autres. Cette étude n'a pas encore été faite, elle est désormais possible grâce aux remarquables travaux d'inventaire et d'analyse de quelques bons folkloristes. Ce qui est certain, en tout cas, c'est que cette poésie populaire n'a à peu près rien de commun avec la jeune poésie d'aujourd'hui.

Cette jeune poésie est aussi éloignée, sinon plus encore, de celle de la génération précédente. Cela vient d'être rendu particulièrement sensible par l'édition des *Œuvres poétiques* de Robert Choquette et des *Vols et Plongées* de Roger Brien. Ces deux poètes, dont les débuts ont été très remarqués en 1925 et 1935 respectivement, sont restés tous deux fidèles aux dieux romantiques de leur jeunesse, même si en vieillissant ils ont cherché à se dépouiller partiellement d'un verbalisme trop souvent excessif. Les dieux qu'ils adorent n'ont plus beaucoup de fidèles aujourd'hui, et leur poésie est déjà d'une autre époque. Qui, à le lire, pourrait penser que Robert Choquette est de cinq ans le cadet d'Alain Grandbois?

Les *Œuvres poétiques* de Robert Choquette ont été réunies en deux volumes (collection du Nénuphar, nos 17, 18; Edns Fides, 1956, 339, 282 pp., $6.50), dont le second est tout entier occupé par *Suite marine* (1953), tandis que le premier réunit *A travers les vents* (1925), *Metropolitan Museum* (1931), *Poésies nouvelles* (1932), ainsi que des *Vers inédits* écrits entre 1923 et 1956. Ces inédits n'ajoutent rien à la célébrité de l'auteur. Mais cette édition des poésies complètes de Choquette permet d'en mieux saisir les lignes de force et les faiblesses et d'en évaluer la valeur. Robert Choquette est le poète de la force, de la jeunesse, de l'enthousiasme, et il est fasciné par ce qui défie le temps et par ce qui triomphe des pires difficultés. Il y a quelque chose de quelque peu épique dans cette œuvre qui est celle d'un romantique fougueux et impénitent. Il a quelque peu atténué l'éclat de ses premiers poèmes dans les versions corrigées qu'il en publie maintenant, et sa *Suite marine* était certes plus sobre que ses premiers essais; mais il reste le poète grandiloquent de l'*Ode au matin* et du *Chant de l'aigle rouge*. Ce n'est pas Mozart qu'il chante, mais Wagner. En cette époque où triomphent le vers libre et le poème bref, il a accumulé plus de six mille alexandrins sur un seul thème dans sa *Suite marine*, et cela suppose un courage qui impose l'admiration. Le malheur est que cette entreprise poétique, la plus considérable depuis *La Légende d'un peuple*, est très inégale et que les belles strophes y sont quelque peu perdues au milieu de celles qui ne sont là que pour faire nombre. Mais ces beaux passages nous font volontiers pardonner à l'auteur d'avoir écrit les autres.

Roger Brien a été, lui aussi, tenté par les grands sujets et il en a développé quelques-uns avec une abondance lyrique peu commune et en respectant tous les canons classiques. Son inspiration est essentiellement religieuse: presque tous ses poèmes sont des cantiques et son dernier recueil, *Vols et Plongées* (Nicolet, Edns du Centre marial canadien, 1956, 133 pp., $1.75), ne fait pas exception à la règle. Le poète

reprend ici plusieurs fois le même thème—"il y a deux hommes en moi"—mais il ne parvient guère à émouvoir car on ne sent nulle part de déchirement réel: les dés sont pipés et, sûr de lui, le poète célèbre sans cesse ses victoires sur le Malin. Ces luttes spirituelles sont trop souvent de simples exercices littéraires: toute vraie poésie comporte une certaine dose de mystère, des zones d'ombre, mais ici nous sommes dans le monde de l'explication, dans la clarté des simples notions abstraites ou dans la facilité des sentiments convenus. Ce qui prouve qu'on peut faire de la mauvaise littérature avec de bons sentiments—tout comme on peut en faire avec de mauvais sentiments. On peut aussi faire de la bonne ou de la mauvaise littérature en suivant scrupuleusement les règles rigoureuses de l'école ou en leur en substituant de nouvelles. Le vrai problème est ailleurs.

Le malheur est que, si certains croient atteindre à la poésie en respectant les règles de la prosodie, d'autres semblent croire qu'il suffit, pour y atteindre, de tourner le dos à tous les canons et de laisser l'imagination prendre la clé des champs. Ainsi, Raymond Savard n'est pas meilleur poète en respectant les traditions établies, tant littéraires que sociales, dans ses *Reflets* (Montréal, Edns Nocturne, 72 pp.) que Jean-Paul Martino en les violant toutes dans *Osmonde* (Montréal, Edns Erta): ces deux jeunes écrivains sont aux antipodes l'un de l'autre à tous points de vue, ce qui ne les empêche pas de rester tous deux étrangers à la poésie réelle.

Parmi les jeunes poètes qui ont débuté en 1957, plusieurs ne méritent pas de retenir l'attention, du moins à en juger par leur premier recueil. Parmi les débuts décevants, il faut noter *Le Froid et le fer* de Guy Gervais (Montréal, Edns de la Cascade, 28 pp., $1.00); *Etranges Domaines* qui réunit trois jeunes: André Brochu, J. André Contant, et Yves Dubé (Edns de la Cascade, 48 pp., $1.00); *Plaisir d'amour* de Georgette Pelletier (Edns Nocturne, 60 pp., $1.50); *Unis à l'inconnu* de Roger Viau (Edns Nocturne, 68 pp., $1.50). Peut-être y a-t-il des possibilités d'épanouissement chez Rolande Major Charbonneau, l'auteur de *Dans mes souliers rouges* (Montréal, Edns Clair-Flo, 45 pp., $1.10); chez Alan Horic dont *L'Aube assassinée* (Collection de la Tête Armée, no 6; Edns Erta), est d'un dépouillement qui rejoint presque celui, extrême, de Maurice Beaulieu dans *A Glaise fendre* (Montréal, chez l'auteur, Société Radio-Canada, 52 pp.); chez Aurélien d'Allaire aussi dont *La Quatrième* (Montréal, Edns du Soleil vert, 109 pp., $1.80), renferme des pièces qui indiquent un heureux sens de l'humour. Trois autres jeunes poètes, fort dissemblables d'ailleurs, manifestent des quali-

tés, sans pourtant encore s'imposer nettement à notre attention. Ollivier Mercier Gouin, dans ses *Poèmes et chansons* (Montréal, Edns Beauchemin, 62 pp., $1.50) marie l'humour à la tendresse et son *Eléphant neurasthénique* est charmant. Simone G. Murray est surtout une poétesse de l'amour dans ses *Clairs Obscurs* (Poètes de notre temps, no 165; Monte Carlo, Edns Regain, 1956, 94 pp., $1.75) et elle aime les demi-teintes, les nuances, les murmures secrets, mais sans tomber dans la mièvrerie grâce à des dons d'ironie assez prononcés. D'autre part, Françoise Bujold se révèle, elle aussi, dans *Au Catalogue des solitudes* (Collection de la Tête Armée; Edns Erta, 1956, $1.50), une poétesse de l'amour, mais d'une gravité et d'un laconisme extrêmes, et consciente des limites imposées aux sentiments mêmes les plus absolus en apparence. C'est l'impossibilité de se rejoindre vraiment dans l'amour qui la hante et les solitudes de son catalogue ne sont pas moindres du fait de la présence de l'autre. Françoise Bujold n'a pas les moyens de Simone Murray ni d'Ollivier Mercier Gouin, mais ce qu'elle a à nous dire est d'un autre ordre.

Cela est vrai également de trois autres jeunes poètes qui ont réuni quelques pages dans une plaquette commune, *Trinôme* (Montréal, Edns Jean Molinet, 57 pp., $1.25). Ces quelques pages ne permettent guère de formuler de jugement sur leur apport qui est minime, mais Richard Pérusse, Jacques Brault, et Claude Mathieu se trouvent précisément apporter dans ces cinquante pages brèves les thèmes, les sujets, qui sont repris et développés dans les nouveaux recueils d'Alain Grandbois, Pierre Trottier, Jean-Guy Pilon, et Roland Giguère. Il y a là une volonté de dépaysement, surtout chez Claude Mathieu et Roland Giguère, qui n'est en définitive qu'une manière détournée d'amener le lecteur à une prise de conscience plus aiguë du réel. Ici, les sortilèges poétiques jouent et ce qu'il y a d'ésotérique chez certains d'entre eux rend leur poésie d'un accès plus difficile en même temps qu'il ajoute au pouvoir évocateur, parfois presque magique, de la parole. Ce qui n'est qu'esquissé dans les pages trop brèves de Pérusse, Brault, et Mathieu est accompli chez Grandbois, Trottier, Pilon, et Giguère.

Alain Grandbois fut, avec Saint-Denys-Garneau, le premier à faire éclater les cadres, à apporter à la poésie canadienne un accent nouveau, à libérer le langage des règles traditionnelles et la poésie du contrôle de la raison. Aucun poète canadien vivant ne jouit auprès des jeunes poètes d'un prestige égal au sien. Son dernier recueil, *L'Etoile pourpre* (Montréal, Edns de l'Hexagone, 79 pp., $1.25), n'a toutefois pas la même qualité que les précédents. On y retrouve les mêmes thèmes, les mêmes

symboles, les mêmes mots-clefs, mais cette nouvelle gerbe de poésie n'a pas la beauté des deux autres. C'est bien la même voix, c'est bien le même homme avec son expérience, ses aspirations, et ses hantises toujours les mêmes depuis toujours, mais il y a ici une diminution assez nette de la qualité des images, de l'orchestration verbale, et de la composition des mouvements. L'art d'Alain Grandbois a toujours été un art du discontinu, sa poésie n'a jamais été un discours, et sa plus grande faiblesse a toujours été de ne pas savoir *composer* un poème. Cela reste vrai, mais cette fois, les fusées disparates qui continuent de monter en un véritable feu d'artifices sont moins éblouissantes que celles des *Iles de la nuit* et des *Rivages de l'homme*.

Le thème central de toute cette œuvre, celui qui supporte toute l'orchestration et lui donne sa continuité comme autrefois la basse continue servait de plancher à toutes les vocalises, c'est la mort, la mort toujours présente à l'esprit et au cœur du poète et qui donne son caractère tragique à toute l'aventure humaine. C'est la mort vécue dès cette vie qui empêche Grandbois de sombrer dans le désespoir; la mort a été apprivoisée et le poète a surmonté sa hantise en l'acceptant. Mais il est difficile d'aller plus loin dans l'explication: cette poésie est irréductible à tout ordre logique, elle est faite d'une juxtaposition d'intuitions, d'expériences, de visions, de souvenirs, de regrets, de désirs, et de rêves, qui ne sont pas liés les uns aux autres et nous sont donnés pour leur beauté individuelle. La mort, l'amour, le voyage, et le remords surgissent partout dans ces poèmes, mais il est impossible de déduire de ces thèmes une philosophie de la vie, une métaphysique de l'existence; nous sommes en présence d'un de ces beaux désordres qui est un effet de l'art.

Il est toutefois un nouveau thème qui surgit pour la première fois dans *L'Etoile pourpre*, c'est celui de l'au-delà, de l'absolu:

> Je cherche les portes du ciel
> Le navire et le port
> L'autre côté du soleil
> Le silence incessant bruissant
> Ce secret d'une chambre d'aurore
> Tremblante encore
> De l'odeur des lilas.

Le poète va même, pour la première fois, nommer Dieu par son nom:

> Ah ils parlent d'espoir mais où l'espoir
> Ils disent que nous nions Dieu
> Alors que nous ne cherchons que Dieu
> Que Lui seul Lui.

C'est le Dieu inconnu certes qui apparaît ici, et toute cette œuvre est comme un cri dans la nuit, un appel incessant de l'homme en proie à l'amour et à la mort et, comme l'homme de Kafka, au remords pour une faute indéterminée. Mais il n'est pas possible d'établir un ordre entre tous ces thèmes, pas plus qu'il n'est possible de préciser la signification exacte de toute l'imagerie du poète dont le symbolisme est obscur et la force incantatoire grande. Il faudrait une longue et patiente exégèse pour déchiffrer—car il y a un chiffre dans cette poésie—le sens de ces colonnes, portiques, portes, tours, palais, urnes, épées, qui surgissent partout dans cette œuvre et dont le constant retour finit par créer une sorte d'hypnose à laquelle il est difficile de résister. Ce qui est certain, c'est qu'Alain Grandbois reste encore aujourd'hui un de nos poètes les plus inexplicables et les plus prestigieux à la fois.

Ce qu'il reste d'artificieux dans la symbolique de Grandbois, ce recours systématique aux mêmes mots-clefs et cette volonté incantatoire partout présente, ne se retrouvent pas chez un jeune poète comme Jean-Guy Pilon. *L'homme et le jour* (Edns de l'Hexagone, 53 pp., $1.25) nous ramène ce poète nu, dépouillé, laconique, immédiat, que nous avaient déjà révélé *La Fiancée du matin* (1953) et *Les Cloîtres de l'été* (1956). Il y a quelque chose d'ascétique dans cette œuvre, un refus de toute vaine parure, une réduction de la parole à l'essentiel, à une sorte de squelette dont il polirait les os (pour parler comme Anne Hébert). Cette poésie n'est faite que de temps forts, et c'est sa force et sa faiblesse à la fois, l'auteur sacrifiant à la pureté toute cette partie du langage qui n'est que "conjonction." L'artiste assemble des pierres, et il les superpose sans se donner la peine de les cimenter. Comme Alain Grandbois, mais dans un tout autre style, Jean-Guy Pilon pratique un art du discontinu.

Il y a quelque chose de dur dans cette œuvre—on y entre un peu comme dans un cloître—et Pilon n'est pas un artiste au même degré qu'un Grandbois, ni même qu'un Pierre Trottier. Le poète sait bien que les mots "ne disent pas tout" et on peut dire qu'il va vers les choses, comme il dit aller vers son propre fils

> Par ce qu'il y a de plus naturel en nous
> Par cette seule présence d'épiderme
> Et reconnaissance du sang.

Mais si cette poésie a quelque chose de dur, le poète n'en est pas moins fraternel envers tous les êtres qu'il s'agit d'abord et avant tout d'apprivoiser. Mais cela ne va pas sans combat et la vie est

Affrontement nécessaire
Pour le pain tant convoité
De la survivance difficile.

On ne retrouve toutefois pas chez Pilon ce pessimisme, voire cette désespérance, dans laquelle semblent se complaire plusieurs poètes de sa génération. Il y a chez lui une virilité, et une santé morale, qui fait de sa poésie une poésie mâle, et il est significatif qu'il ait chanté *Les Constructeurs*, c'est-à-dire le travail par lequel l'homme s'accomplit et bâtit son avenir. Il y a dans ces quelques pages denses, pressantes, et directes de *L'homme et le jour* un chant d'espérance et de courage.

Pierre Trottier est sans contredit un autre des jeunes poètes qui comptent. Il n'a pas cette dureté de Pilon, ni le goût de la fantasmagorie de Giguère, et il est peut-être le moins révolutionnaire des poètes d'avant-garde. Rien d'ésotérique chez lui: le vers est clair, limpide, et facile; l'image est directe et, le plus souvent, neuve; les symboles sont sans mystère. Il est le plus accessible de tous les poètes qui publient à l'Hexagone. Après avoir débuté par *Le Combat contre Tristan* (1951), il s'est heureusement renouvelé en publiant ses *Poèmes de Russie* (Collection les Matinaux; Edns de l'Hexagone, $1.00) où le thème de l'amour reparaît mais où il a perdu la première place qui a été prise par la conscience du temps. Il y a dans cette poésie un aspect métaphysique, voire religieux, mais qui n'est jamais exprimé en termes abstraits. Les thèmes de l'amour du monde, du péché et du repentir, du temps perdu et retrouvé, s'y croisent et s'y marient avec une virtuosité qui n'est pas commune chez les jeunes poètes. Le poète se dit cet "autre Adam" qui est "l'amour du monde" et qui voudrait

. . . déborder les digues du péché
Et composer la rose des vents les plus doux.

Mais c'est là le "très dur pain du rêve où je m'obstine" et le temps ne peut pas plus être corrigé que la mémoire ne peut être abolie. Le poète sait bien que le temps est "incorrigible," qu'il est une dévaluation de l'instant éternel, et il s'obstine à chercher un mot, un "mot-gouvernail —pour diriger le temps quand je ne serai plus"; c'est-à-dire qu'il reprend le vieux rêve poétique de l'éternité retrouvée par la parole. Aussi son plus beau poème est-il précisément "Le temps corrigé" dans lequel il corrige le temps en le supprimant, en remontant jusqu'au premier instant, jusqu'aux premières ténèbres d'avant la création. Il s'agit, en somme, d'être un autre Adam, de recommencer le monde et de le sauver. Tel est le rôle du poète.

Tout autre est l'effort de Roland Giguère. Dans son dernier recueil de poèmes en prose, *Le Défaut des ruines est d'avoir des habitants* (Edns Erta, 109 pp., illus., $3.00), qui est le plus important à date, il a réuni quelques textes écrits entre 1950 et 1956 dont le plus significatif et le plus beau est le premier, "Miror." Le poète recourt ici à la magie pour exorciser la réalité de ce qui l'empoisonne, et son effort est, somme toute, le même que celui de Henri Michaux. Les voyages de Miror, ses aventures, sont des voyages en Grande Garabagne: nous sommes ici plongés dans l'insolite, dans l'étrange, dans l'impossible, et nous y découvrons, comme dans un miroir grossissant, l'image de l'homme et de notre temps dont souffre le poète. Ce genre d'évasion est une solution de fortune car, comme le dit Miror lui-même, "quand il arriva dans la cité promise, il fut étonné de se sentir tout de suite chez lui . . . il était revenu à son point de départ: sa ville natale." L'homme n'échappe pas à son destin.

L'homme de Giguère étouffe dans sa solitude et a l'impression d'être déshydraté et de tourner à vide. Il est prisonnier de sa carapace et il est sans cesse menacé de se détruire lui-même. Il cherche à sortir de soi et de son univers en se livrant aux opérations les plus fantastiques: scalper la tête de son voisin pour regarder dedans, puis replacer le couvercle; apprivoiser une rivière et la promener partout comme un fléau; ouvrir un rocher avec un canif pour en faire sortir le sang qui circule dans les veines de quartz; verser de l'eau dans les vitrines pour que les gens soient obligés d'y nager comme dans un aquarium. Mais les monstres ne se laissent pas plus apprivoiser que les êtres familiers. Il y a là de quoi devenir fou, et c'est ce qui est arrivé à Miror. Ayant tout perdu, il finit par perdre lui-même la tête. Et la terre est restée "ce lieu sacré et maudit" dont il n'est pas possible de s'enfuir.

Sous les apparences de la plus gratuite fantaisie, Roland Giguère nous propose une image de la vie qui est profondément tragique et qui est plus vraie que la simple photocopie. C'est une image sombre, désespérante parce que l'homme se refuse à recourir à la seule solution valable: l'amour, l'amour qui peut venir à bout de tout. "Jamais le soleil n'a osé perforer la poitrine d'un homme par crainte des représailles du cœur." Mais l'homme ne sait pas aimer et il ne sait pas sortir de sa "carapace." Il se détruit lui-même. C'est pourquoi "le défaut des ruines est d'avoir des habitants."

Qu'elle soit recours à la magie, comme chez un Roland Giguère, pour échapper au réel; qu'elle aspire à vaincre le temps en retrouvant la parole capable de faire naître l'instant éternel, comme chez Pierre Trottier; qu'elle se contente de désigner la réalité et de la faire apparaître dans une

lumière crue, comme chez Jean-Guy Pilon; qu'elle soit évasion aux îles du rêve avant d'accepter la mort déjà familière, comme chez Alain Grandbois; la poésie nouvelle est, plus qu'un art, un moyen de connaissance, une aventure intérieure, voire une manière d'être, alors qu'elle était encore chez Robert Choquette et chez Roger Brien, d'abord et avant tout un art littéraire, une manière de faire. Quoi que l'on pense de l'une ou de l'autre attitude, il est certain que la poésie a atteint au Canada français, ces dernières années, à un niveau remarquable et qu'elle a commencé à retenir l'attention de l'étranger. Les quelques poètes authentiques que nous avons nous consolent de compter encore parmi nous trop de versificateurs appliqués ou d'adolescents en proie au verbiage ésotérique.

LE ROMAN *Roger Duhamel*

Sans atteindre encore au chef-d'œuvre toujours espéré—le chef-d'œuvre, seule la postérité en décide—nos romans acquièrent d'année en année plus de maturité. Ils délaissent de plus en plus ces anecdotes puériles dont nous éprouvions à juste titre depuis longtemps une lassitude légitime. Nos écrivains ne redoutent pas d'aborder des problèmes humains et de leur découvrir des solutions adaptées aux conditions particulières de notre milieu. S'ils ressentent parfois quelque gêne facile à souligner, c'est que notre petit monde des lettres n'est pas encore tout à fait préparé à entendre des vérités qui dérangent son confort intellectuel paresseusement entretenu depuis quelques générations.

Peu d'écrivains canadiens, même s'ils possèdent un talent aussi authentique que celui de Robert Elie, auront eu autant de chance que lui à leurs débuts. *La Fin des songes* n'était encore qu'un manuscrit quand il obtenait le grand prix de la province. La critique fut ensuite à peu près unanime à louer comme il se devait la valeur de ce roman sérieux où se livrait un drame grave au niveau des âmes. D'un premier élan, Elie rejoignait le peloton de tête de nos romanciers. Sa pièce, *L'Etrangère*, confirmait quelque temps plus tard ce sentiment.

Dans son second roman, *Il suffit d'un jour* (Montréal, Edns Beauchemin, 230 pp., $2.50), on découvre chez l'auteur une plus solide possession de ses moyens, avec des qualités et des défauts qui n'existaient pas précédemment. Pour recourir aux vieilles formules classiques, on doit reconnaître que si l'unité d'action fait sensiblement défaut, en revanche les unités de temps et de lieu sont rigoureusement observées, à l'inverse de ce que l'on observe généralement de nos jours. Les drames multiples

qui se recoupent en un chassé-croisé où il est parfois difficile de se démêler se déroulent dans un même village en l'espace de 24 heures. Cette analyse d'un microcosme possède une indiscutable efficacité. C'est le procédé auquel s'est soumis Roger Martin du Gard dans *Vieille France*.

Point n'est besoin ici de raconter ces diverses anecdotes, dont certaines atteignent à la hauteur de la tragédie. A vrai dire, ce ne sont pas tellement ces faits extérieurs qui nous retiennent que leur retentissement dans les âmes des personnages, dont quelques-uns font la découverte de leur propre moi, à la faveur de l'ébranlement subi. Je pense notamment à Charlie Lamont, retraité qui dispose de beaucoup de loisirs pour regarder vivre les autres; sans doute frustré jadis dans ses affections, il se veut au centre de toutes les vilenies dont il se repaît avec une gourmandise assez sadique. Sa fin lamentable le rend tel qu'en lui-même l'éternité le change.

Le romancier s'est appliqué à nous rendre sensible la découverte de la vie intérieure chez le curé. D'un milieu intellectuellement modeste, il mettra un certain temps à prendre une vue exacte de sa haute mission, mais il y parviendra, grâce sans doute aux plus déshéritées de ses ouailles. Il ne saura s'accommoder de la routine administrative du ministère paroissial, il lui faudra aller plus loin que les apparences.

Dans l'ensemble, la médiocrité des êtres l'emporte de beaucoup: une médiocrité passive, qui n'est jamais méchanceté délibérée, mais une soumission résignée aux instincts les plus primitifs. Dans cette grisaille, Elisabeth apporte la seule lumière d'aurore. Cette toute jeune fille n'est vraiment pas intégrée à ce milieu auquel elle n'appartient pas et dont elle s'évade à la première alerte. Elle est attachante, même si nous ne parvenons pas à la cerner comme nous le souhaiterions. Sans doute était-il nécessaire qu'il en fût ainsi, pour ne pas rompre une certaine unité de ton. Elisabeth n'est-elle qu'une faveur que s'est accordée le romancier?

Sur le plan technique, Elie marque un progrès évident; on ne trouve plus, par exemple, ces maladresses et ces confusions qui nous gâtaient l'exposition de son premier roman. Néanmoins, en groupant autant d'incidents en une seule journée, sans fournir à ses personnages un suffisant espace psychologique où se déployer avec plausibilité, peut-être a-t-il cédé au procédé. Au surplus, en multipliant les protagonistes et les comparses, il disperse exagérément notre attention. Le récit est alerte et fourmille de trouvailles. *Il suffit d'un jour* se classe d'emblée parmi nos bons romans. Personne ne mettait en doute la profondeur de pensée de Robert Elie; nous savons désormais qu'il est aussi capable d'animer une

fresque romanesque et de créer des êtres qui nous soient fraternels, jusque dans leurs abandons et leurs abaissements.

Jean Filiatrault publie son troisième roman, *Le Refuge impossible*; ce titre ne messiérait pas aux deux autres qui l'ont précédé. On commence à pouvoir dégager les lignes dominantes de cet écrivain discret, à nous situer dans son univers. Il a trouvé sa manière, la nuance particulière dont il enveloppe les événements et les hommes.

Le Refuge impossible (Montréal, Cercle du Livre de France, Collection Nouvelle-France, 1, 197 pp., $2.00) est l'un de ces drames clos qui se déroule dans le milieu réduit du foyer, dans l'espace de quelques heures. Nous assistons à la crise, depuis longtemps amorcée, et qui ne peut avoir qu'un dénouement tragique. Jacques et Geneviève se sont mariés et ils se sont aimés. Un fils leur est né et tout indique qu'il ne parviendra jamais à se développer normalement. Les parents ressentent beaucoup de chagrin de cette épreuve. Le père réagit en homme sain, cependant que la mère cède de plus en plus à une émotivité maladive qui n'est pas éloignée d'être de l'hystérie.

Une autre personne meuble silencieusement cet intérieur. C'est Cécile, une pauvre sourde-muette recueillie jadis par les parents de Jacques, qu'il a toujours considérée comme une petite sœur malheureuse et qu'il a amenée chez lui, une fois sa mère disparue. Cécile fait tout pour se rendre utile et agréable, sans parvenir à désarmer l'hostilité de Geneviève. C'est que, la première, d'une sûre intuition, elle a deviné que cette femme emmurée vivante vouait à Jacques un culte qui n'avait rien de fraternel, même si elle l'ignorait encore elle-même. C'est la nuit où le petit trépassera que l'illumination se fera en elle et qu'elle partira pour une institution où elle ne tardera pas à mourir, lasse de vivre.

Ainsi tout s'éclaire. Jacques sera le dernier à comprendre, comme tous les hommes: Cécile partie à jamais, l'enfant mort, Geneviève chavire au bord du désespoir et chasse son mari, pour le rappeler aussitôt. Tel est ce roman triste et émouvant dans sa retenue frémissante. Jean Filiatrault s'affirme comme le peintre des âmes tourmentées et des destins sans issue. C'est un champ très vaste à explorer. Ses récits écrits en demi-teintes évoquent la mélancolie des jours et la misère morale des hommes. Ce climat de désolation lui vaudra des lecteurs de qualité, les seuls auxquels puisse aspirer son talent mûri.

Bien différent se présente Jean Pellerin, l'auteur du *Diable par la queue* (Cercle du Livre de France, Collection Nouvelle-France, 2, 253 pp., $2.00). Pour employer un terme qui a connu son heure de faveur dans la France d'avant-guerre, j'y découvrirais volontiers un roman

populiste. L'auteur ne s'embarrasse pas de scrupules de langage, encore qu'il écrive correctement. Il affectionne brasser la pâte humaine, ses personnages vivent avec intensité dans son récit. Ce sont de braves gens, des êtres frustes, peu rompus aux subtilités de la psychologie; le narrateur ne leur prête pas des raffinements dont ils n'auraient que faire.

L'aventure, car c'en est une, se situe au moment de la crise économique des années 30. Les parents, Basile et Amélie, pour fuir le cauchemar du chômage, décident de s'établir à New-York, avec les enfants. L'initiative n'est pas banale, puisqu'en temps de dépression, les grandes métropoles sont plus à fuir qu'à rechercher. Ne retenons pas cette légère invraisemblance. La vie ne se révèle pas plus facile chez nos voisins. Le père obtient parfois un peu d'ouvrage, deux ou trois jours par semaine, ce qui est insuffisant pour assurer la subsistance de la maisonnée. Picot, admirable petit bonhomme, se livrera à de modestes trafics clandestins pour procurer un appoint au budget familial toujours déficitaire.

Ces perpétuels tiraillements pour échapper à la faim tout en conservant sa dignité me retiennent moins que la peinture du milieu grouillant du petit peuple new-yorkais, rude dans ses manières, mais dépourvu de méchanceté. Je pense à l'Irlandais Archibald et à sa femme, la Cossin, à l'Italien Salvatore, à d'autres types encore, dessinés avec un réalisme vigoureux. Certaines scènes se gravent dans notre souvenir: le sentiment tendre qu'éprouve Picot pour Olive, la bagarre qui conduit Basile devant le juge, les séances bruyantes et un peu troubles chez Archibald.

Après des mois de misère plus ou moins larvée, Basile se résout à ramener son monde au Canada. Nous ne savons pas—ou plutôt nous savons trop—ce qui l'attend, il est quand même heureux: "Quand on a le pays sous ses pieds, on n'est plus tout à fait des quêteux!" On reconnaît là les convictions patriotiques de l'auteur, dont il a le bon sens de ne jamais abuser. Jean Pellerin n'a rien de l'esthète. Il s'impose néanmoins comme un sain romancier populaire, avec de ci de là des observations brèves et justes, suffisantes en tout cas pour nous convaincre qu'il se situe très au-dessus de ses personnages.

Où nos pas nous attendent (Montréal, Edns Erta, 98 pp., $2.00): tout de suite, le titre m'a séduit, même si j'ignore tout de l'auteur, Jean-René Major. C'est un roman poétique, non par la donnée, qui est tout ce qu'il y a de plus conventionnel, mais par un certain ton du récit, dépassant la sphère des réalités quotidiennes. Un jeune homme, Martin Pesant, dédaigné par une comédienne qu'il aime, s'installe à la campagne chez ses grands-parents: une cure de désintoxication. Pour un peu, il se laisserait prendre au jeu. Louise, une voisine, retient son attention; elle

l'aime de tout son cœur et se donne à lui, sans retour. La comédienne vient le relancer dans sa retraite et fait miroiter à son souvenir sa vie brillante d'autrefois. Il quittera Louise et partira. C'est tout.

Je rédige ce résumé, aussi sèchement que possible, pour réserver aux lecteurs les plaisirs de la découverte, qui ne se situe pas au niveau de l'anecdote. Major est un écrivain-né. Quelques phrases lui suffisent à noter un paysage ou un état d'âme. Quand il aura acquis plus de métier, quand il s'abandonnera davantage à l'invention, il sera en mesure de bâtir des drames captivants. A condition qu'il conserve cette langue déjà riche, sans surcharges, qui dit le moins pour exprimer le plus.

Le Prix du souvenir (Cercle du Livre de France, 309 pp., $2.50) est à tous égards un roman excellent. L'auteur, Jean-Marie Poirier, a été un bon journaliste et il est même regrettable qu'il ait choisi d'abandonner prématurément l'exercice d'un métier où il était estimé et respecté. Son expérience acquise sert néanmoins son héros, Régis Dubuc, que l'on voit dans les salles de rédaction et en reportage; lui aussi, comme son créateur, nourrit des ambitions littéraires. Souhaitons-lui autant de talent qu'à Poirier!

L'histoire pourrait se ramener au triangle traditionnel, bien que le romancier ait trop de finesse pour tomber dans un aussi grossier guet-apens. Dubuc est un jeune homme dans la moyenne, né dans une famille modeste, souffrant comme beaucoup d'adolescents trop sensibles de sa laideur dont on doute qu'elle soit véritable. Grâce à un ami, il entre en relations avec une jeune fille plus âgée que lui, Sylvia Morin, un être fragile et raffiné. Sans se connaître, ils échangent des lettres et cette correspondance les lie l'un à l'autre. Il arrive un jour, quand Dubuc s'établit à Montréal pour y gagner sa vie, que les deux jeunes gens font connaissance.

Ce n'est pas le coup de foudre, c'est quelque chose de plus subtil, de plus durable aussi. Il naît entre eux une amitié franche et forte, mêlée d'une espèce de tendresse maternelle de la part de la femme. Le malheur, c'est que l'amitié est incapable de conserver longtemps sa véritable nature. Régis considère Sylvia comme une grande sœur aimée, elle devient la confidente de ses joies et de ses peines; il est heureux de trouver auprès d'elle une chaleur humaine qui lui a manqué au foyer et qu'au reste il n'appartient pas aux parents de procurer. Mais elle? Sylvia, qui vit une existence retirée avec sa tante, ne tarde pas à ressentir pour le jeune homme un sentiment pour lequel on n'a jamais trouvé un autre vocable que celui d'amour. Elle ne le lui avoue pas et le regardera s'éloigner avec une tristesse infinie.

C'est que Régis a fait la connaissance de Madeleine, une jeune fille bien différente. Elle possède plus de bonne volonté que de culture (depuis quand une femme retient-elle un homme par la seule culture?), elle a de la santé, de la gaieté, elle représente la vie dans tout son mouvement. Quoi d'étonnant qu'après une baignade ensemble le mariage ne fasse plus de doute pour eux? Madeleine aura les sautes d'humeur de toutes les épouses, cette inévitable rançon de la vie en commun. Régis l'aime sans aucun doute, mais il est réticent; le souvenir de Sylvia, qu'il idéalise, l'obsède et le rend injuste. Il faudra qu'il la retrouve dans des circonstances exceptionnelles pour être enfin libéré. Régis rentre chez lui, apportant à Madeleine le bonheur qu'elle mérite. Sylvia demeurera la radieuse étoile de sa jeunesse inquiète. Désormais, il faut tenter de vivre.

Réduit à l'épure, le thème peut apparaître mince. Je le trouve au contraire, par ses multiples nuances et reprises, d'une grande richesse. Il eût été facile de multiplier les gestes irrémédiables et les retournements tragiques. Pour la majorité d'entre nous, l'existence quotidienne ne se présente pas dans ces lueurs d'incendie. Poirier a préféré sonder les motivations profondes des êtres, les obliger à s'interroger eux-mêmes et à réfléchir sur leur destin. Ici et là, une pointe d'ironie très discrète, qui évoque l'auteur. Son écriture ne se dément pas; ses dialogues sont naturels et collent à l'objet. Ce n'est pas tellement fréquent chez nos romanciers. Les amateurs d'émotions vives seront déçus. En revanche, ceux qui se passionnent pour le déroulement de l'aventure humaine en ce qu'elle a de moins sensationnel et de plus fréquent apprécieront comme il se doit *Le Prix du souvenir*.

Maurice Gagnon est un cas curieux de romancier. Il nous donne le sens de la sécurité. Je veux dire par là qu'il possède à un rare degré la maîtrise de son métier. Avec lui, nulle surprise; nous savons d'avance qu'il ne fera aucun faux pas. Les techniques nouvelles ne semblent pas l'avoir beaucoup atteint; il ne se lance dans aucune recherche hardie, il se contente de l'instrument conventionnel en usage depuis que les hommes ont décidé d'écrire des romans. Ce n'est pas un reproche que je formule ici, c'est une simple constatation et qui s'impose. Cette marche assurée empêche sans doute Gagnon de creuser ses personnages autant que nous aurions le droit de le souhaiter.

Dans *L'Echéance* (1955), l'auteur avait centré toute son intrigue autour d'un homme d'affaires qui se sait atteint par une maladie mortelle et qui consacre ses dernières semaines à un amour frais et impossible. L'unité du récit était indiscutable. Il a probablement voulu, avec *Rideau*

de neige (Cercle du Livre de France, 235 pp., $2.50), s'écarter de la narration linéaire et multiplier les retours en arrière, afin de maintenir constamment l'attention en éveil. Le procédé est louable, encore qu'il aboutisse à une espèce de kaléidoscope qui disperse indûment l'intérêt. Nous nous approchons et nous nous éloignons successivement des personnages, sans jamais parvenir à les accrocher vraiment.

Dans ce roman, il y a trop de choses et trop peu de choses; phrase qui n'est contradictoire qu'en apparence. C'est-à-dire que nous abordons de l'extérieur le destin de nombreux êtres que nous abandonnons bientôt à leur sort, mais aucun ne nous permet de porter sur lui un jugement motivé. Ils viennent devant nous, font un tour de piste et puis disparaissent de notre aire d'observation. Je pense notamment aux réfugiés de quelque pays européen qui ne touchent en rien à l'action principale, si tant est qu'il y ait une action principale. N'y aurait-il pas là une tentative plus ou moins consciente d'unanimisme?

Cinq personnes rentrent d'Ottawa à Montréal en voiture, par une soirée de neige. Il y a là un ministre, son secrétaire, un ingénieur qui obtient des travaux du gouvernement, sa propre secrétaire, et le conducteur. Ils arriveront tard à destination, à cause de la température, et l'entourage de chacun s'inquiétera. Tout le long du livre, l'auteur nous raconte la vie de ces gens pendant qu'ils roulent vers la métropole. Est-il possible qu'ils nous captivent tous au même degré? Non, bien sûr, notre faculté de sympathie s'use à errer de l'un à l'autre.

C'est Fabienne et Dubreuil qui m'ont davantage attiré. C'est une femme dans la trentaine, le modèle de ces secrétaires particulières pour qui le patron réserve ses confidences. Ils ont tous deux l'habitude du travail en commun, ce qui tisse des liens très forts, en marge de l'amour et peut-être même de l'amitié telle qu'on l'entend généralement. Fabienne a commis une faute à vingt ans, elle élève très dignement sa petite fille qui devient une jeune fille. Elle ne cesse d'être femme, et il n'est pas étonnant que la tête lui tourne un peu quand le neveu de son patron, son cadet de plusieurs années, s'imagine subitement l'aimer.

Dubreuil est le parangon des bons sentiments, avec lesquels il demeure possible de faire de la bonne littérature. La femme qu'il a jadis aimée, c'est son frère qui l'a épousée. Le couple disparu accidentellement, il a élevé comme un père son neveu et sa nièce. Au fond, que connaissons-nous de lui? Très peu de chose. Nous le voyons agir, il ne se livre pas, il ne dévoile pas ses pensées intimes. C'est dommage, car il a sûrement de l'étoffe et il aurait mérité d'être davantage fouillé. J'aurais préféré pénétrer dans l'intimité de Dubreuil et de Fabienne, plutôt qu'entendre les démêlés de la femme de Dennison et de sa belle-mère.

En somme, *Rideau de neige* nous offre trois ou quatre romans superposés. L'auteur aurait dû pratiquer l'économie des moyens. Il a ici la matière d'un scénario pour un film qui pourrait être excellent. Ce n'est nullement diminuer son talent que de regretter son abondance. Ses deux livres nous confirment en tout cas qu'il possède la vocation et les moyens de l'accomplir.

LES ÉTUDES SOCIALES *Jean-Charles Bonenfant*

L'Académie canadienne-française qui avait consacré ses premiers *Cahiers* à la poésie a traité d'histoire dans les deuxièmes (Montréal, L'Académie, 535 av. Viger, 188 pp., $3.00). Le volume a été conçu et réalisé dans une remarquable toilette typographique par Victor Barbeau et Guy Frégault. Les études qui le composent se rattachent au problème de la Conquête en tant qu'elle a constitué "l'interruption prématurée de la colonisation du Canada par la France." Le chanoine Lionel Groulx s'est demandé: "La France a-t-elle perdu ou abandonné le Canada?" pour conclure plutôt à l'abandon; Marcel Trudel décrit la Nouvelle-France dont les parties maritimes, souligne-t-il (l'Acadie française, le Labrador, et la Louisiane), "ne se sattachent qu'en théorie au gouvernement général de la Nouvelle-France"; Guy Frégault étudie "La colonisation du Canada au XVIIIe siècle" dont le processus fut, selon lui, interrompu par la Conquête en 1760–3; Michel Brunet décrit "La présence anglaise en Amérique" qui s'est manifestée par "le plus grand succès colonial de l'histoire"; Claude Galarneau donne des "Aperçus sur la vie économique en France au 18e siècle" et Victor Barbeau analyse les "Sentiments de l'élite intellectuelle à l'endroit de la Nouvelle-France"; sous le titre "Le sort des armes," Jean Bruchési raconte comment à la suite de longues luttes qui s'épanouirent dans la Guerre de Sept Ans la colonie passa de la France à l'Angleterre.

Marcel Trudel, directeur de l'Institut d'Histoire de l'Université Laval, a entrepris de refaire objectivement l'étude d'une période plutôt ignorée et souvent fort mal interprétée de l'histoire du Canada, celle du Régime militaire, de 1759 à 1764. Il annonce en préparation une *Histoire générale du Régime militaire*, mais déjà il a approfondi une bonne partie du sujet dans *L'Eglise canadienne sous le Régime militaire, 1759–1764*, vol. I, *Les Problèmes* (Montréal, Les Etudes de l'Institut d'Histoire de l'Amérique française, 1956, xxxvi, 362 pp., maps, $5.00), vol. II, *Les Institutions* (Québec, Presses Universitaires Laval, 1957, x, 491 pp., $7.50). L'auteur a dépouillé méthodiquement les archives des presbytères, des évêchés, et des institutions religieuses et à l'aide des innombra-

bles renseignements inédits et sûrs qu'il a recueillis, il a fait revivre les importantes années de transition du début de la période anglaise de notre histoire. Les principaux problèmes qui se posèrent à l'Eglise catholique furent les mariages mixtes, l'établissement du protestantisme, la nécessité de nommer un successeur à l'évêque qui venait de mourir, la diminution des effectifs. Dans la seconde partie de son étude, Marcel Trudel réétudie ces problèmes à travers les institutions: le Chapitre, le Séminaire de Québec, les Sulpiciens, les Jésuites, les Récollets, les Ursulines, l'Hôtel-Dieu de Québec, l'Hôpital Général de Québec, l'Hôtel-Dieu de Montréal, la Congrégation de Notre-Dame, l'Hôpital Général de Montréal, et les Fabriques paroissiales. L'étude est une des plus importantes publiées ces dernières années au Canada de langue française.

Ecrire l'histoire des Oblats au Canada, c'est forcément toucher à bien des parties de notre histoire auxquelles ces religieux ont été mêlés. C'est dire l'importance de l'*Histoire documentaire de la Congrégation des Missionnaires Oblats de Marie-Immaculée dans l'est du Canada*, entreprise par le R.P. Gaston Carrière, O.M.I., dont le tome I, *De l'arrivée au Canada à la mort du fondateur (1841–1861)*, a paru en 1957 (Ottawa, Edns de l'Université d'Ottawa, 378 pp.). Ce tome couvre la période de 1841 à 1861, soit de l'arrivée des Oblats au Canada jusqu'à la mort de leur fondateur, Mgr de Mazenod. L'auteur reconstitue la vie de l'Eglise canadienne au milieu du siècle dernier pour montrer dans quel contexte les Oblats allaient exercer leur apostolat; puis il décrit en détail leurs premières œuvres dans Bytown qui se transformera plus tard en Ottawa. C'est aussi l'Eglise catholique au milieu du dix-neuvième siècle qu'étudie le R.P. Léon Pouliot, S.J., dans le second tome de *Monseigneur Bourget et son temps* (Montréal, Edns Beauchemin, 1956, 277 pp., $2.50), longue biographie du deuxième évêque de Montréal. Le tome II contient les événements qui se sont déroulés de 1840 à 1846 et traite en particulier de l'important voyage que Mgr Bourget entreprit en Europe pour y trouver les religieux et les religieuses nécessaires à l'organisation du diocèse de Montréal.

Léopold Lamontagne a raconté dans *Arthur Buies, homme de lettres* (Presses Universitaires Laval, 258 pp., $3.50), la vie du pamphlétaire canadien-français qui vécut de 1840 à 1901 et fut un des esprits les plus indépendants et un des meilleurs écrivains du Québec à la fin du siècle dernier. L'auteur s'est efforcé de reconstituer l'époque pour bien y placer le personnage qu'il étudiait. Malgré quelques erreurs de détails, l'ouvrage témoigne de beaucoup d'objectivité et de recherches approfondies.

La Vie ardente de Saint Charles Garnier (Montréal, Edns Bellarmin, 212 pp., $2.00) par le R.P. Florian Larivière, S.J., raconte l'aventure

édifiante d'un des jésuites martyrs en Amérique dans la première partie du dix-septième siècle. Moins connu peut-être que les Pères Brébeuf et Jogues, le Père Garnier, fils d'une famille riche et noble, est une figure attachante. Il a trouvé un excellent biographe qui ne témoigne pas uniquement de pieuses intentions mais qui obéit aussi à toutes les exigences des méthodes historiques modernes. L'auteur a même consacré plusieurs pages d'introduction à un examen critique rigoureux de ses sources. Sous le titre peut-être énigmatique *Les Dialogues de Marthe et de Marie*, Léo-Paul Desrosiers, romancier et historien, a écrit une nouvelle biographie d'une des grandes héroines de l'histoire de la Nouvelle-France, Marguerite Bourgeoys (Montréal, Fides, 204 pp., $2.00). Le dualisme du titre ne fait que symboliser la vie à la fois active et contemplative de la religieuse canadienne. L'auteur a utilisé toutes les sources imprimées pour composer un ouvrage qui sans bibliographie et sans index ne semble vouloir offrir qu'une lecture agréable et facile.

A Trois-Rivières, ont paru dans le domaine de l'histoire du Canada deux ouvrages de vulgarisation. Le premier, préparé par les abbés Hermann Plante et Louis Martel, *Mon Pays* (Trois-Rivières, Edns La Flèche, 1956, xvi, 341 pp., $3.00), est une bonne synthèse de l'histoire du Canada qui veut être un manuel pour les collèges et qui par ailleurs avec ses cartes, ses tableaux, et ses bibliographies possède des qualités didactiques. Le second par Mgr Albert Tessier, *Neuve-France* (Trois-Rivières, Edns du Bien Public, 1956, 356 pp., $2.50), raconte agréablement pour les jeunes filles des Instituts familiaux du Québec l'histoire du Canada, surtout du Canada français de 1524 à 1763, et sera bientôt complété jusqu'à nos jours par un ouvrage analogue. Mgr Tessier a aussi publié, en 1956, une courte biographie de *Mère d'Youville* (Québec, Edns du Pélican, 1956, 66 pp., illus., 60¢).

L'abondante collection des monographies régionales de la province de Québec s'est enrichie, en 1957, de deux ouvrages: l'abbé J.-Urgel Demers, curé d'une des paroisses de l'endroit, a publié *Aperçus historiques sur l'île Jésus* (Montréal, L'Atelier, 274 pp., illus., $3.00), ouvrage chronologique qui se rattache à la fois à l'histoire locale et à l'histoire générale d'une île qui se confond avec l'île de Montréal dont elle est voisine et qui est fort utile malgré quelques erreurs. Damase Potvin a étudié *La Baie des Ha! Ha!* (Edns de la Chambre de Commerce de la Baie des Ha! Ha!, 430 pp., illus., $2.25) dans un livre qui contient aussi des renseignements sur les principales familles de cet endroit du Saguenay. Dans les *Cahiers d'histoire*, no 9, de la Société historique de Québec, Réal Bertrand a raconté la vie de *L'Ecole Normale Laval* pendant un siècle, 1857–1957 (Québec, 51 pp., 60¢).

Contemporain du Grand Roi (Publications de la Société historique du Saguenay numéro 16; Chicoutimi, 183 pp., $2.00) est la biographie faite par Paul Médéric de Noël Simard dit Lombrette qui vécut de 1637 à 1715, arriva en Nouvelle-France en 1657, et fut l'ancêtre d'une des grandes familles du Canada français. Pour la connaissance de la véritable histoire, cette biographie est aussi utile que le récit de la vie des héros militaires ou des personnages politiques. *J'ai vu Québec* de Marius Barbeau (Québec, Librairie Garneau, $3.50) est un bel album consacré à la cité de Champlain à l'approche du trois cent cinquantième anniversaire de sa fondation. On y trouve avec d'abondantes légendes explicatives des photographies anciennes et des reproductions d'œuvres d'art qui évoquent le passé d'une façon très vivante. Dans *Voyages . . . Mirages . . .* (Edns Beauchemin, 236 pp., $2.50), Jean Bruchési raconte avec brio son enfance et sa jeunesse qui connurent l'enchantement de multiples voyages. Les premiers ne le menèrent qu'aux environs de Montréal, en Gaspésie, et aux îles de la Madeleine, mais il traversa ensuite l'Atlantique comme membre de la Mission canadienne qui, en 1923, visita toute la France et ensuite comme étudiant à Paris. L'auteur ne se contente pas de décrire les lieux mais il nous présente plusieurs personnages de l'après-guerre et nous raconte des événements qui se sont inscrits dans l'histoire et dont il a été témoin. Dans *Hameçons et Cartouches* (Edns Beauchemin, 222 pp., $2.25), J.-B.-S. Huard raconte, comme le titre de son livre l'indique, des souvenirs de pêche et de chasse. Il décrit en même temps les Cantons de l'Est, la région où il a accompli ses exploits. *Les Entretiens du village* d'Emery LeBlanc (Moncton, La Librairie Acadienne, 157 pp., $1.50) sont faits de textes qui ont été lus à la radio par le rédacteur-en-chef du journal *Evangéline*. On y trouve d'intéressantes pages sur les Acadiens et leur histoire.

De violentes polémiques sur la droite et la gauche au Canada français ont produit quelques brochures. Robert Rumilly a publié deux cahiers: *L'Infiltration gauchiste au Canada français* (Montréal, édité par l'auteur, 1956, 147 pp., $1.75) et *La Tactique des gauchistes démasqués* (Montréal, édité par l'auteur, 1957, 75 pp., $1.00). Le R.P. Antonin Lamarche, O.P., lui a répondu dans une brochure intitulée *Eloges de la "Gauche" ou des constructeurs de la cité chrétienne* (Montréal, Librairie Dominicaine, 8 pp.).

Sous le titre de *Littérature canadienne-française* (Edns Fides, 460 pp., $6.00), le R.P. Samuel Baillargeon a publié un manuel destiné surtout aux élèves des collèges classiques de la province de Québec mais qui est en même temps, selon le chanoine Lionel Groulx dans sa préface, "l'en-

quête la plus vaste jamais entreprise sur la littérature canadienne-française." L'ouvrage possède de grandes qualités didactiques: disposition du texte, tableaux, bibliographies, portraits, extraits d'auteurs. La littérature y est étudiée dans le contexte historique. Peu de critiques peuvent être formulées sur la première partie qui étudie la période de "formation du type canadien-français" de 1534 à 1850 et qui ne comprend qu'une cinquantaine de pages de l'ouvrage. Dans la seconde partie qui est la véritable "histoire de la littérature canadienne-française" et qui va de 1850 à 1957, on a reproché à l'auteur certains oublis et quelques jugements trop personnels. Il est vrai que la nouvelle histoire n'est pas une nomenclature aussi complète et par ailleurs aussi sèche que celle de l'histoire de Mgr Camille Roy et elle offre toutes les qualités et tous les dangers d'un choix qui semble avoir été opéré sans les consultations suffisantes. L'auteur s'est aussi souvent permis le langage familier et parfois cavalier du professeur plus désireux de frapper l'esprit de ses élèves que de satisfaire aux exigences des milieux académiques. Malgré ses lacunes, *Littérature canadienne-française* est maintenant le meilleur ouvrage général sur les lettres françaises au Canada, mais il n'est pas suffisamment parfait pour que nous ne souhaitions pas qu'une autre histoire plus complète soit un jour entreprise en collaboration.

Avec *Livres roses et séries noires* (Edns Beauchemin, 188 pp., $2.25), Guy Boulizon offre aux parents un guide psychologique et bibliographique de la littérature de jeunesse. Les livres suggérés sont répartis en groupes correspondant aux disciplines et aux âges. Ce n'est pas une bibliographie sèche et monotone mais l'auteur a su joindre aux titres des livres des commentaires généraux à la fois intéressants et utiles. Le *Recueil des films de 1955–1956* publié par le centre diocésain du cinéma, de la radio et de la télévision de Montréal (Edns Bellarmin, 362 pp.) contient une liste de films avec appréciation morale, et pour ce qui est des films de 1956 des analyses détaillées avec appréciation artistique.

Jean Ménard, jeune professeur de littérature à l'Université d'Ottawa, a réuni en un recueil des essais littéraires dont le titre indique la variété, *De Corneille à Saint-Denys-Garneau* (Edns Beauchemin, 217 pp., $3.75). Ce sont d'excellentes analyses souvent rédigées avec une pointe d'humour, en particulier au chapitre intitulé "Françoise Sagan et l'art de plaire au public." Parmi les auteurs étudiés sous quelque aspect, mentionnons Corneille, Racine, Marivaux, Benjamin Constant, Xavier de Maistre, Gérard de Nerval, Anatole France, Moréas, Julien Benda, Sinclair Lewis, et Saint-Denys-Garneau. Jean Ménard s'est intéressé au *Journal* du poète canadien-français et malgré les réserves qu'il fait il

admire l'homme "pour s'être mis dans un pays où règne le confort de l'esprit et du corps, brutalement en face du mystère de la vie." C'est toute l'œuvre de Saint-Denys-Garneau qui a été profondément étudiée par le R.P. Romain Légaré, O.F.M. dans *L'Aventure poétique et spirituelle de Saint-Denys-Garneau* (Edns Fides, 192 pp., $2.00). En huit chapitres qui portent les entêtes suivantes: "L'aventurier solitaire," "L'Expérience poétique," "L'Expérience métaphysique," "L'Expérience ascétique et spirituelle," "Le Drame de l'art," "La Situation de Saint-Denys-Garneau," l'auteur essaie de comprendre et d'expliquer un des créateurs canadiens-français qui méritait certes le plus une telle exégèse et il tente en même temps de pénétrer le mystère de l'incantation poétique.

Le pamphlétaire catholique Léon Bloy a eu ces dernières années au Canada français quelques admirateurs enthousiastes parmi lesquels se place Paul Desmarins ainsi que le révèle un essai intitulé *Remontée vers l'absolu* (Edns Beauchemin, 1957, 157 pp., $2.00). C'est une étude avec de larges citations de trois ouvrages révélateurs de Léon Bloy: *Le Symbolisme de l'Apparition, Le Salut par les Juifs*, et *Exégèse des lieux communs*.

C'est, sous une forme spéciale, une véritable introduction à l'œuvre claudélienne que nous offre le R.P. Paul-Emile Roy, C.S.C., sous le titre *Claudel, poète mystique de la Bible* (Edns Fides, 141 pp., $2.00). Le grand écrivain français s'est particulièrement intéressé à la Bible à la fin de ses jours. Il en fit l'exégèse, une exégèse qui lui fournit l'occasion de polémiques. Le R.P. Roy examine avec objectivité et esprit critique les positions de Claudel pour conclure que c'est plus un mystique qu'un exégète: "Ce n'est pas de l'exégèse, ce n'est pas de la science scripturaire. Mais que d'illuminations, que de suggestions, que d'insinuations mystérieuses et merveilleuses pour un chrétien qui sait que Dieu a tout fait pour sa gloire."

Dans sa collection "Classiques canadiens" (de 94 à 96 pp.), Fides a ajouté, en 1957, quatre recueils de textes choisis et commentés: ceux de l'historien Thomas Chapais préparés par Jean-Charles Bonenfant; ceux du poète Nérée Beauchemin, par Clément Marchand; ceux du journaliste pamphlétaire Jules Fournier, par Adrien Thério; et ceux du Père Paul LeJeune, missionnaire jésuite du dix-septième siècle, par Leon Pouliot. Sous le titre *Divertissements littéraires*, Claude Francis a terminé en 1956 la publication de trois recueils illustrés et commentés de textes variés qui vont du Moyen Age à nos jours—I, *Moyen Age et Renaissance*, II, *Le XVIIe Siècle*, III, *Du XVIIe Siècle à nos jours* (Trois

Rivières, Edns Trifluviennes; Presses Universitaires Laval, 1954–6, x, 394; vi, 387; iv, 403 pp.). Maurice Lebel a publié *L'Explication des textes littéraires* (Presses Universitaires Laval, xxiv, 343 pp., $2.50), qui contient des textes français et canadiens-français avec une méthode d'explication.

Dans le domaine du droit, on a vu, en 1957, la publication du douzième des dix-sept tomes du *Traité de droit civil du Québec* en voie de rédaction chez Wilson et Lafleur, de Montréal. Ce tome sept-bis (512 pp., $15.00) a été préparé par Me Léon Faribault, C.R., Greffier des appels à Montréal, qui est l'auteur de quelques autres parties du Traité. Il est consacré aux quasi-contrats, à l'objet et à l'effet des obligations, en d'autres termes au commentaire des articles 1041 à 1078 du Code civil, sauf les articles 1053 à 1056-b, concernant la responsabilité qui ont été étudiés dans un tome spécial. Me Gérard Vaillancourt, C.R., secrétaire et conseiller juridique de la Commission des relations ouvrières de la province de Québec, a publié *Les Lois ouvrières de la province de Québec* (Wilson et Lafleur, 1957, 700 pp., $17.50), recueil annoté. Me Jean-Guy Cardinal, notaire, a publié une intéressante thèse de doctorat sur *Le Droit de superficie* (Wilson et Lafleur, 286 pp.) qui témoigne d'une féconde activité juridique chez la nouvelle génération de professeurs à la Faculté de droit de l'Université de Montréal.

Dans la collection bilingue de droit canonique des Editions de l'Université d'Ottawa, deux thèses ont été publiées en français au cours de 1957. La première, *Le Serment, son histoire, son caractère sacré* (246 pp.), a eu pour auteur l'abbé Bernard Guindon. La seconde, *Le Droit canonique particulier au Canada* (viii, 167 pp.) par l'abbé Guy Arbour, d'un intérêt plus général, est une synthèse du droit canonique au Canada complétée par une bibliographie fort utile des sources de droit ecclésiastique universel, conciliaire diocésain ainsi que des principaux ouvrages consacrés au droit ecclésiatique canadien.

Sans vouloir faire ici la bibliographie des publications gouvernementales françaises du Québec, nous croyons devoir signaler le texte du *Rapport de la commission royale d'enquête sur les problèmes constitutionnels* (5 vols., vol. II en deux tomes; 11 annexes). On trouve dans ce rapport l'histoire des relations de la province de Québec avec le gouvernement central et un long exposé sur le fédéralisme. L'Institut de recherches politiques de la Fédération libérale provinciale a publié sous le titre de *Problèmes politiques du Québec* un répertoire bibliographique abondamment annoté des Commissions royales d'enquête présentant un intérêt spécial pour la politique de la province de Québec entre 1940 et

1955. La compilation et les notes sont dues au travail de Gérard Bergeron de la Faculté des sciences sociales de l'Université Laval.

Dans *La Fusion CMTC–CCT* (Presses Universitaires Laval, ii, 180 pp., $2.00), l'abbé Gérard Dion, André Roy, H. Dagneau, Olive Thomas, Roger Chartier, Claude Jodoin, Jean Gérin-Lajoie, et Eugène Forsey étudient sous tous ses aspects la fusion qui s'est produite en 1956 du Congrès des Métiers et du Travail du Canada avec le Congrès Canadien du Travail. Sous le titre *La Stabilité de l'emploi* (Presses Universitaires Laval, 1956, 162 pp., $2.75) ont été publiés les travaux présentés au onzième congrès des relations industrielles de l'Université Laval. Dans *L'Influence du syndicalisme national catholique sur le droit syndical québecois* (Les Cahiers de l'Institut social populaire, no 1; Montréal, L'Institut, 78 pp.,) Jean-Réal Cardin étudie un important problème économico-social du Québec.

Deux ouvrages assez considérables ont été consacrés au culte marial. Le premier s'intitule *La Royauté de l'Immaculée* (Société canadienne d'études mariales; Edns de l'Université d'Ottawa, vi, 239 pp.). C'est le compte rendu des journées d'études mariales. Le second qui porte simplement le titre *Marie* est un recueil de "Documents pontificaux sur la Très Sainte Vierge parus depuis un siècle 1854–1954" (4 tomes; Presses Universitaires Laval, 1954–6, 341, 210, 292, 277 pp., $20.00). Il a été préparé et annoté par Mgr Ernest Lemieux.

A la littérature mariale peut aussi se rattacher *Le Carillon d'espérance* de Mme M.-A. Grégoire-Coupal (Edns Fides, 211 pp., $2.50). C'est le récit d'un voyage aux lieux où la Vierge s'est manifestée et dont plusieurs sont devenus des endroits de pélerinage: Paris, Lourdes, Bonneux, Beauraing, La Salette, Fatima. Le R.P. Emile Legault, C.S.C., a publié, sous le titre d'*Eaux vives* (Edns Fides, 176 pp.), des textes de prédication à la télévision dans lesquels la sûreté théologique s'allie agréablement aux moyens modernes d'expression.

La Nature et la portée de la méthode scientifique d'Emile Simard, de la Faculté de philosophie de l'Université Laval (Presses Universitaires Laval, 1956, 408 pp.), semble à première vue un recueil de textes mais l'introduction et les commentaires sont si considérables qu'on peut se dire en présence d'une œuvre originale sur la philosophie des sciences et plus particulièrement sur la méthodologie. C'est celle de la physique mais elle peut aussi s'appliquer aux autres sciences. J.-C. Dussault, *Dialogues platoniques* (Montréal, Edns d'Orphée, 1956, 130 pp., $2.00), disserte avec élégance et profondeur sur l'art et la philosophie.

Principes de morale professionnelle de l'abbé Roch Duval (Presses

Universitaires Laval, 1956, xii, 156 pp., $2.00) est un traité préparé pour les conseillers d'orientation, les psychologues, et les éducateurs. L'œuvre n'a aucune prétention à l'originalité mais elle forme un utile compendium des lois et des règles morales d'inspiration chrétienne qu'il faut observer dans les techniques modernes psycho-pédagogiques. Dans la collection *Culture populaire* de l'Université Laval, mademoiselle Simone Paré a publié *Groupes et service social* (Presses Universitaires Laval, 1956, x, 280 pp., $3.00). C'est une étude technique fort utile aux travailleurs sociaux. Aux nombreux ouvrages qu'il a déjà publiés sur la névrose, André La Rivière a ajouté *Fautes à éviter en éducation* (Montréal, Edns Psychologiques Enrg., 1956, 162 pp., $1.50). On y trouve des conseils vulgarisés aux parents.

Le troisième cahier des *Ecrits du Canada français* (Montréal, 233 pp., $2.00) contenait un conte de Jean Simard intitulé "Un départ," un essai de Michel Brunet sur "Trois dominantes de la pensée canadienne-française," des poèmes de Roland Giguère, "Lieux exemplaires," et une étude littéraire de Gilles Marcotte sur Saint-Denys-Garneau. Dans le onzième recueil de *Présentation* de la Société Royale du Canada, Section française, 1954–7 (Hull, Imprimerie Leclerc, 89 pp., $1.00), on trouve les discours qu'ont prononcés les récipiendaires suivants et leurs parrains: Jean-Charles Bonenfant, Jean-Charles Falardeau, Robert Elie, Marcel Faribault, Jean-Jacques Lefebvre.

La trente-quatrième session des Semaines sociales du Canada (section française), tenue à Montréal en 1957, était consacrée à l'*Influence de la presse, du cinéma, de la radio et de la télévision. Le Compte rendu des cours et conférences* (Institut Social Populaire, 242 pp., $2.50) contient d'intéressantes études parmi lesquelles on peut signaler celle de Me Guy Roberge, directeur de l'Office National du film, sur le rôle et l'influence du cinéma et celle de Lorenzo Paré sur l'évolution de la presse au Canada.

PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES *Watson Kirkconnell*

With the exception of poetry and one powerful novel the year 1957 has little to show in the way of imaginative literature among the European Canadians. Scholarship of various sorts tends to outweigh all other publications put together.

In terms of Parnassian technique, the veteran A. A. Granovsky leads the field with *Autumn Tracery*, his sixth volume of verse. Here are more than one hundred finely chiselled lyrics and sonnets. Most germane to the

present survey is his three-page "Amid Canadian Prairies"; but for a brief pastel one should perhaps quote (in translation) his eight-line "End of November":

November's time is running out,
The year grows ancient under frost's duress.
The gloomy landscape seeks a change of dress;
The first snow solves its doubt.

A wondrous change the copses know;
The stately woods, with fleecy branchlets dight,
In the clear moonbeams glimmer through the night,
And all the fields are snow.

Another elderly Ukrainian poet, Mykyta Ivanovych Mandryka, has given us, in *Golden Autumn*, a collected edition of his poetry of the past half century. Some of the contents have already been reviewed in these pages. Among the newer poems, "Canada" (dated 1957) pays tribute to the land of his adoption. Its opening stanzas may be rendered thus:

Land beyond all human measure,
Lovely in thy race to come,
Thou to sufferers givest pleasure,
Thou to hapless souls a home.

Thou, like Mother Ukrayina,
Hast received us to thy breast;
Thou from suffering's arena
Hast redeemed us in thy West. . . .

His deepest poetical feeling is to be found in a section entitled "Songs of Anemona: A Symphony of Love," written between August 1916 and March 1917, where the author, then thirty years of age, pours forth a long sequence of amatory lyrics, Petrarchan in essence if not in form.

Much more persistently political in tone is the work of a young Hungarian journalist, Tibor Baranyai. Born in 1925 in Szabolcs county, Hungary, he was early associated with the Social Democratic party and found it expedient after World War II to seek freedom abroad. He has made journalistic contributions to the socialist press in London, Paris, Stockholm, New York, and Cleveland; and now lives in Montreal. His latest volume, *Wayside Flowers*, is a Hungarian goulash of original verse, translated verse (from Swedish and American poets), and prose sketches. "Liberty and Peace," the first poem in the book, starts off in political couplets addressed to his friend Imre Szélig, of London, England. They may be Englished thus:

If it costs liberty, who bids for peace?
When did man's right to freedom ever cease?
Who to sell others' freedom may be prone
Knows that he soon must fight to save his own.
"Peace is our faith!" both East and West may cry;
But each detects the other in a lie:
The call to peace is tactics, strategy;
The pacifists are fools of high degree;
On every continent the weapons rattle
As East and West prepare themselves for battle.
What human soul will be alive at last?
What price is victory, when all is past?
Into what pit of death mankind is cast!

Coming from the pen of the indefatigable Metropolitan Ilarion, of Winnipeg, is a large volume of religious mystery plays. The author, going back to St. John of Damascus as an authority, believes profoundly in poetic drama as a source of religious edification and his "mysteries" have been put on variously at Cracow, Lausanne, and Winnipeg. There are certain stock characters—the Devil, a Guardian Angel, a Herald, and the like—along with such personifications as Youth, Age, Health, Sickness, Toil, Body, Soul, Heart, Will, Reason, Love, Despair, and Death, all strongly reminiscent of mediaeval morality plays. There are seven dramas in the present volume, most of them five-acters. The standard metre is a rhymed "long measure" quatrain, but there are occasions when the mood rises into more elaborate choric forms—as when the Archangel Michael hymns the Resurrection or when a Choir of Angels opens the fifth act of *Cain and Abel* with solemn comment on the murder in Act IV. The stage instructions are given in very full detail.

Reprinted in Winnipeg, apparently for the first time in the New World, is Ivan Franko's book-length narrative poem *Noblemen's Mockery*. This powerfully told story is set in Galicia on the eve of the abolition of slavery. A stubborn Polish landlord, Pan Mihucki, illegally puts the parish priest to work in the fields, and works him to death there, for daring to improve the lot of the peasants. Not long afterwards, Pan Mihucki is put in jail by the government for refusing to accept an edict liberating the serfs. His wife is powerless in the hands of Moshko, the Jewish money-lender, who holds the mortgages on the estate. In a satirical last line, "Moshko bought the village."

Perhaps the finest prosodic achievement of the year is Guttormur J. Guttormsson's Icelandic lyric "The Subterranean Passage," printed in the annual of the Icelandic National League. The hand of this octo-

genarian has not lost its cunning in building the lofty rhyme with the classical diction of the saga-folk.

With Teodosij Os'machka we come to a major figure in the Ukrainian literature of the emigration. He was born in 1898 in the village of Kuchivka, in the district of Cherkasy, Russian Ukraine, the son of landless peasants. He completed public school and Normal School and as early as 1922 started on a long career of authorship. He has published eight substantial volumes of poetry and three novels and has translated Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, *Henry IV*, and *Henry V* into Ukrainian. In 1933 he was arrested, like hundreds of other Ukrainian writers of that period, by the Soviet police, but whereas nearly all of the others were exterminated in the torture-cellars and death-camps of the régime, Os'machka succeeded in simulating insanity and after several years behind bars escaped to the West during the confusions of World War II. He now lives in Edmonton.

Two of his books have recently come to my desk. One is a fat volume of verse, the chief item in which is a 200-page poem, "The Poet," in *ottava rima*, owing much to his own experience. The other is a 365-page novel, *Murderers' Rotunda*, recently issued in Winnipeg without any indication of place or date. The curious title refers to a large circular room, on an estate near Moscow, where Stalin, in chapter I, confers with a motley crew of executioners who are to carry out his plans for liquidating opposition in the Ukraine.

The central figures of the novel are Ovsy Okhrymovich Brus, an honest and well-intentioned veterinarian; his son Ivan, a poet; and another son, Modest, who becomes a tool of the Red Muscovites. Brus the Elder is ploughed under because of his very righteousness. Ivan, who is modelled after Os'machka himself, is arrested and tortured to the point where real and simulated insanity are not far apart. The canvas of the novel, however, embraces far more than the actions of a single family. It portrays rather the murder or degradation of a whole population by the agents of Moscow.

Os'machka's book has been denounced by Jewish readers because so many of the Bolshevik criminals are identified as Jews. Equally many Ukrainian nationalists have denounced it because it portrays so little Ukrainian national consciousness among the masses of the Ukrainian peasant and village population. The author seems, however, to have portrayed as he saw them the sufferings of his people in all the horror of actuality. His accusations, "full of rage and full of grief," are levelled alike at Communist Moscow and at a West that has shown towards

Bolshevik bestiality none of the indignation that blazed up two decades ago against the lesser crimes of Hitler.

A similar story, presented in historical narrative rather than in the form of a novel, is to be found in H. Goerz's *Die mennonitischen Siedlungen der Krim*. This is volume XIII in a "Historical Series" issued by the Echo-Verlag of Winnipeg and gives a careful record of the Mennonite settlements in the Crimean peninsula. As late as 1926 there were 4,900 Mennonites scattered throughout a Crimean population of 750,000. After the death of Kirov, in 1937, a wave of police terror swept over the Crimean "autonomous republic" (as over every other part of Stalin's empire) and many innocent men and boys were snatched from Mennonite village homes in the dead of night ("bei Nacht und Nebel") and shipped to slave camps in Eastern Siberia. In the course of World War II almost the whole population was killed or deported by the N.K.V.D.

Canadian Slavonic Papers, II, published for the Canadian Association of Slavists under the editorship of G. S. N. Luckyj, contains ten scholarly essays and three lengthy review articles. As compared with last year's inaugural volume in this series, it may be described as showing more erudition and less literary style. Its appeal will be more to the Slavonic specialist and less to the general reader. For the latter the chief interest will probably lie in Steven Runciman's "Byzantium, Russia and Caesaropapism," Cyril Bryner's "Lenin and the Search for an Elite," and Horace W. Dewey's "Historical Drama in Muscovite Justice: The Case of the Extorted Deed." For self-righteous spokesmen of the West, there will be sobering thoughts in J. A. Ihnatowicz's "Socialist Realism and the Catholic Poets of Poland," where he will find the poets, at this time, strongly anti-Western in spite of their distaste for Communism:

> No longer is Liberty the pivot of the poetical structure; Peace and Equality have replaced it. War—and especially atomic war—is presented as the worst crime against humanity. . . . One should not dismiss this as just so much cynical declamation for the benefit of the Communist régime. There is much more to the pronounced pacifism of these poets than that. It is the great disenchantment with the West, at whose doorstep is laid all the misery surrounding the two world wars. . . . The West is a synonym for failure.

In Constantine Bida's long essay on C. H. Andrusyshen's *Complete Ukrainian-English Dictionary*, the chief interest to a non-Ukrainian is the zeal with which Ukrainian scholars belabour one another in their search for a norm for "the Ukrainian literary language." Prior to the twentieth century, it was admitted fairly freely that no such single standard existed and that two traditions were tending to crystallize around

Kiev and Lviv respectively, with still further modulations in the various provinces. Even the strenuous efforts of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences (in Kiev) in the decade and a half following the Bolshevik Revolution have been further confused in the past two decades by a deliberate programme of russification. The criticism of Cost Andrusyshen by Constantine Bida in the interests of an ideal "literary Ukrainian" is echoed in the scruples voiced by still other scholars over the diction in Teodosij Os'machka's latest novel. At such disputes, an outsider can only gaze in silence, while dodging stray stones.

Side by side with this single Toronto volume one may place some fourteen monographs issued in Winnipeg by the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences in its various series—onomastic, bibliographical, Slavistic, and literary. Since Dr. Jaroslav Rudnyc'kyj, as editor-in-chief, launched this ambitious enterprise a decade ago, nearly seventy titles have appeared and the stream grows in volume with the years.

Six of the 1957 volumes are inspired by the 1956 centennial of the birth of Ivan Franko. Thus Franko's onomastic essays, omitted the previous year by the Soviets in a "complete" twenty-volume edition of Franko's works in Kiev, have now been issued in Winnipeg by the Free Academy of Sciences, both as a separate volume and as pages 13–78 in a very much larger Festschrift on *Franko and Frankiana in the West*. An essay by Orest Starchuk, on "Ivan Franko: A Ukrainian Interpreter of Shakespeare," which appears in English in *Canadian Slavonic Papers*, II, may be found here in Professor Starchuk's original Ukrainian. Monographs of pure erudition are P. Kovaliv's *Participial Adjectives in the Slavic Languages*, Jaroslav Rudnyc'kyj's *Canadian Place Names of Ukrainian Origin*, and a posthumous paper on Ukrainian place-names in Roumania, written by the late Petar Skok, emeritus professor of Romance languages in the University of Zagreb. More literary are M. I. Mandryka's *Shevchenko and Franko* and *Leonid Bilets'kyj*.

Icelandic scholarship is represented by Richard Beck, especially in a large volume of collected essays and addresses, published by subscription in Akureyri, with a brief introductory biographical sketch by Benjamin Kristjánsson. Of special interest to Canadians are Dr. Beck's lengthy tributes to a number of Icelandic-Canadian poets, notably Stephan G. Stephansson, Jón Rúnolfsson, Magnus Markússon, Sigurdur Júlíus Jóhannesson, and Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson. The twenty-five discourses in this volume were almost all prepared for some public occasion in Canada or Iceland. More strictly academic is his *Jón Thorláksson, Icelandic Translator of Pope and Milton*, issued last year in English in the "Studia Islendica" series of the University of Iceland. This is a con-

densed and completely revised version of Beck's Ph.D. dissertation at Cornell in 1926. One lays the book down with profound admiration for this lonely and poverty-stricken country clergyman, deserted by his wife and plagued by sorrow and ill health, who nevertheless rendered into masterful Icelandic verse in the native alliterative measures Pope's *Essay on Man*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Klopstock's *Messias*, only the first of which was published in his lifetime: "No monument marks his grave, but his literary achievement towers higher and will endure longer than any memorial of stone or marble."

The year's largest book in this section is Mrs. Savella Stechishin's *Traditional Ukrainian Cookery*, prepared as a national project by the Ukrainian Women's Association of Canada in order to preserve the Ukraine's culinary traditions for posterity. All branches were canvassed for recipes and all recipes were tested out in several communities to make sure that they were authentic and palatable. Incidentally, the editor's daughter, who typed the huge manuscript, has a University of Manitoba degree in home economics. Here is "God's plenty": borsch, kartoplyanka, kapusnyak, kasha, lokshyna, sichenyky, zrazy, pashtet, huslyanka, and some seventeen hundred other specific recipes of all sorts.

The first volume in a projected series of studies under the Polish Research Institute in Canada is a full-length biography, in Polish, of Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, K.C.M.G. (1813–98), thus far the most notable of Poland's sons in Canada. The author is Dr. Wictor Turek of Toronto. Gzowski arrived in this country at the age of twenty-nine (already an engineer, a lawyer, and a war veteran) and became prominent in building a long succession of canals, bridges, and railways. He widened the Welland Canal, constructed the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto to Sarnia, and built the International Bridge over the Niagara River. He was one of the founders of Wycliffe College, Toronto, and was for fifteen years the chairman of its Board. He was an active organizer of national defence, was made an honorary A.D.C. to Queen Victoria in 1879, and was knighted in 1890. It is to be hoped that this scholarly biography of a great Canadian may soon appear in English.

Less directly relevant to this survey are *From Moscow to Jerusalem*, a superb translation by the late Hyman Edelstein, of Ottawa, of a colourful autobiography by ex-Commissar L. Glaser, of Palestine; *Under the Blazing African Sun*, a Winnipeg edition of the ethnographical narrative of a Ukrainian professor in the Sudan; two little pamphlets of personal retrospect by Monsignor Buchats'kyj, of Toronto; and an excited volume, half politics and half religion, entitled *For What Revolution?* and written by Dr. D. Dontsov for the League for Ukrainian Liberation. One of the

few books ever to be published in Canada in Lithuanian is *Great Military Leaders* by Juozas Vaiceliunas, of Sudbury. This is a readable series of the lives of ten great generals, beginning with Alexander the Great and Hannibal and ending with Hindenburg and Mannerheim. Of miscellaneous interest are Dr. V. J. Kaye's pamphlet *Participation of Ukrainians in the Political Life of Canada*; a Magyar *Handbook for New Immigrants*, issued by the Canadian Citizenship Branch, in Ottawa; and a magnificently illustrated *Gem for the Canadian Mosaic: Pictures of the Life and the Work of Canadians of Czechoslovak Origin*, published by the Masaryk Memorial Institute, Toronto.

Rabbi Nathan Stolnitz has poured the wistful enthusiasms of many years into a large volume, *Music in Jewish Life*, which "would record for posterity the achievements in the field of Jewish music of those personalities with whom I have had the privilege of being in close and intimate contact, and which would record in permanent form the most outstanding figures of the earlier generations of cantors and others who have been creative in the field of our sacred music." It also seeks to bring up to date Elijah Zaludkowsky's *Kulturtreger fun Yiddisher Liturgie*. Especially valuable for Canadian Jewry will be Rabbi Stolnitz's descriptive roster of the cantors who have made Toronto a notable centre of Jewish religious music in North America. Other Canadian cities are not forgotten but their *hazzanuth* has apparently been less famous. The book is copiously illustrated.

A very important sociological study of immigrant adjustment in Canada has been written by John Kosa, a Hungarian professor who once taught in the universities of Budapest and Szeged and migrated to Canada in 1950. Using the systematic techniques of his special discipline and sponsored by the Federal Department of Citizenship and Immigration, he spent the three years 1950–3 in gathering data on one hundred and twelve "mature" Hungarian immigrants who had settled in Canada prior to 1939 and had therefore reached a certain degree of adjustment and assimilation. "The sample consisted of immigrants who came as adults (16 years of age and over) from the poor classes of Hungary." Urban consultants lived in Toronto and rural ones in the tobacco district of southwestern Ontario. Successive chapters deal with migration and the sib system, financial success and stratification, marriage and family, changes in the form of life, and the system of normative values. A fascinating appendix seeks to reduce the whole study to a statistical basis but after examining the "contingency correlations of thirteen measures" Professor Kosa concludes, a bit wistfully, that "the complex changes represented by adjustment and assimilation cannot be explained by one

factor or circumstance but are very likely affected by all those factors or circumstances which touch upon the life of the immigrant." This is a valuable volume.

I have left to the end an armful of books by the Orthodox and the Uniate Ukrainian clergy in Canada. Some of these are devotional works by Father Schudlo; some are essays in ecclesiastical history, like Father Kupranets' *Polish Attempts at Union among the Orthodox* or the Metropolitan Ilarion's *The Ukrainian Church in a Time of Ruins* and *The Venerable Job of Potchayiv*; some are exegetical, like Archbishop Michael's exposition of difficult passages in St. John's Gospel; still others are dogmatic, like Archbishop Slipyj's tractate on the Eucharist or the Metropolitan Ilarion's book on the Orthodox faith. One even finds Dr. Volodymyr Yaniv applying recent psychological research to a study of certain religious problems.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

ANTONOVYCH-RUDNYTS'KA (M.), Frankiyana v Amerykans'kykh i Kanadijs'kykh bibliotekakh (Ukr. "Frankiana in American and Canadian libraries," Winnipeg, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 32 pp.). BARANYAI (TIBOR), Utszéli virágok (Hung. "Wayside flowers," Montreal, Northern Printing & Lithographing Co., 111 pp.). BECK (RICHARD), I átthagana andinn leitar (Icel. "The spirit searches in the homeland," Akureyri, Oddur Björnsson Press, 279 pp.); Jón Thorlákssson, Icelandic Translator of Pope and Milton (Reykjavik, H. F. Leiftur, for the Dept. of Philosophy, University of Iceland, 61 pp.); Jakob Thorarensen skáld sjötugur (Icel. "The poet Jakob Thorarensen, seventy years old," offprint from Tímarit, Winnipeg). BUCHATS'KYJ (mgr. VOLODYMYR), Z moyikh yunykh lit (Ukr. "From the years of my youth," Toronto, 20 pp.); V tryvozhnykh dnyakh nimets'koyi okupatsiyi (Ukr. "From the alarming days of the German occupation," Montreal, 27 pp.). DONTSOV (D.), Za yaku revolyutsiyu? (Ukr. "For what revolution?," Winnipeg, League for Ukrainian Liberation, 80 pp., 75 cents). EDELSTEIN (HYMAN), transl. L. Glaser, From Moscow to Jerusalem (Ottawa, Tower Books, Rideau Printers, 127 George St., 23 pp., 50 cents). FRANKO (IVAN), Pan'ski zharty (Ukr. "Noblemen's mockery," Winnipeg, Ivan Tyktor, 132 pp., $1.25); Nazvoznavchi pratsi (Ukr. "Onomastic works," Onomastic Series No. 14, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 80 pp., $1.00). FRANKO-KLYUCHKO (A.), Rukopysy I. Franka v Kanada (Ukr. "I. Franko's manuscripts in Canada," Slavistica Series No. 28, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 16 pp., 50 cents). GOERZ (H.), Die mennonitischen Siedlungen der Krim (Ger. "The Mennonite settlements in the Crimea," Winnipeg, Echo-Verlag, 71 pp.). ILARION (MYTROPOLYT), Ukrayins'ka Tserkva za chas ruyiny (Ukr. "The Ukrainian church in a time of ruin," Winnipeg, Christian Press, 564 pp.); Tvory tom pershyj, Filosofs'ki Misteriyi (Ukr. "Works, Vol. I, Philosophical Mysteries," Winnipeg, Trident Press, 336 pp.); Hospod' moya vtikha ta pomich (Ukr. "Lord of my peace and help," Winnipeg, 48 pp.); Yak zhyty na sviti (Ukr. "How to live in the world," Winnipeg, 32 pp.); Prepodobnyj Iob Pochayivs'kyj (Ukr. "Venerable Job of Potchayiv," Winnipeg, 64 pp.); Pravoslavna Vira (Ukr. "The Orthodox Faith," Winnipeg, 200 pp.). JÓNSSON (GÍSLI), ed. Tímarit Thódraeknisfjelags Islendinga, XXXVIII Ar (Icel. "Periodical of the Icelandic National League, 38th Year," Winnipeg, 124 pp.). KAYE (V. J.), Participation of Ukrainians in the Political Life of Canada (Ottawa and Winnipeg, 24 pp.). Kézikönyv Uj Beván-

dorlók Részére (Hung. "Handbook for new immigrants," Ottawa, Canadian Citizenship Branch, 116 pp.). KIRKCONNELL (WATSON), The Place of Slavic Studies in Canada (Slavistica Series No. 31, Winnipeg, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 16 pp., 50 cents). KOSA (JOHN), Land of Choice: The Hungarians in Canada (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, viii, 104 pp., $3.50. KOVALIV (P.), Participial adjectives in the Slavic languages (Slavistica Series No. 29, Winnipeg, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 48 pp., 50 cents). KUPRANETS (OREST), Unijni Zmahannya Pol'shchi posered Pravoslavnykh, tretya chastyna (Ukr. "Polish attempts at union among the Orthodox, Part III," Yorkton, Logos Press, 32 pp., 50 cents). LUCKYJ (G. S. N.), ed., Canadian Slavonic Papers, II (University of Toronto Press, 132 pp., $3.00). MANDRYKA (M. I.), Zolota Osin', Poeziyi 1905–1957 (Ukr. "Golden Autumn, Poetry 1905–57," Trident Press, 175 pp.); Leonid Bilets'kyj (Ukr., Ukrainian Scholars Series No. 6, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 23 pp., 50 cents); Shevchenko y Franko (Ukr. "Shevchenko and Franko," Literature Series No. 3, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 21 pp., 50 cents). MYKHAYIL (Archbishop), Poyasnennya trudnykh mists' z Evanheliyi vid Ioana (Ukr. "Explanation of difficult passages in the Gospel according to John," Toronto, 92 Burnside Drive, 243 pp.). NEKOLA (RUDOLF) and ASH (EDNA), eds., A Gem for the Canadian Mosaic (Toronto, Masaryk Memorial Institute, 106 pp.). OS'MACHKA (TEODOSIJ), Iz-pid Svitu (Ukr. "From under the World," New York, Ukrainian Academy of Arts and Sciences, 317 pp.); Rotonda Dushohubtsiv (Ukr. "The Rotunda of Murderers," Trident Press, 365 pp., $3.50). RUDNYTS'KYJ (JAROSLAV B.), Slavica Canadiana A.D. 1956 (Slavistica Series No. 30, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 40 pp., 50 cents); Biblioteka Tovarystva 'Prosvita' v Fort Williyami, Ontario (Ukr. "The Library of the 'Prosvita' Society in Fort William, Ont.," 2nd ed., Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 32 pp., 50 cents); Kanadijs'ki mistsevi nazvy ukrayins'koho pokhodzhennya (Ukr. "Canadian place-names of Ukrainian origin", 3rd ed., Onomastica Series No. 2, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 96 pp., $1.00); ed., I. Franko i Frankiyana na Zakhodi (Ukr. "Franko and Frankiana in the West," Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 232 pp.); Ukrainica Canadiana 1956 (Bibliography Series No. 4, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 28 pp., 50 cents). SCHUDLO (M.), Isuse, Lyublyu Tebe (Ukr. "Jesus, I Love Thee," Yorkton, Redeemer's Voice Press, 191 pp.); Lyubim Mariyu (Ukr. "Let us Love Mary," Redeemer's Voice Press, 443 pp.). SHUMOVS'KYJ (YURIJ F.), Pid haryachym sontsem Afryky (Ukr. "Under the blazing African sun," Trident Press, 171 pp.). SKOK (PETAR), Sur quelques noms de lieu d'origine ukrainienne en Roumanie (Onomastica Series No. 13, Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 16 pp., 55 cents). SLIPYJ (Archbishop JOSYF), Tayna presv. Evkharystiyi, persha chastyna, Dohmatychna Studiya (Ukr. "On the sacrament of the most holy Eucharist, Part I, a dogmatic tractate," Logos Press, 63 pp., $1.00). Spil'ne Pastyrs'ke Poslannya (Ukr. "Collective Pastoral Letter," Winnipeg, 21 pp.). STECHISHIN (SAVELLA). Traditional Ukrainian Cookery (Trident Press, 497 pp.). STOLNITZ (Rev. N.), Music in Jewish Life (Toronto, privately printed, 511 Markham St., English and Yiddish, 62 pp. and 266 pp.). TUREK (Dr. WIKTOR), Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, Zycie, dziela, zaslugi (Pol. "Sir. C.S.G., life, works, services," Toronto, Polish Alliance Press, 109 pp., $1.50). VAICELIUNAS (JUOZAS), Zymieji karo vadai (Lithuanian, "Great military leaders," Sudbury, privately printed, 215 pp.). VOYTSENKO (OL'HA), Materiyaly do Frankiyany v Kanadi 1910–1956 (Ukr. "Materials for a Franko bibliography in Canada, 1910–56," Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, 64 pp.). YANIV (VOLODYMYR), Suchasni aspekty praktychnoyi psykholohiyi z uzhlyadennyam relihijnoyi problematyky (Ukr. "some aspects of recent psychology applied to religious problems," Logos Press, 19 pp., 50 cents).

ndian
lavic
lemy
Hun-
3.50.
eries
nts).
retya
kton,
ronic
. I.),
-57,"
o. 6,
anko
lemy
nnya
sages
pp.).
osaic
SIJ),
y of
a of
B.),
lemy
ami,
nt.,"
ijs'ki
s of
y of
anko
pp.);
lemy
esus,
Ukr.
F.),
ident
ne en
nces,
ersha
ncha-
Pos-
LA).
N.),
and
wski,
olish
vadai
pp.).
Ukr.
Free
akty-
some
pp.,